neopets®

The OMELETTE FAERIE

New York Times bestselling author **Rebecca Mix**

Art by **Heather Burns**

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The OMELETTE FAERIE

Rebecca Mix

Art by Heather Burns and Luiz Fernando da Silva

Andrews McMeel
PUBLISHING®

For Mara Bouvier-Schatz
(Obviously.) —R.M.

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Andrews McMeel Publishing
a division of Andrews McMeel Universal
1130 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64106
www.andrewsmcmeel.com

ISBN: 979-8-8816-0119-5

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024934308

Editor: Erinn Pascal
Art Director: Holly Swayne
Designer: Lynn Stoecklein
Production Editor: Elizabeth A. Garcia
Production Manager: Jeff Preuss
Special thanks to Colleen Gilday, Carlin West, Riley Davis, and Dean Ravenola.

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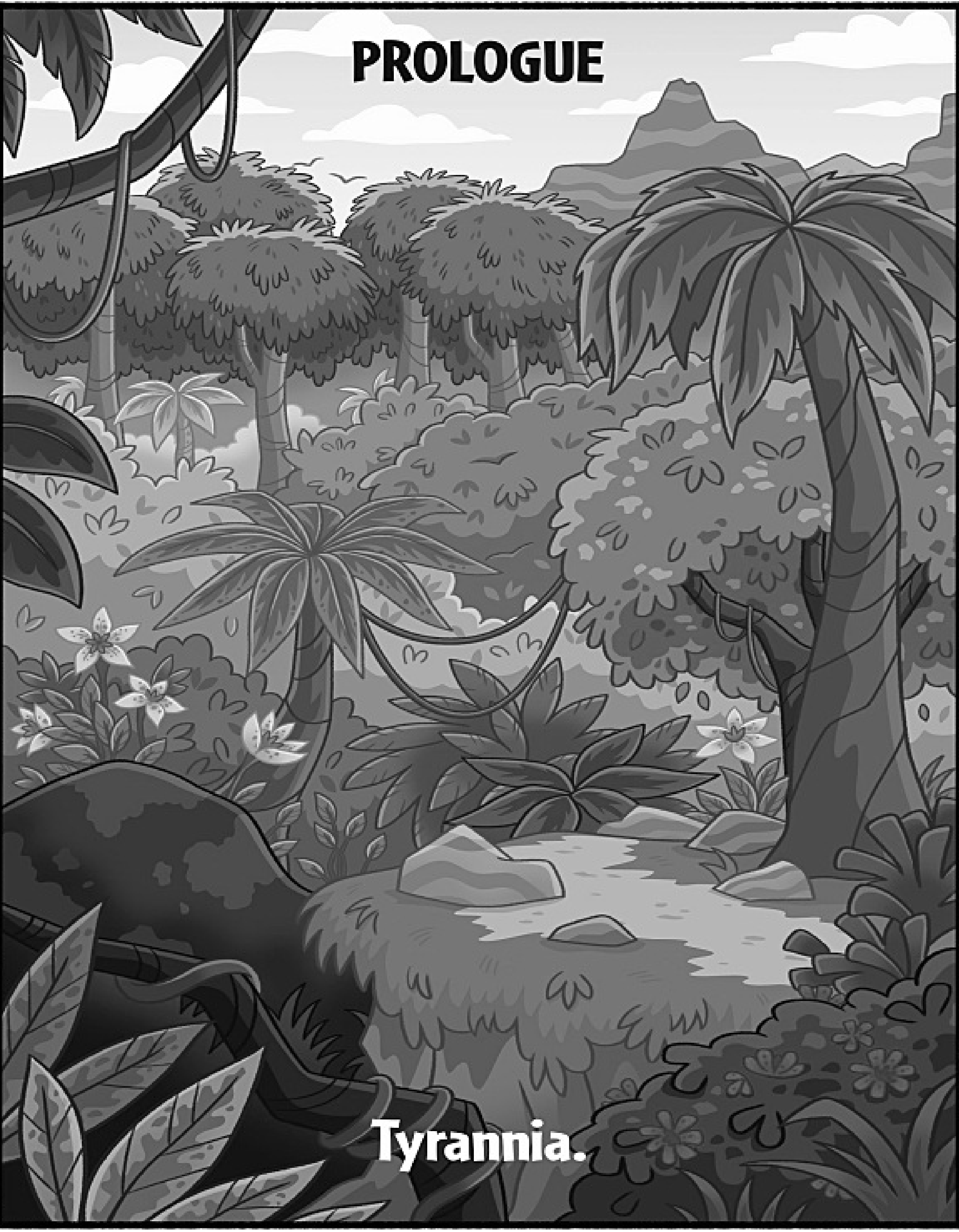
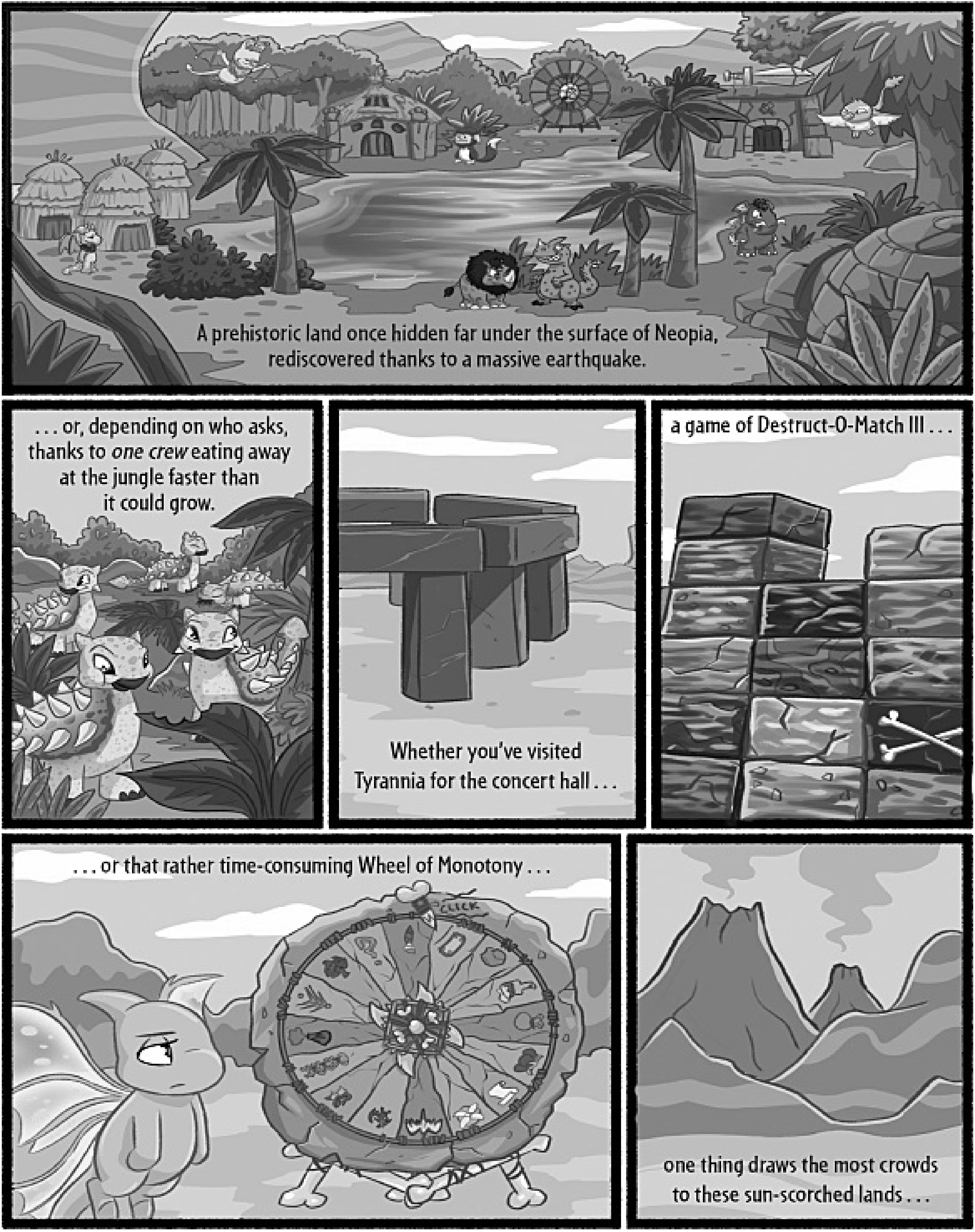
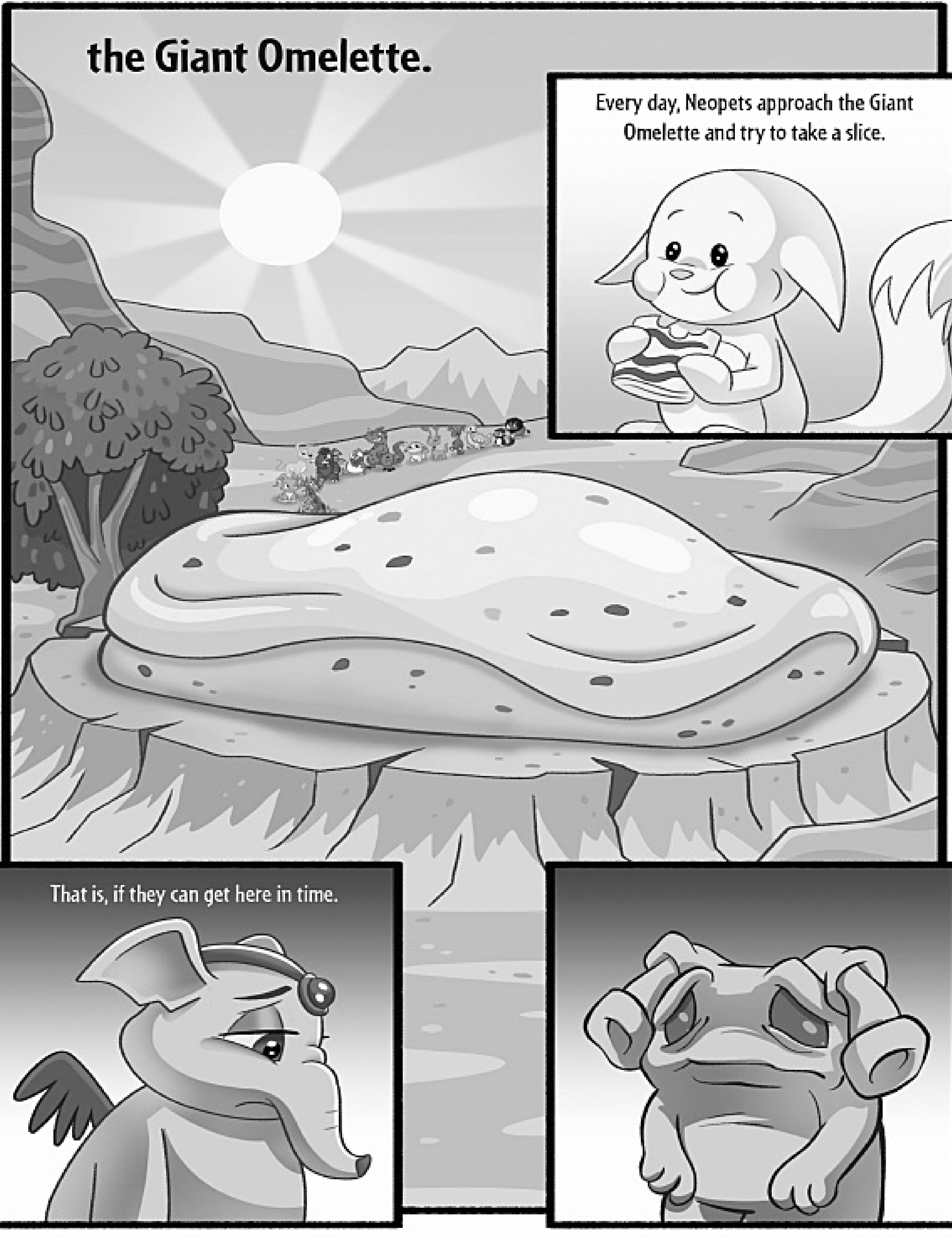
PROLOGUE



Tyrannia.

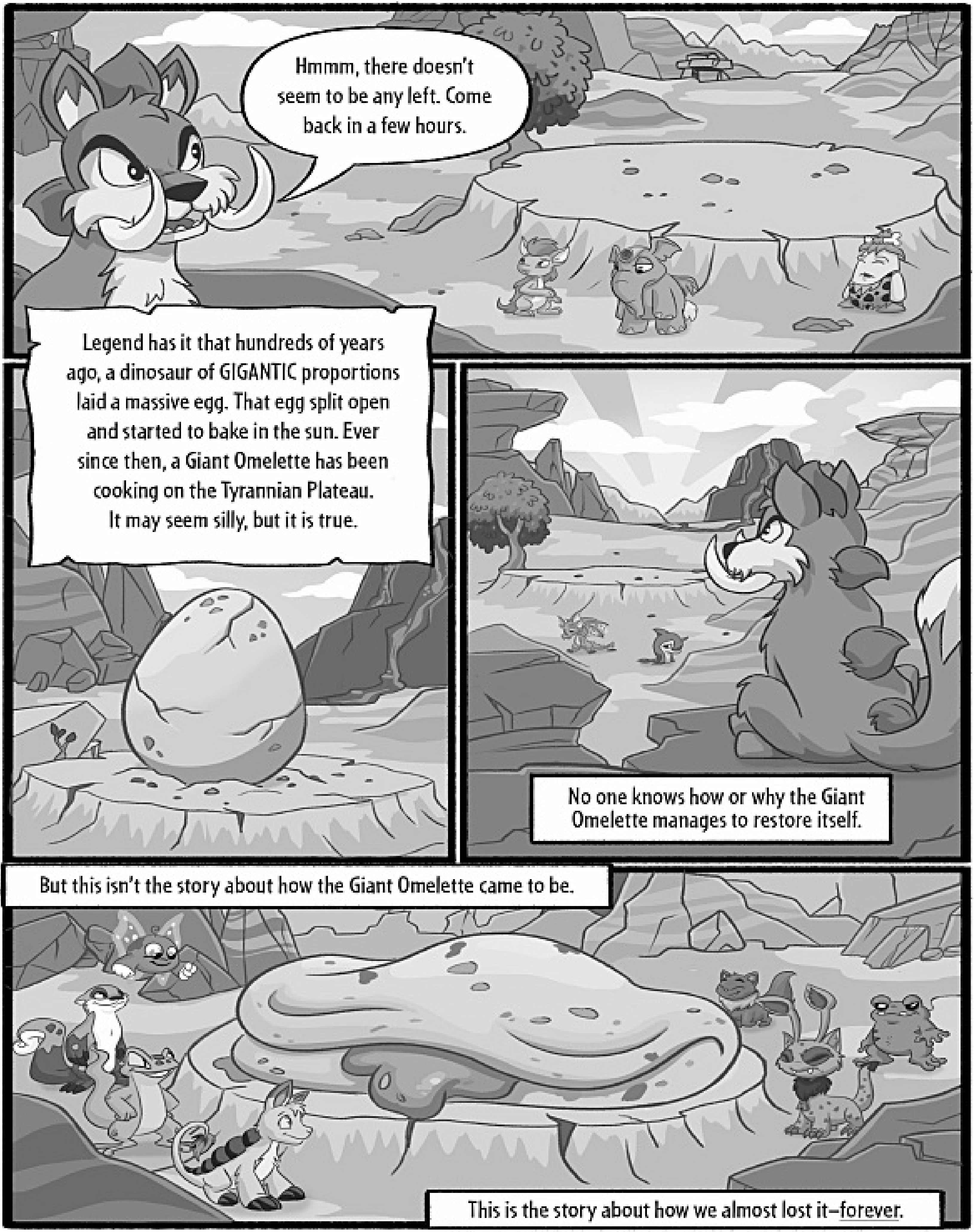

A prehistoric land once hidden far under the surface of Neopia, rediscovered thanks to a massive earthquake.
. . . or, depending on who asks, thanks to *one crew* eating away at the jungle faster than it could grow.
Whether you've visited Tyrannia for the concert hall . . .
a game of Destruct-O-Match III . . .
. . . or that rather time-consuming Wheel of Monotony . . .
CLICK
one thing draws the most crowds to these sun-scorched lands . . .



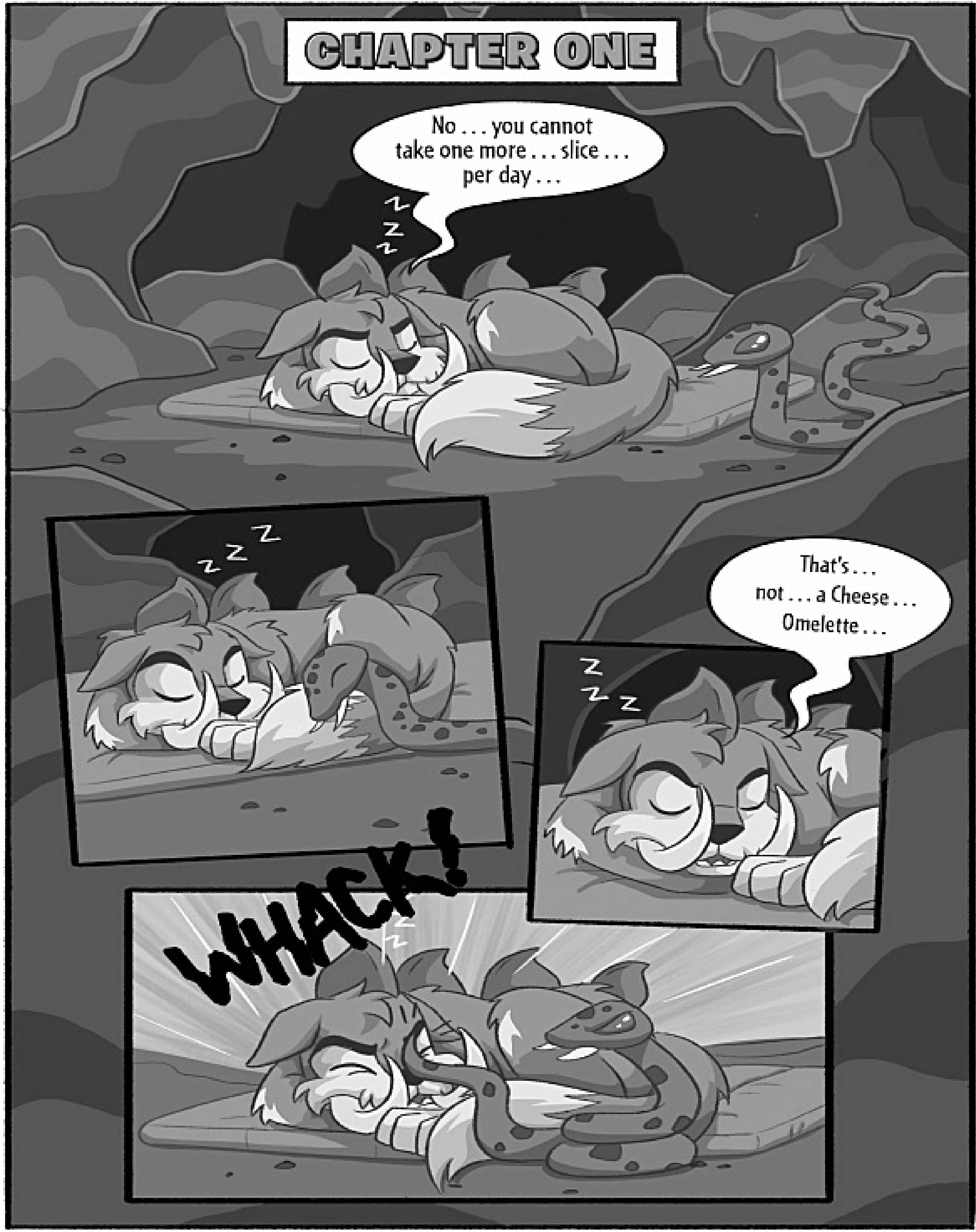
the Giant Omelette.

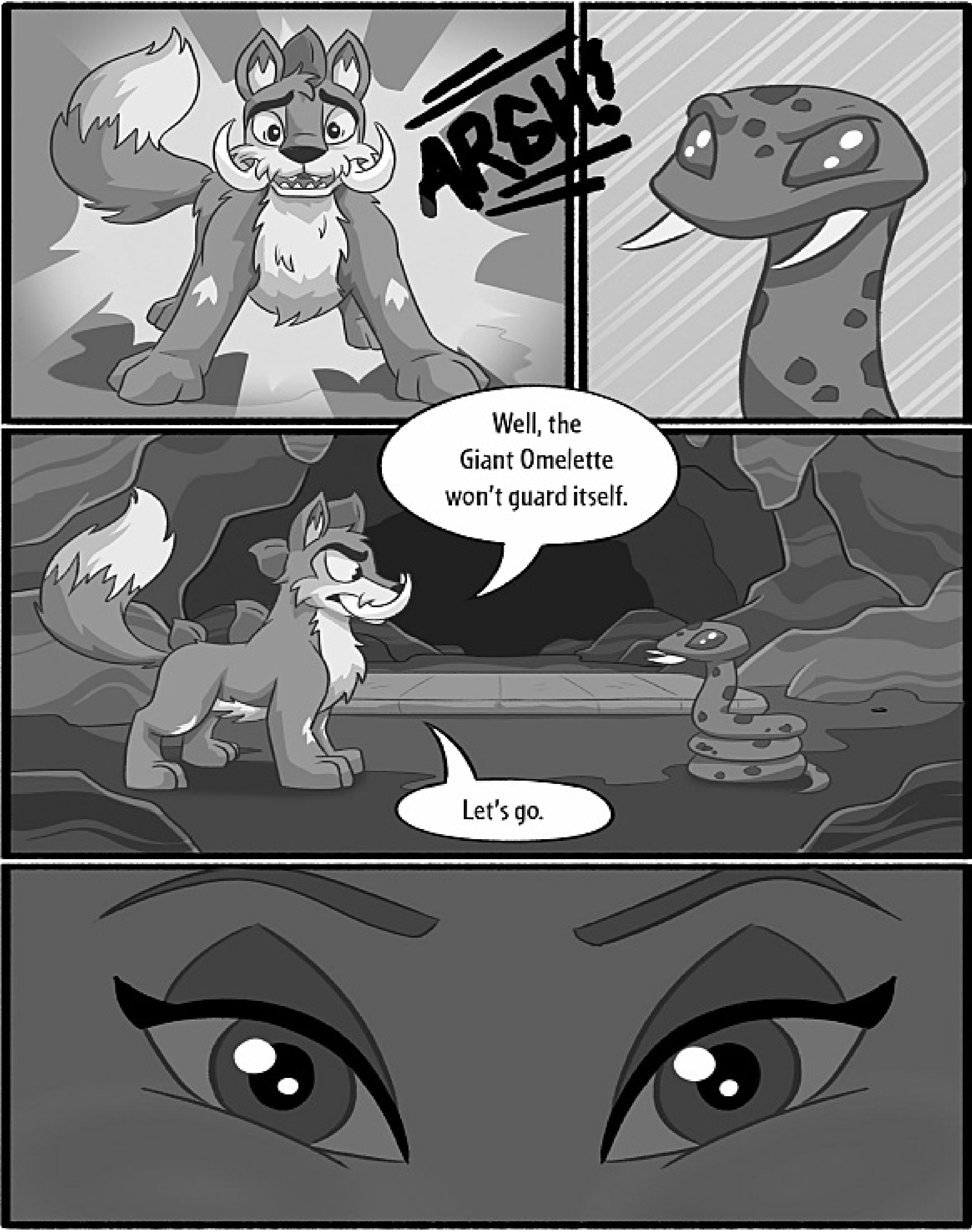
Every day, Neopets approach the Giant Omelette and try to take a slice.

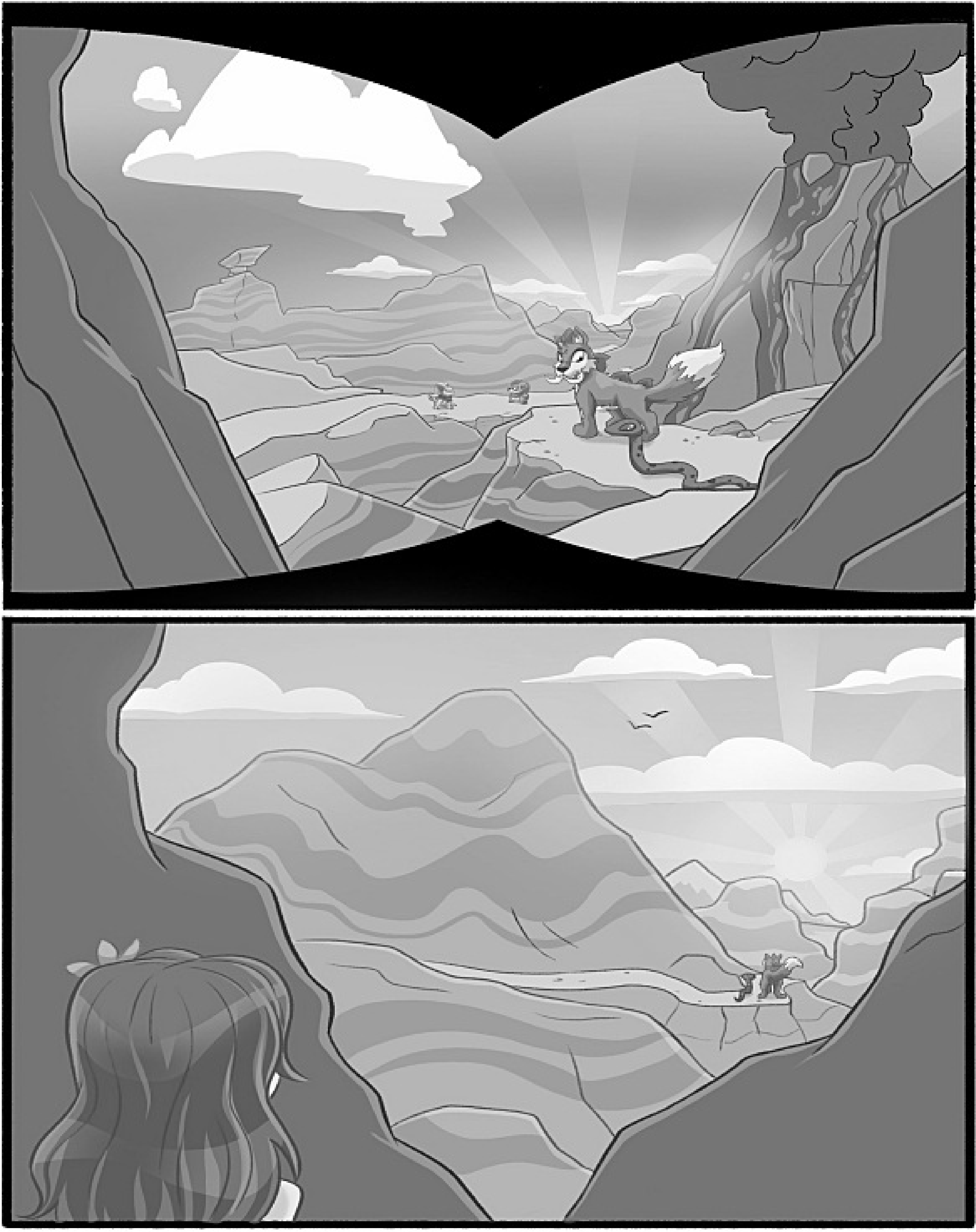
That is, if they can get here in time.

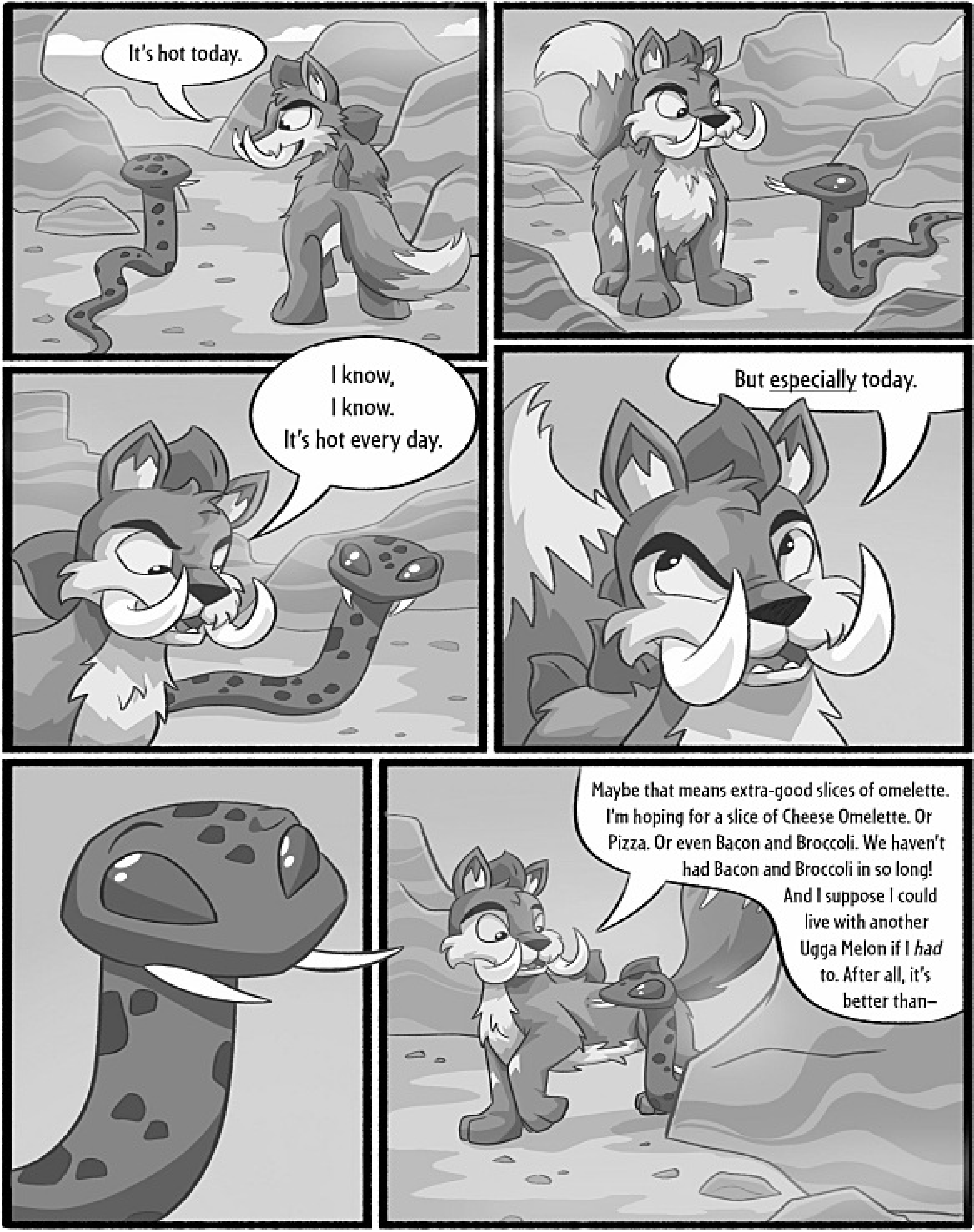

Hmmm, there doesn't seem to be any left. Come back in a few hours.
Legend has it that hundreds of years ago, a dinosaur of GIGANTIC proportions laid a massive egg. That egg split open and started to bake in the sun. Ever since then, a Giant Omelette has been cooking on the Tyrannian Plateau.
It may seem silly, but it is true.
No one knows how or why the Giant Omelette manages to restore itself.
But this isn't the story about how the Giant Omelette came to be.
This is the story about how we almost lost it—forever.

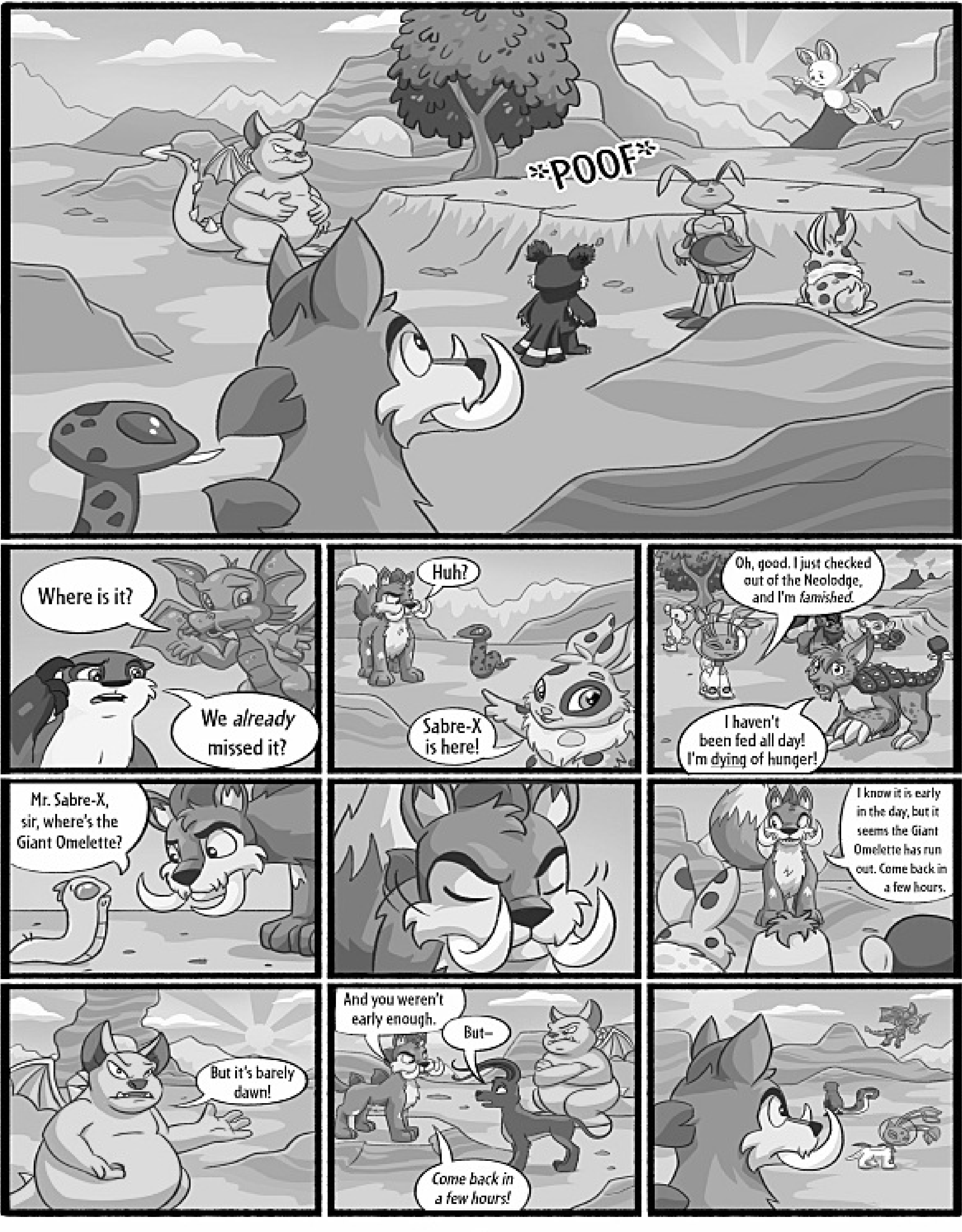
CHAPTER ONE

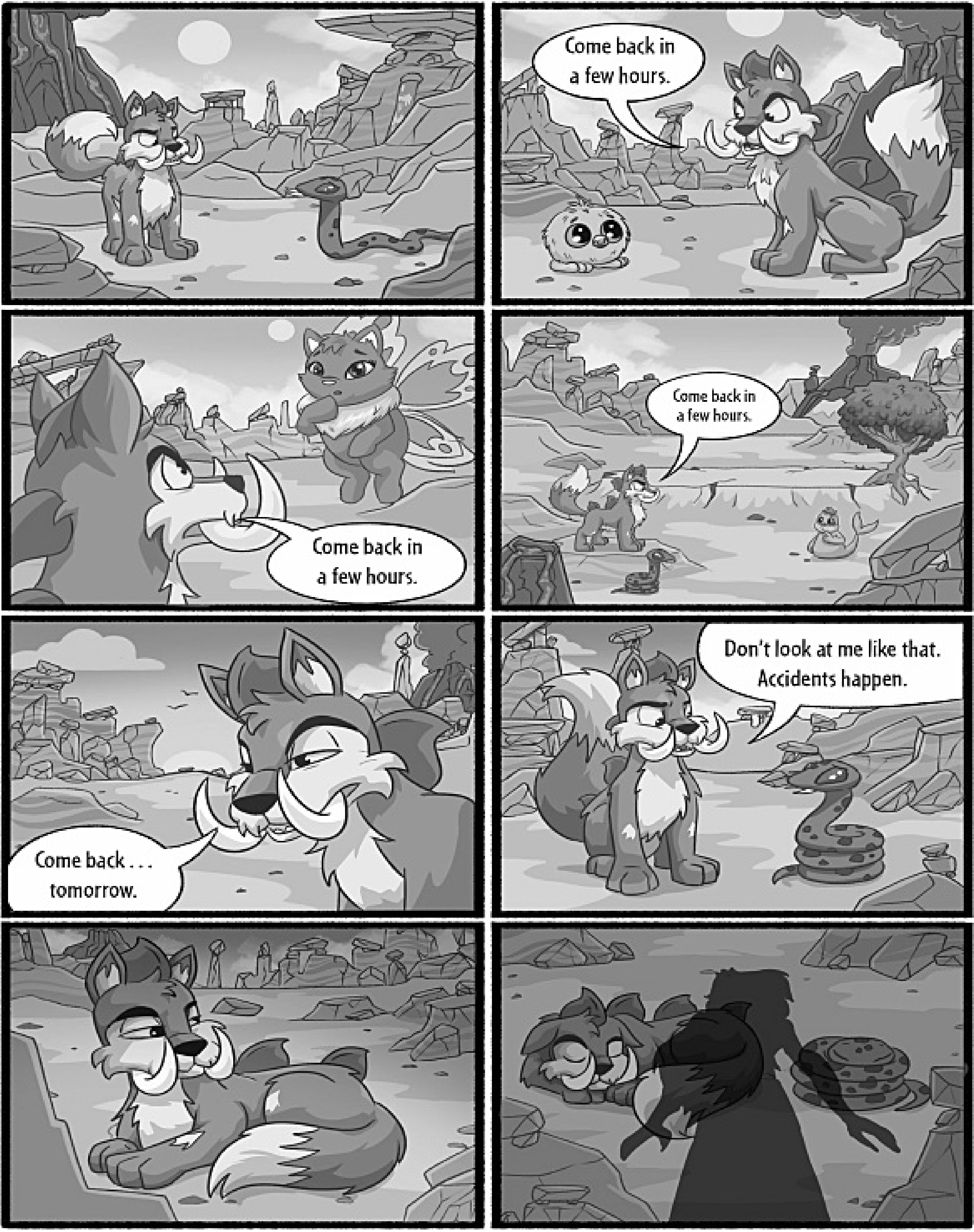

No . . . you cannot take one more . . . slice . . . per day . . .
Z Z Z
Z Z Z
That's . . . not . . . a Cheese . . . Omelette . . .
Z Z Z
WHACK!
Z Z

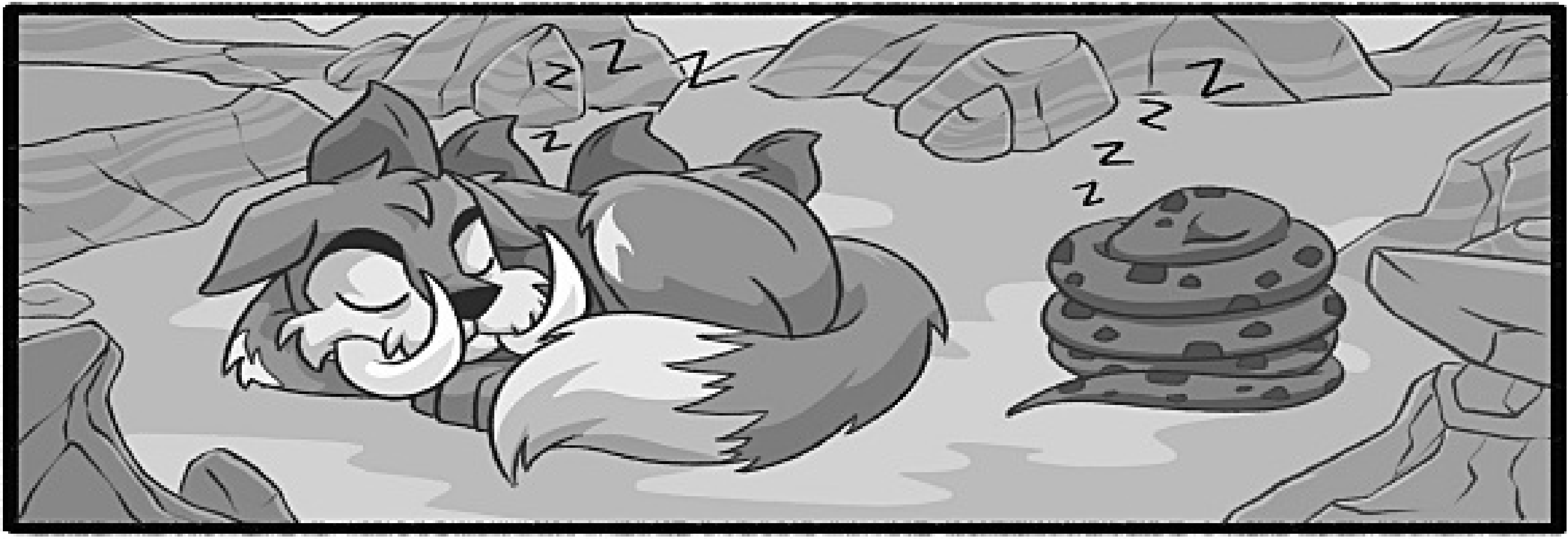

ARGK!
Well, the Giant Omelette won't guard itself.
Let's go.




It's hot today.
I know, I know. It's hot every day.
But especially today.
Maybe that means extra-good slices of omelette. I'm hoping for a slice of Cheese Omelette. Or Pizza. Or even Bacon and Broccoli. We haven't had Bacon and Broccoli in so long! And I suppose I could live with another Ugga Melon if I *had* to. After all, it's better than–


POOF
Where is it?
We *already* missed it?
Huh?
Sabre-X is here!
Oh, good. I just checked out of the Neolodge, and I'm *famished*.
I haven't been fed all day! I'm dying of hunger!
Mr. Sabre-X, sir, where's the Giant Omelette?
I know it is early in the day, but it seems the Giant Omelette has run out. Come back in a few hours.
But it's barely dawn!
And you weren't early enough.
But–
Come back in a few hours!


Come back in a few hours.
Come back in a few hours.
Come back in a few hours.
Come back . . . tomorrow.
Don't look at me like that. Accidents happen.



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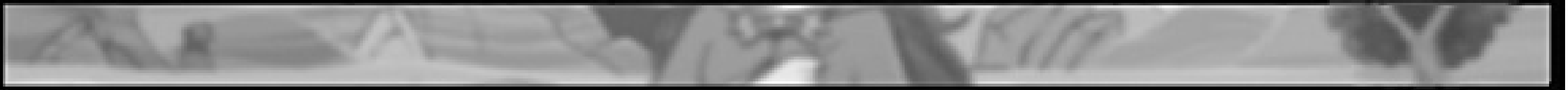

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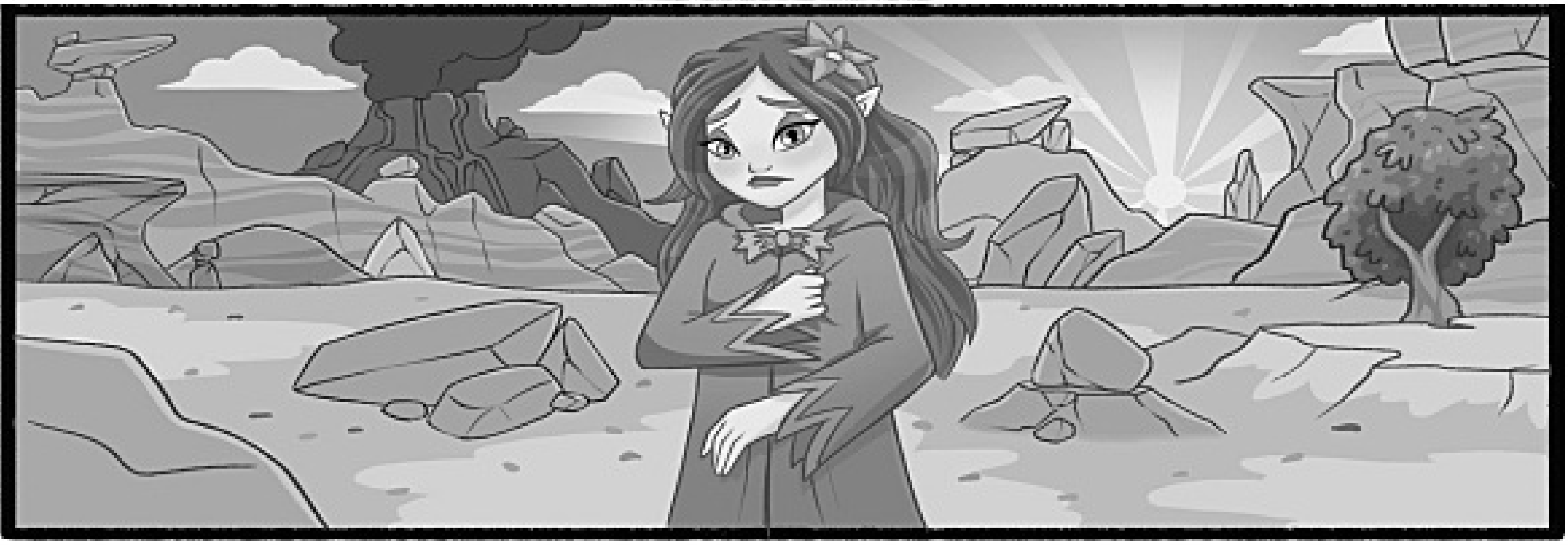
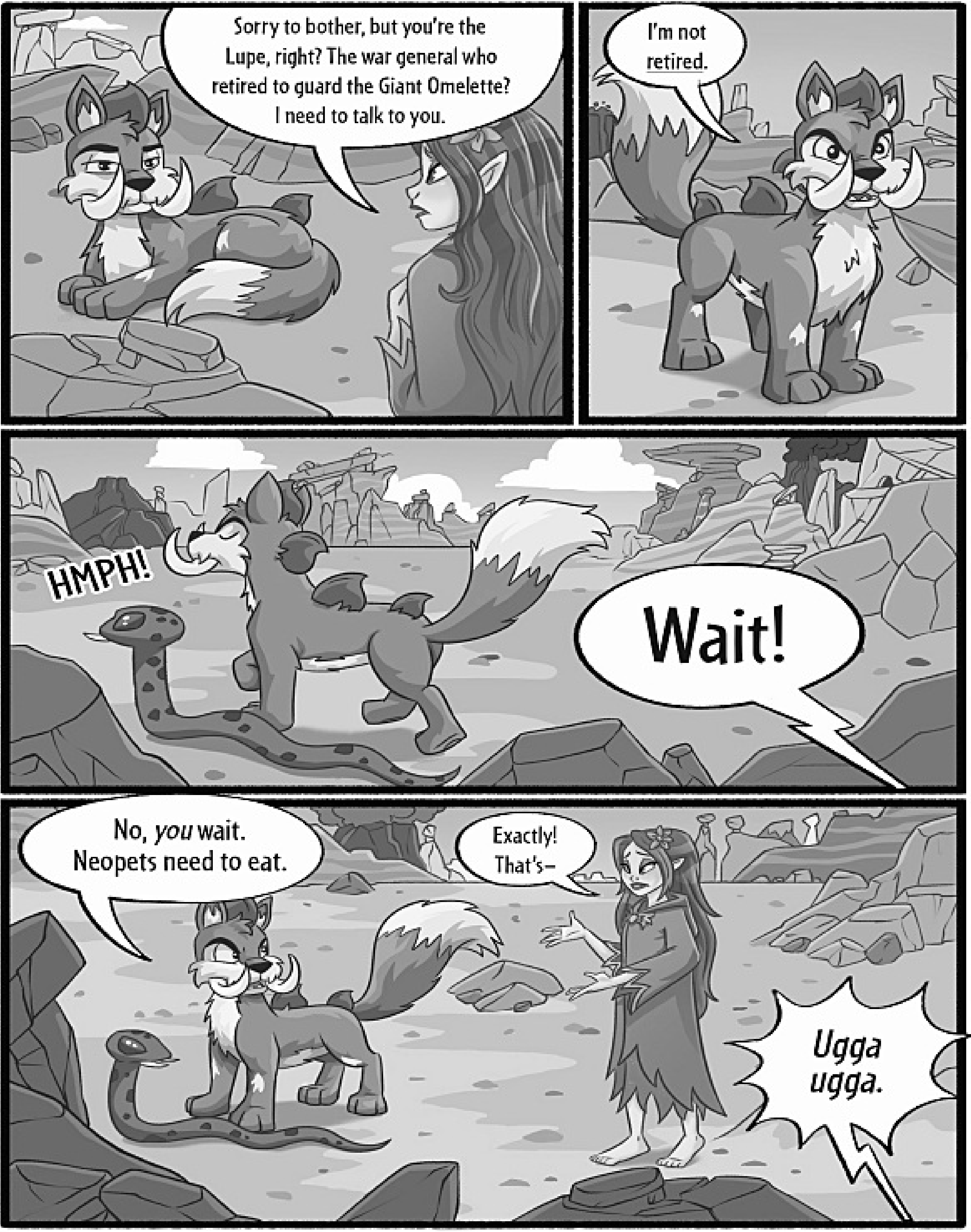
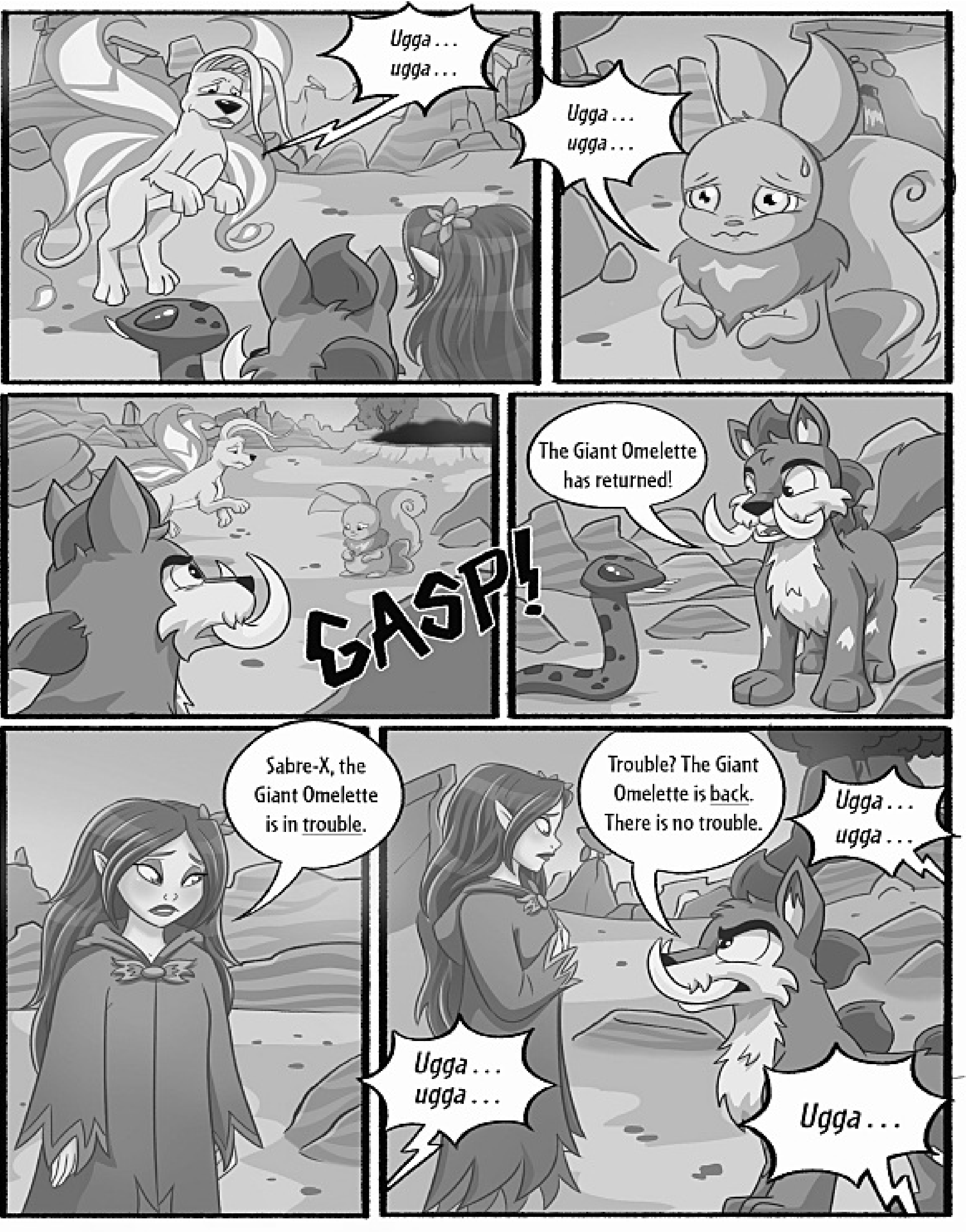
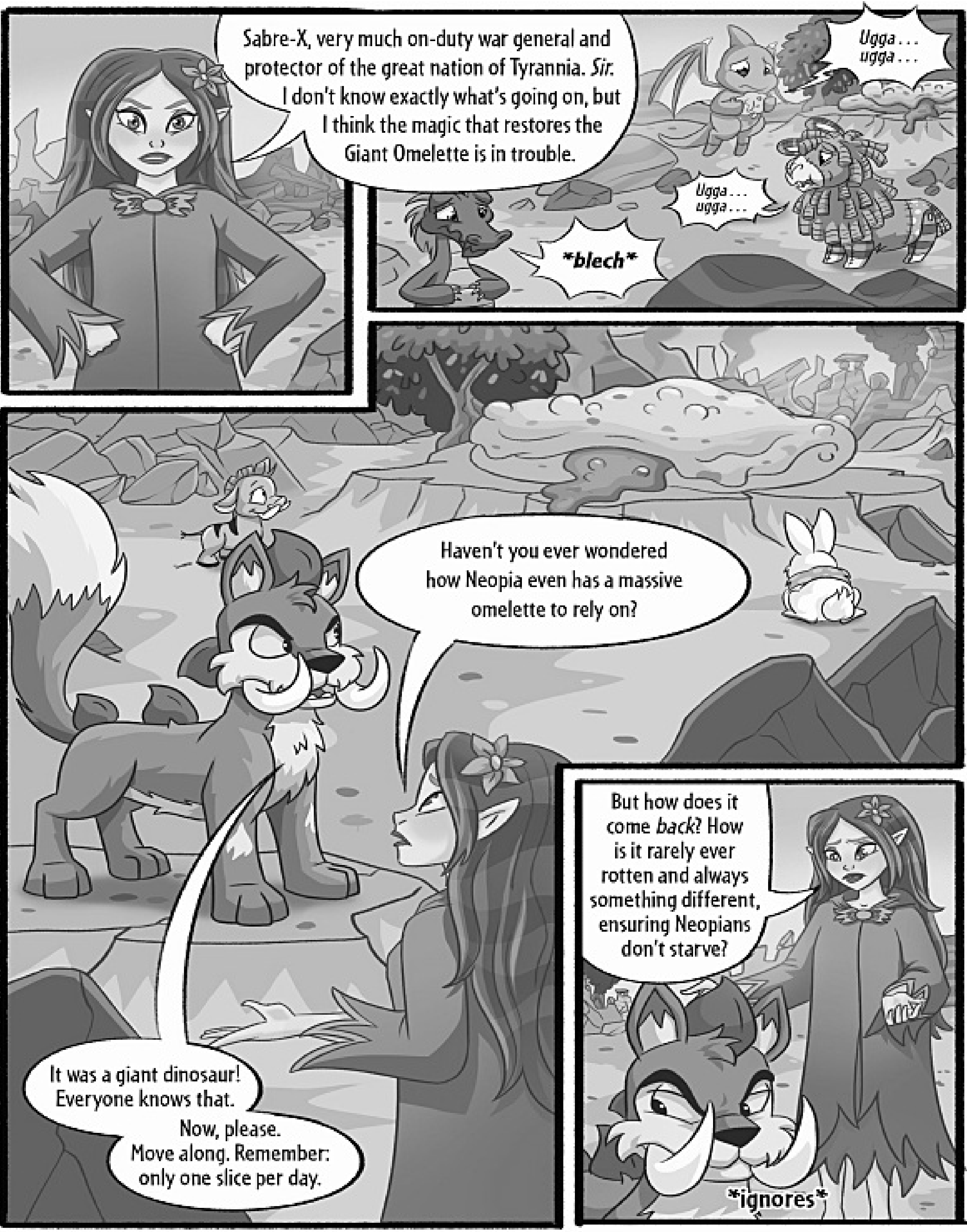
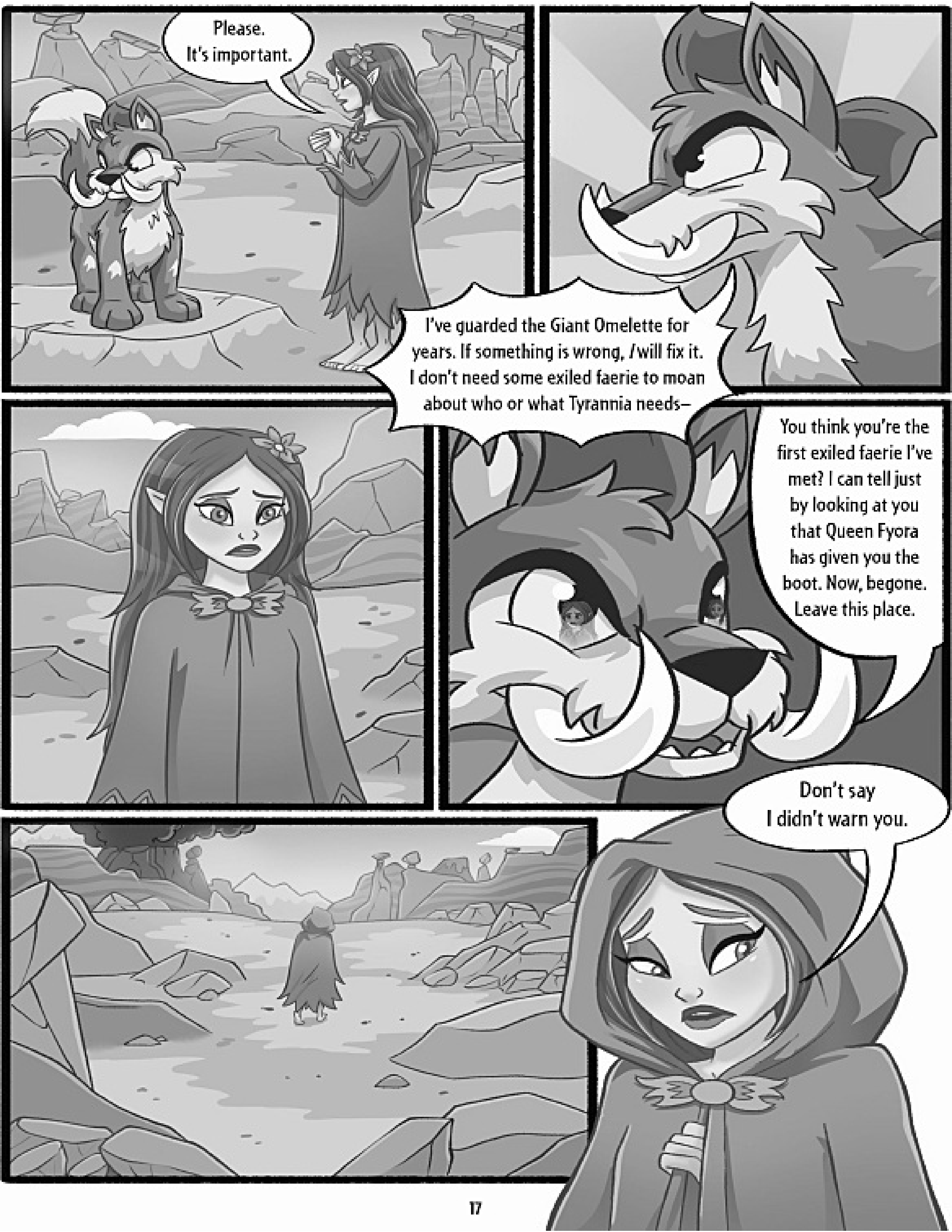
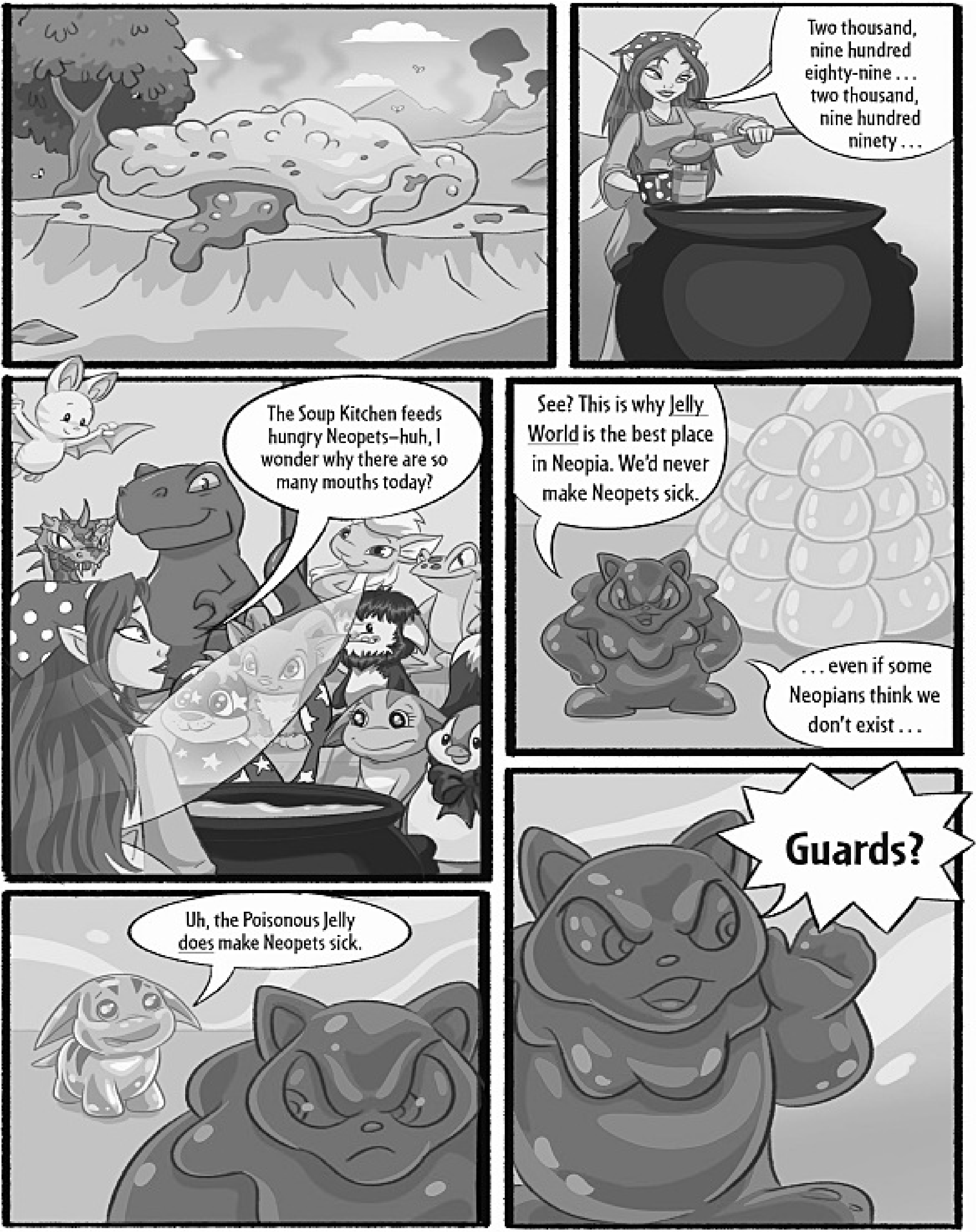


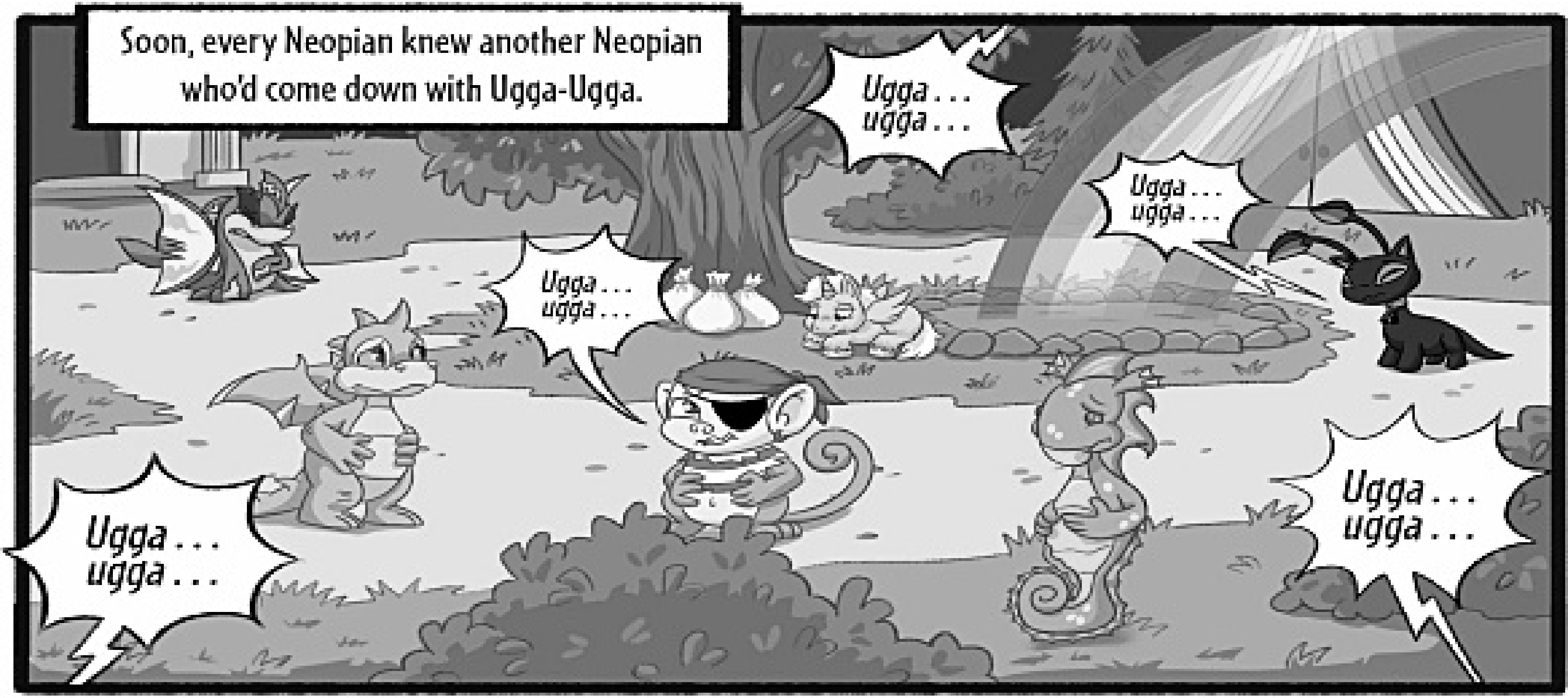

Sorry to bother, but you're the Lupe, right? The war general who retired to guard the Giant Omelette? I need to talk to you.
I'm not retired.
HMPH!
Wait!
No, *you* wait. Neopets need to eat.
Exactly! That's–
Ugga ugga.


Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
GASP!
The Giant Omelette has returned!
Sabre-X, the Giant Omelette is in trouble.
Trouble? The Giant Omelette is back. There is no trouble.
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . .


Sabre-X, very much on-duty war general and protector of the great nation of Tyrannia. *Sir.* I don't know exactly what's going on, but I think the magic that restores the Giant Omelette is in trouble.
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
blech
Haven't you ever wondered how Neopia even has a massive omelette to rely on?
It was a giant dinosaur! Everyone knows that. Now, please. Move along. Remember: only one slice per day.
But how does it come *back*? How is it rarely ever rotten and always something different, ensuring Neopians don't starve?
ignores

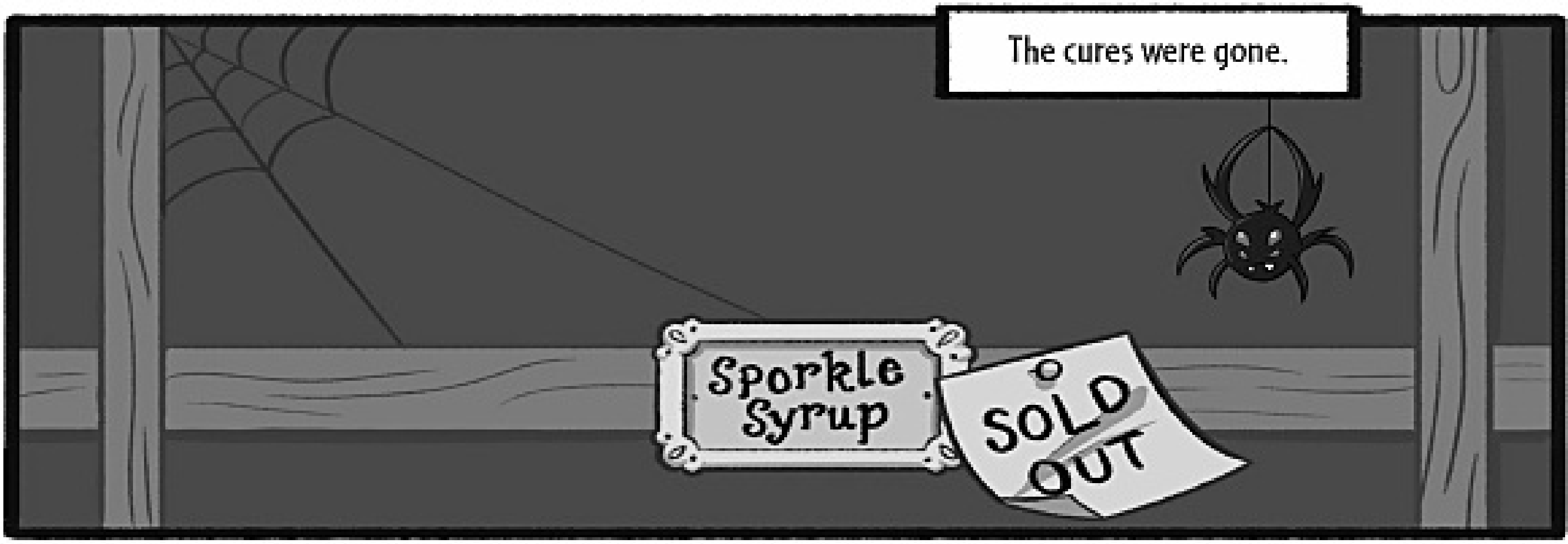

Please.
It's important.
I've guarded the Giant Omelette for years. If something is wrong, *I* will fix it. I don't need some exiled faerie to moan about who or what Tyrannia needs–
You think you're the first exiled faerie I've met? I can tell just by looking at you that Queen Fyora has given you the boot. Now, begone. Leave this place.
Don't say I didn't warn you.


Two thousand, nine hundred eighty-nine . . . two thousand, nine hundred ninety . . .
The Soup Kitchen feeds hungry Neopets–huh, I wonder why there are so many mouths today?
See? This is why Jelly World is the best place in Neopia. We'd never make Neopets sick.
. . . even if some Neopians think we don't exist . . .
Uh, the Poisonous Jelly does make Neopets sick.
Guards?



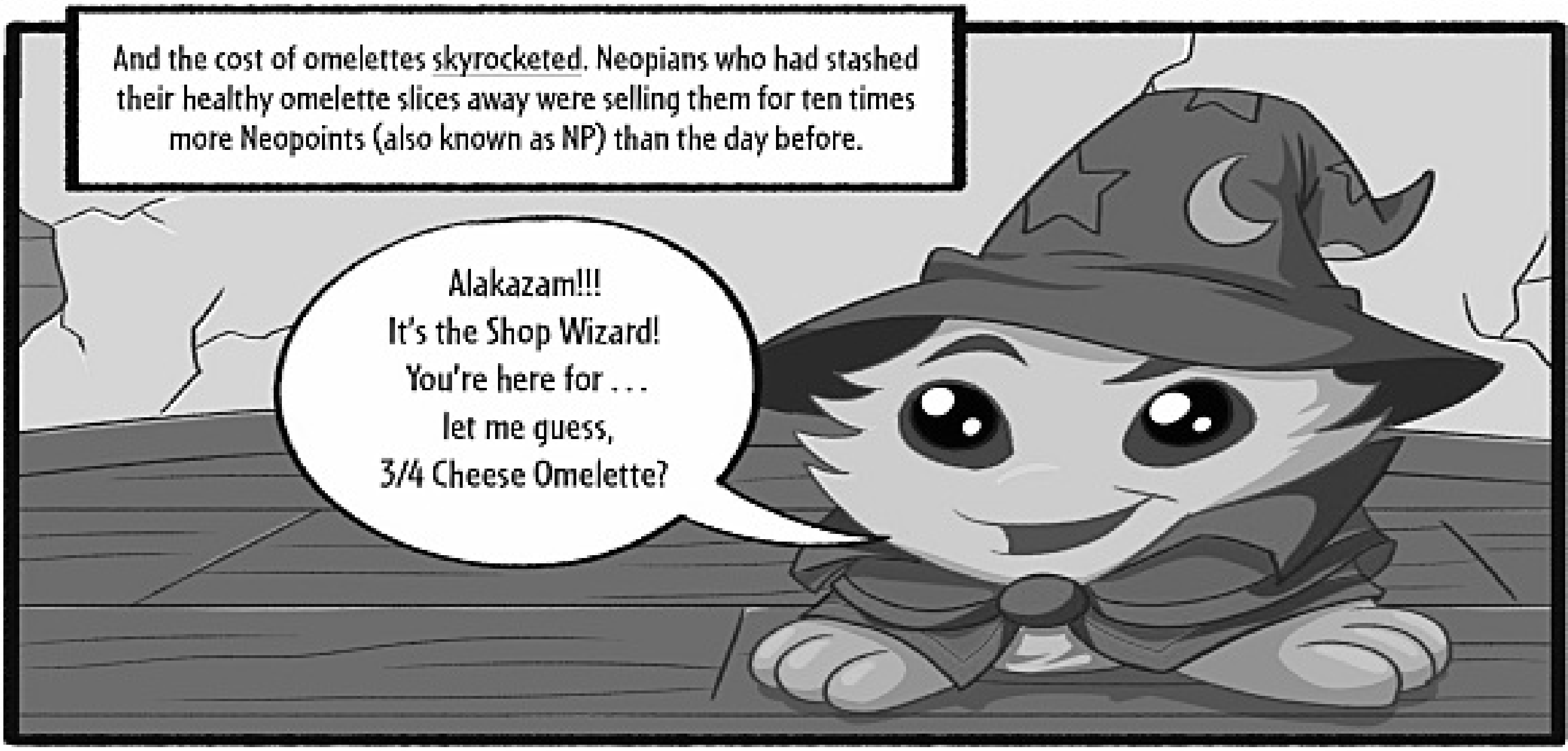
Soon, every Neopian knew another Neopian who'd come down with Ugga-Ugga.

Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Ugga . . . ugga . . .



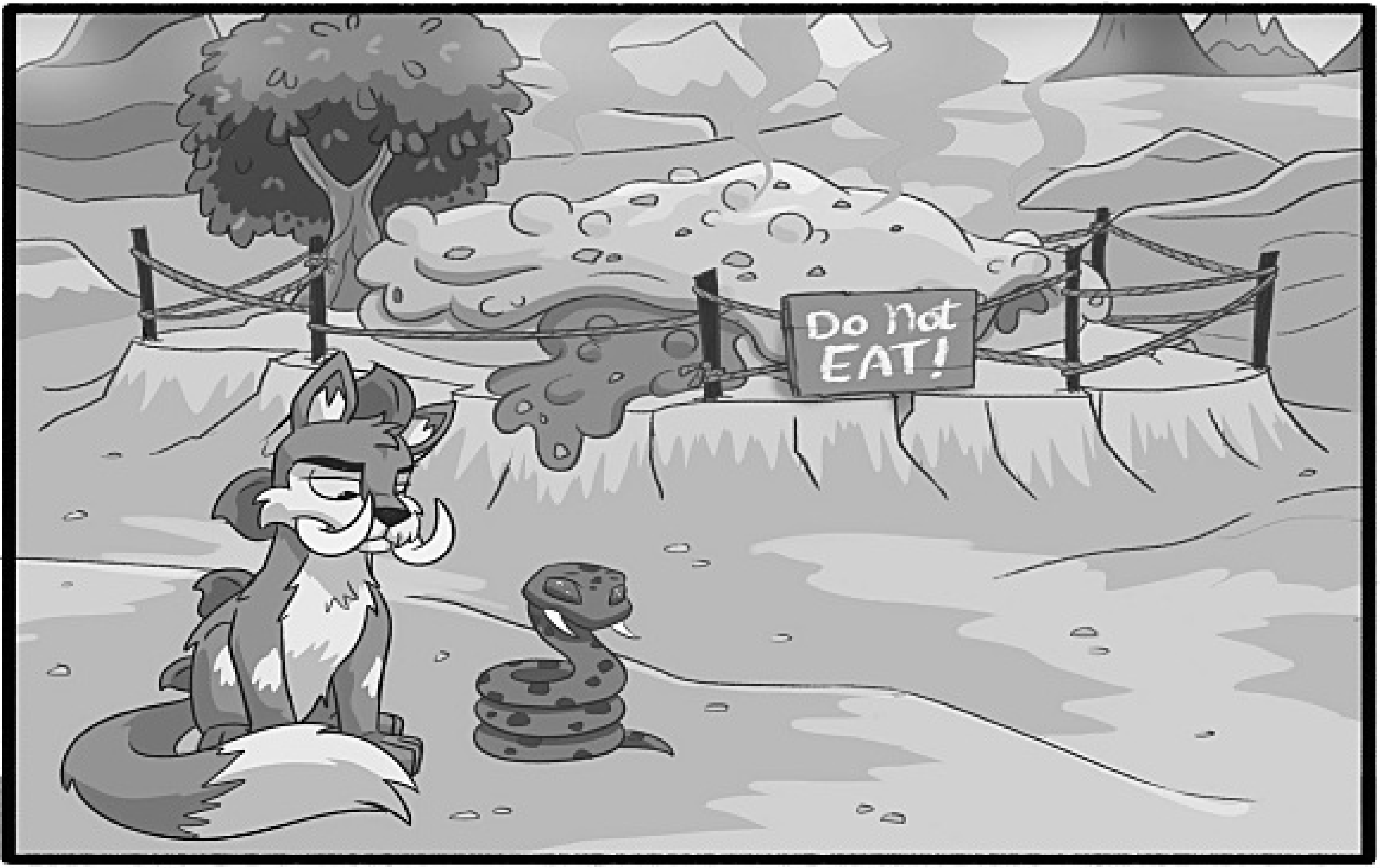
The cures were gone.

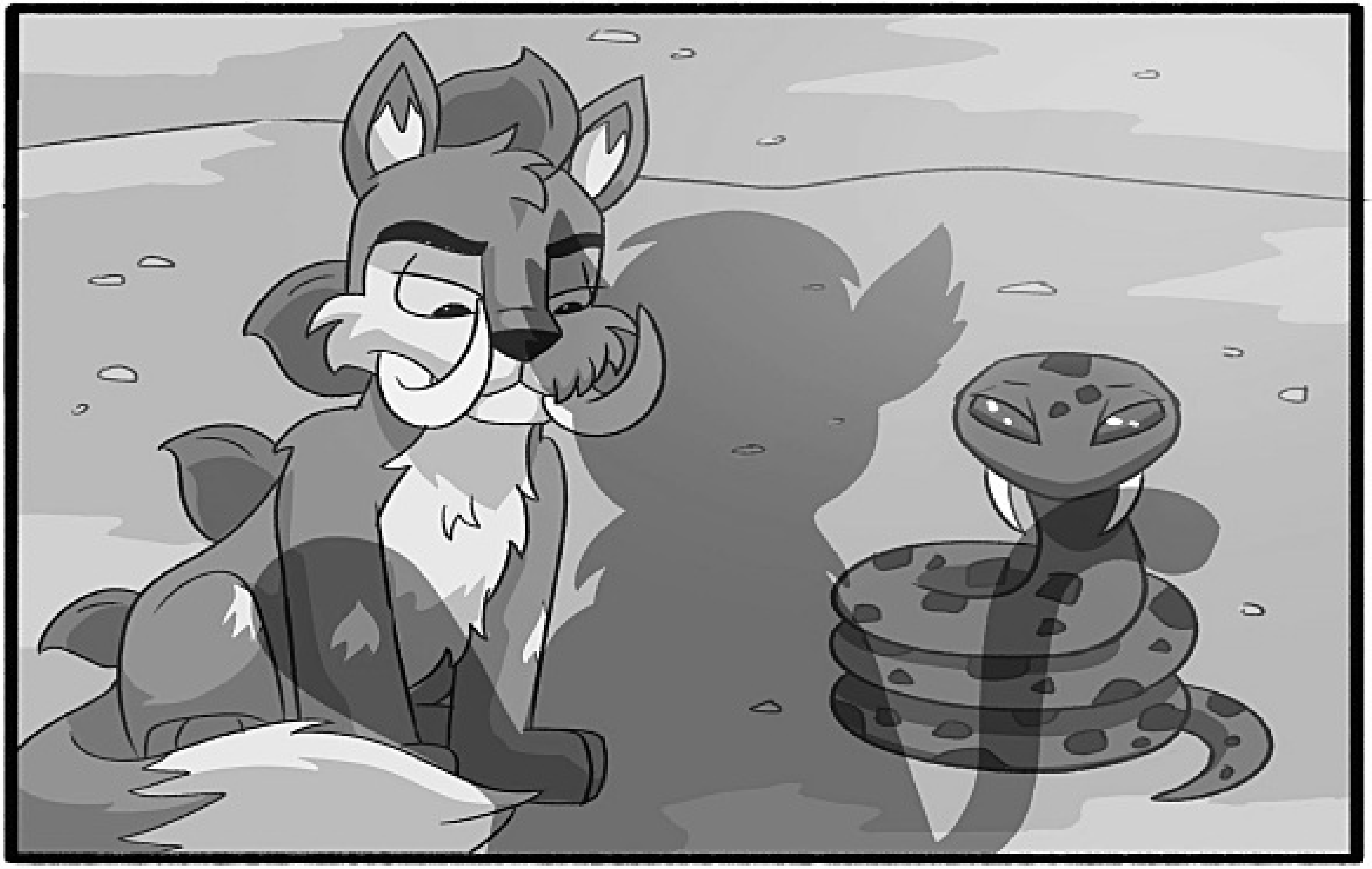
Sporkle Syrup
SOLD OUT

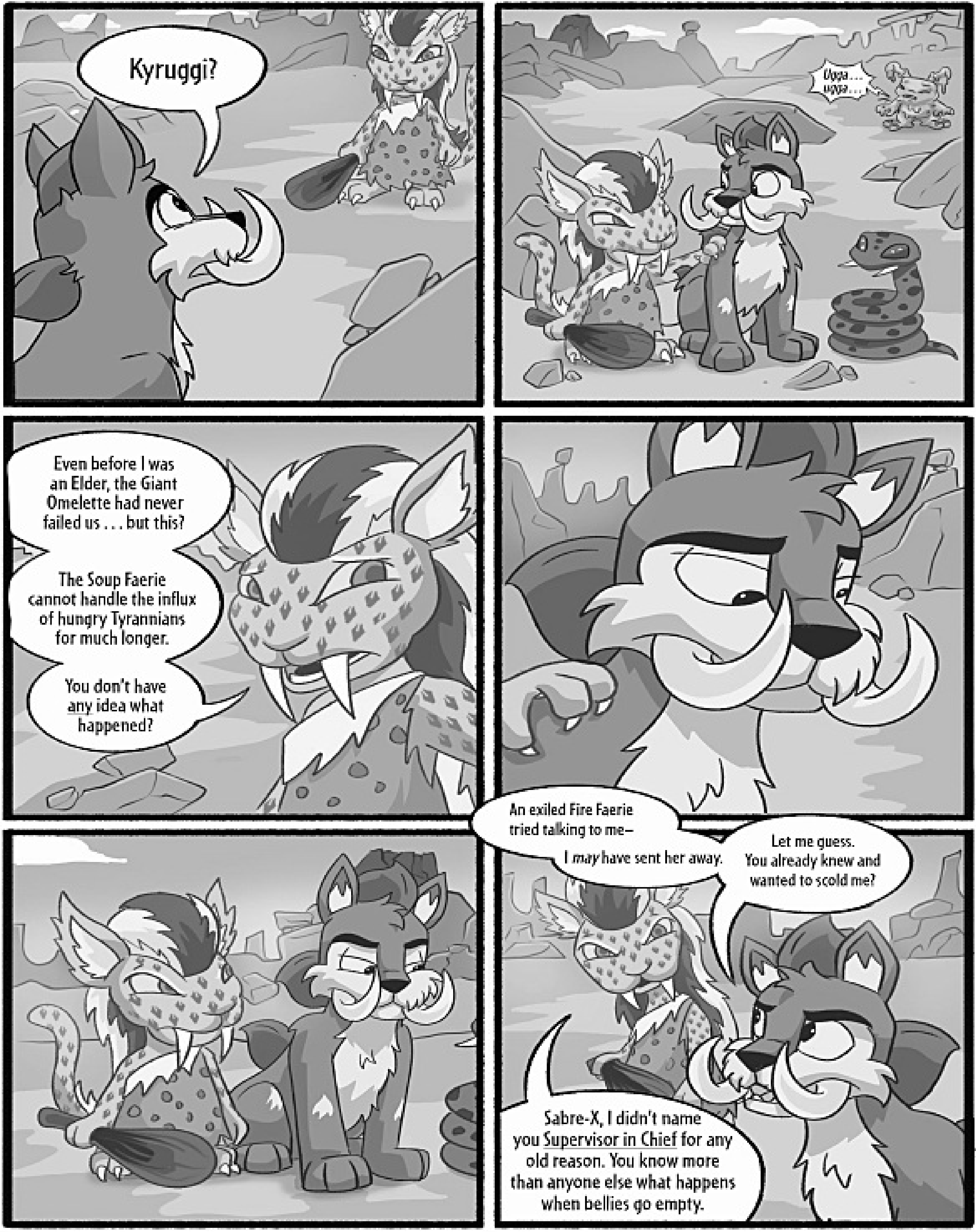


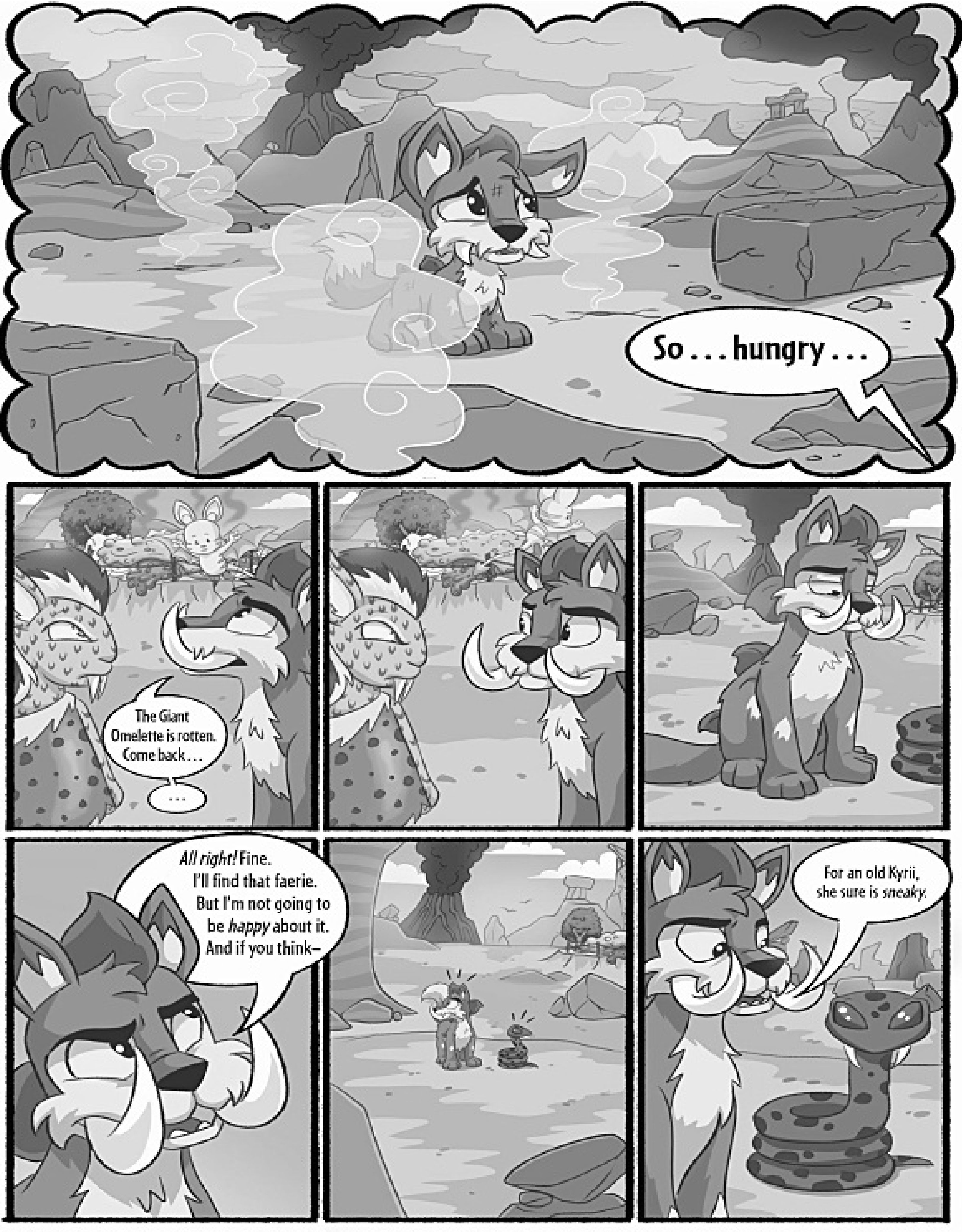
And the cost of omelettes skyrocketed. Neopians who had stashed their healthy omelette slices away were selling them for ten times more Neopoints (also known as NP) than the day before.

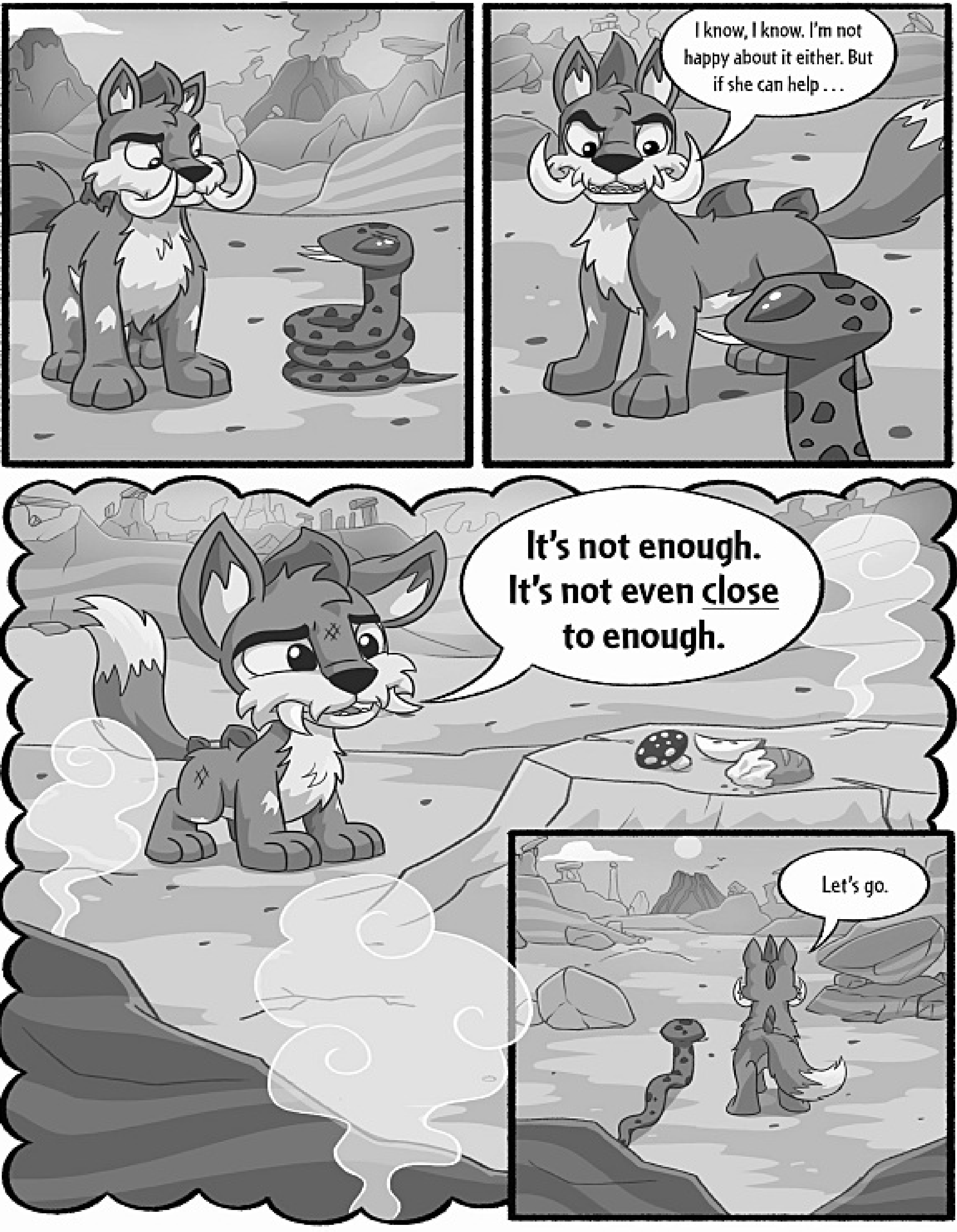
Alakazam!!! It's the Shop Wizard! You're here for . . . let me guess, 3/4 Cheese Omelette?

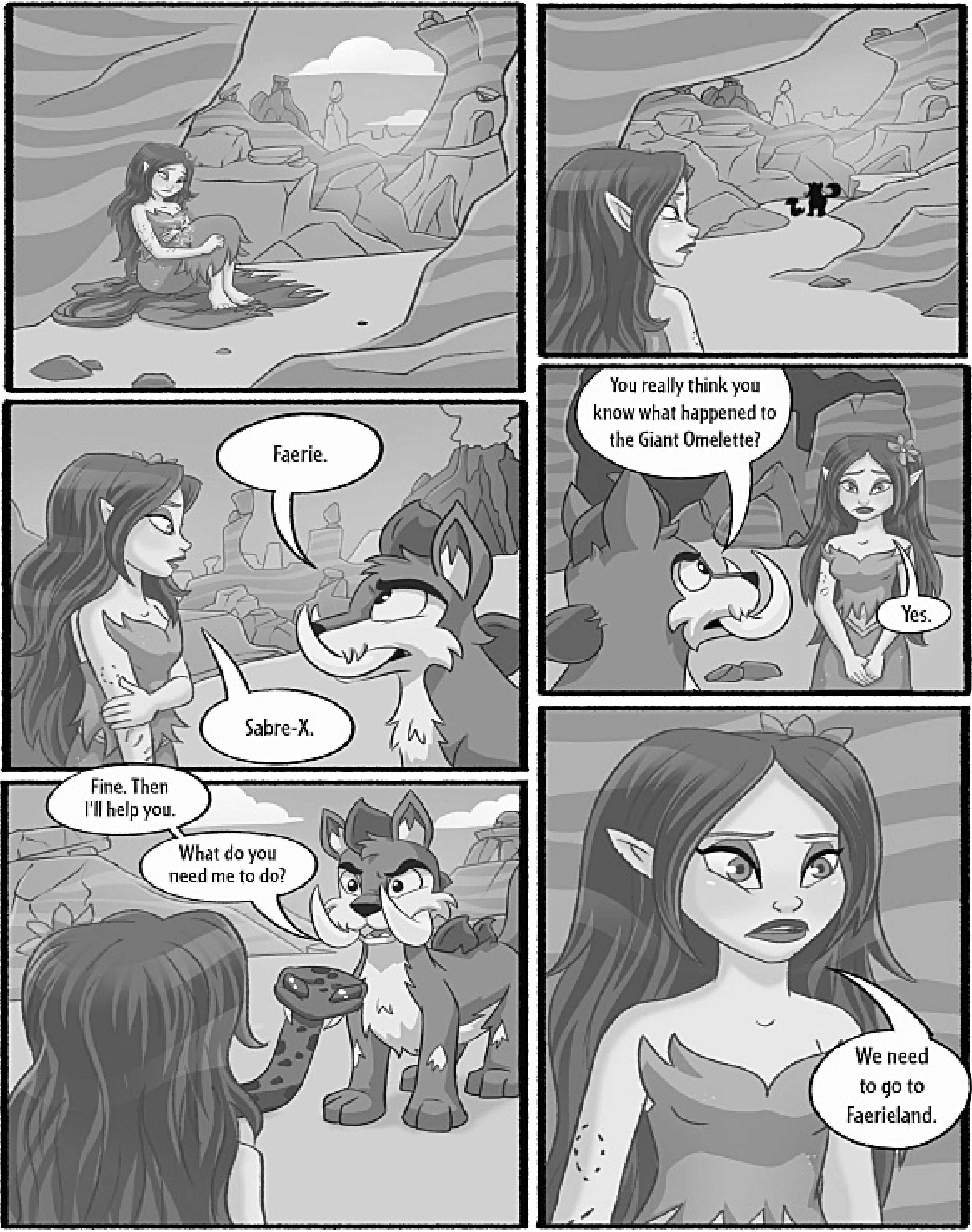

Do Not
EAT!

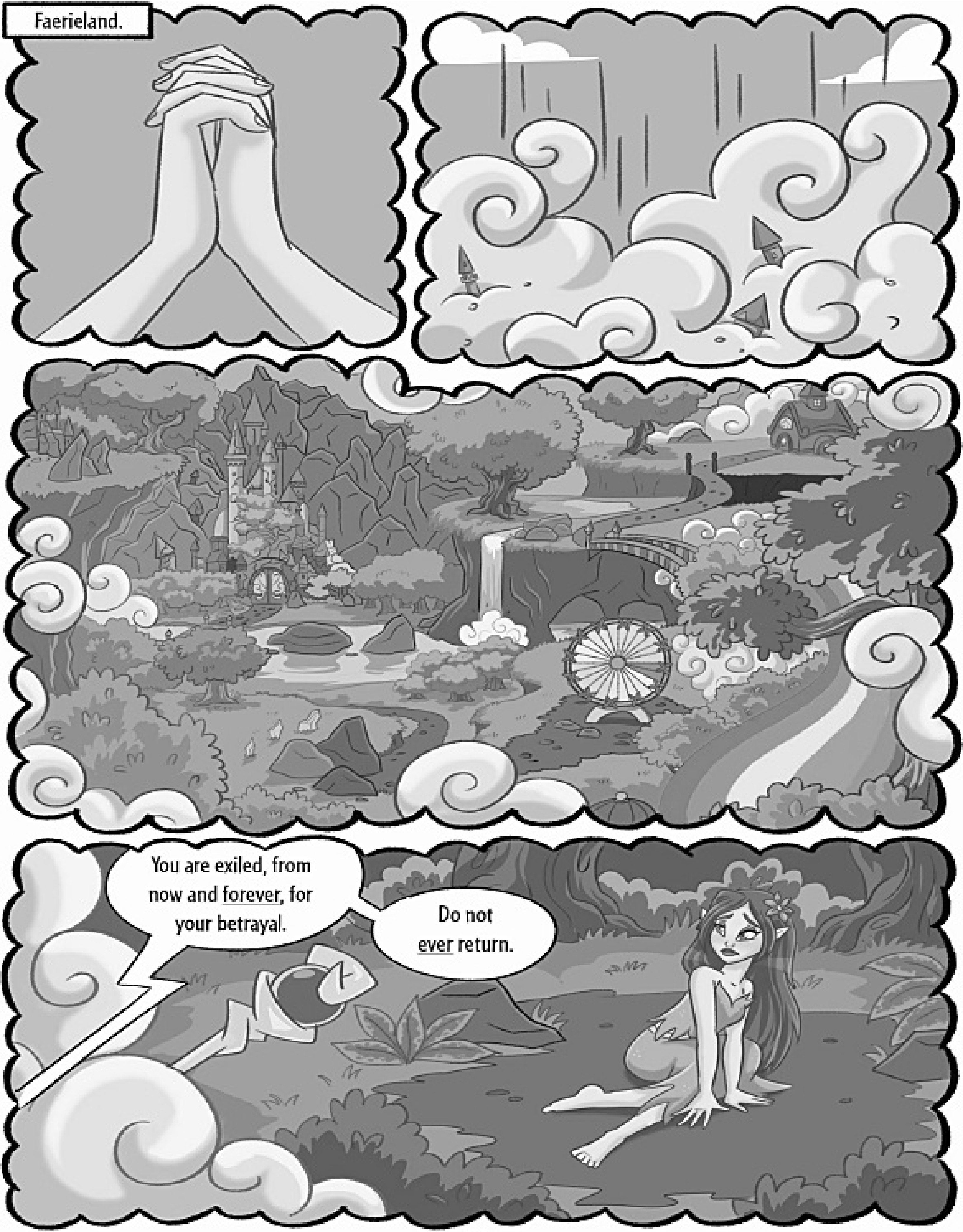



Kyruggi?
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
Even before I was an Elder, the Giant Omelette had never failed us . . . but this?
The Soup Faerie cannot handle the influx of hungry Tyrannians for much longer.
You don't have any idea what happened?
An exiled Fire Faerie tried talking to me—
I *may* have sent her away.
Let me guess. You already knew and wanted to scold me?
Sabre-X, I didn't name you Supervisor in Chief for any old reason. You know more than anyone else what happens when bellies go empty.

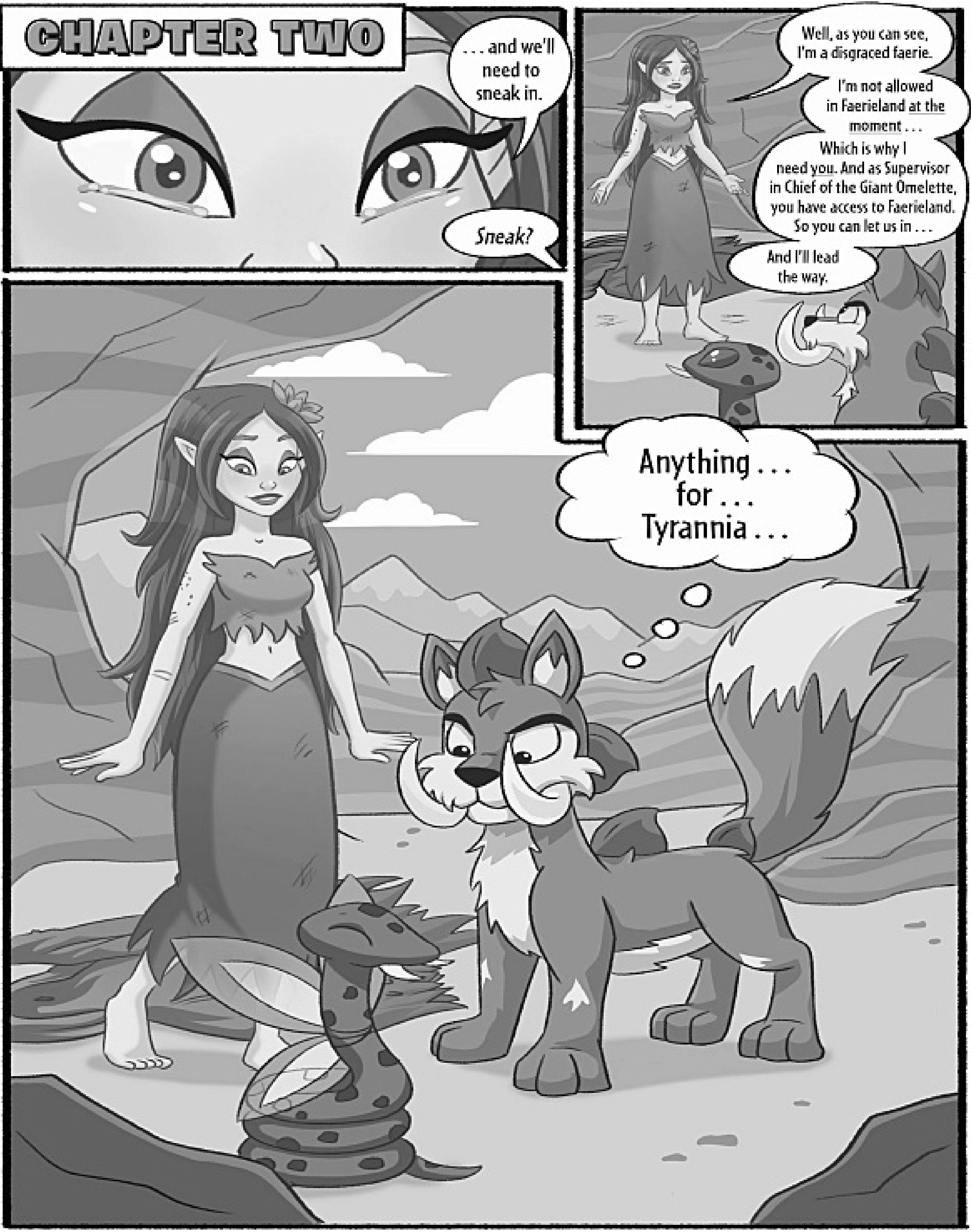

So . . . hungry . . .
The Giant Omelette is rotten. Come back . . .
. . .
All right! Fine. I'll find that faerie. But I'm not going to be *happy* about it. And if you think–
For an old Kyrii, she sure is *sneaky*.

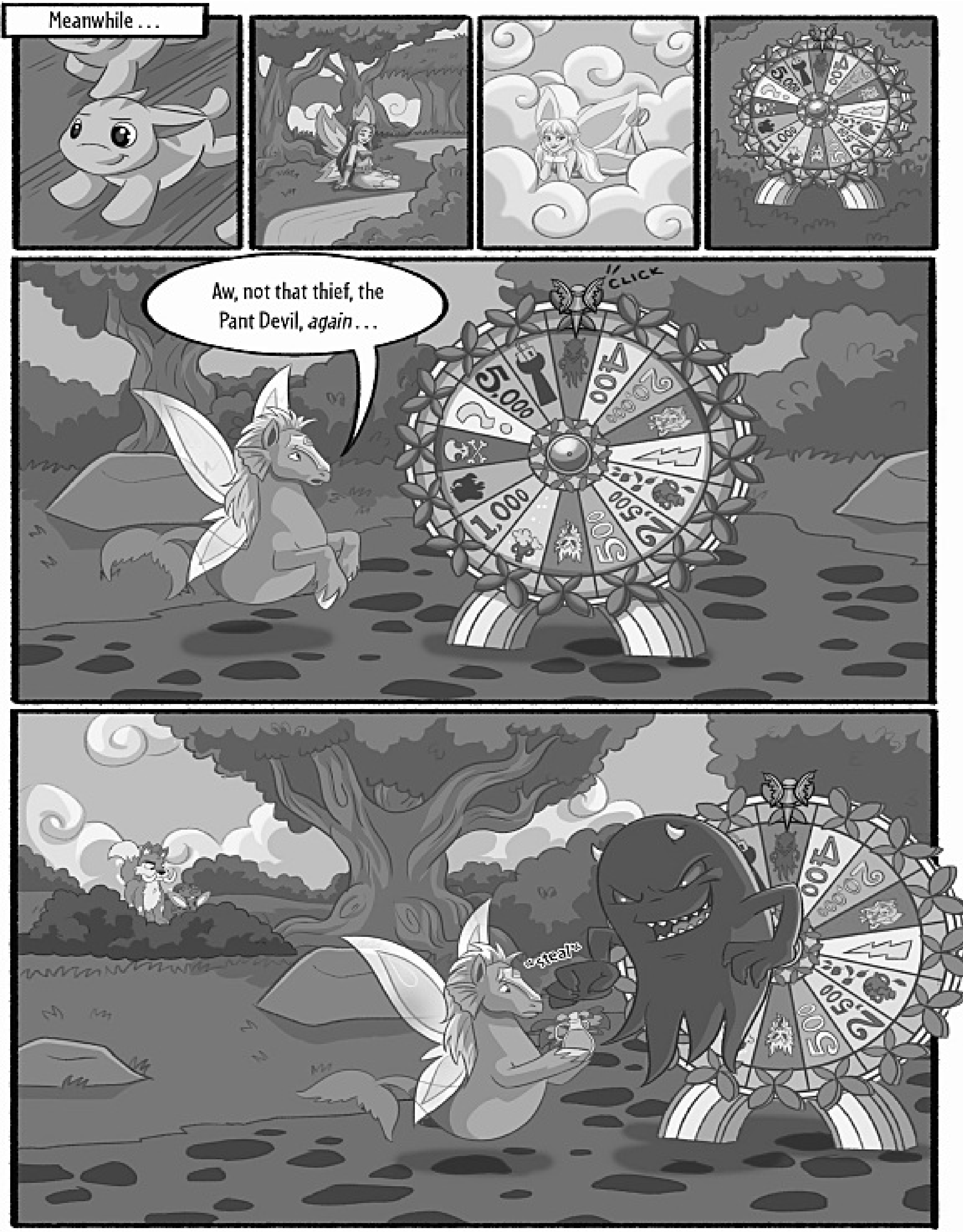

I know, I know. I'm not happy about it either. But if she can help . . .
It's not enough. It's not even close to enough.
Let's go.

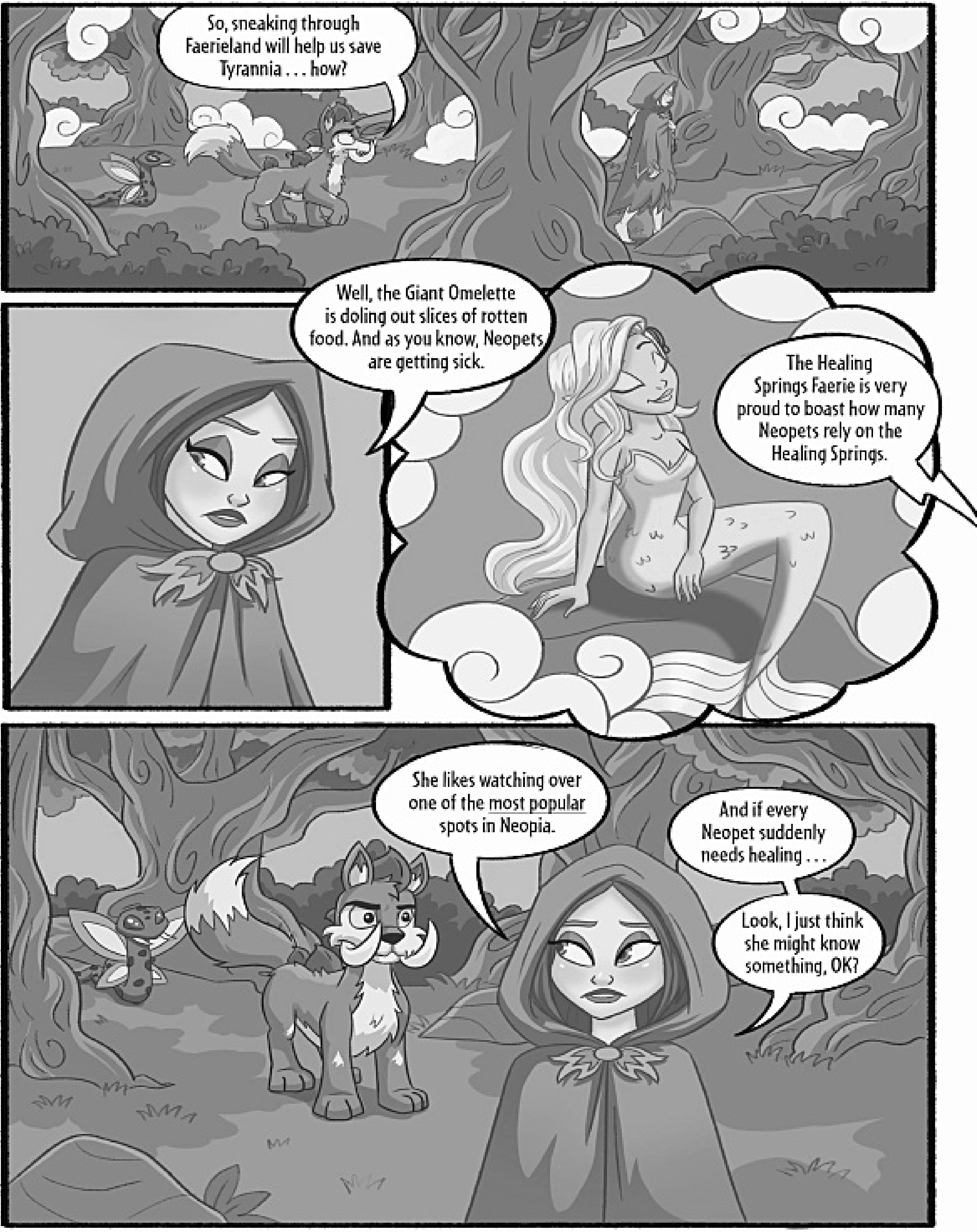

Faerie.
Sabre-X.
You really think you know what happened to the Giant Omelette?
Yes.
Fine. Then I'll help you.
What do you need me to do?
We need to go to Faerieland.

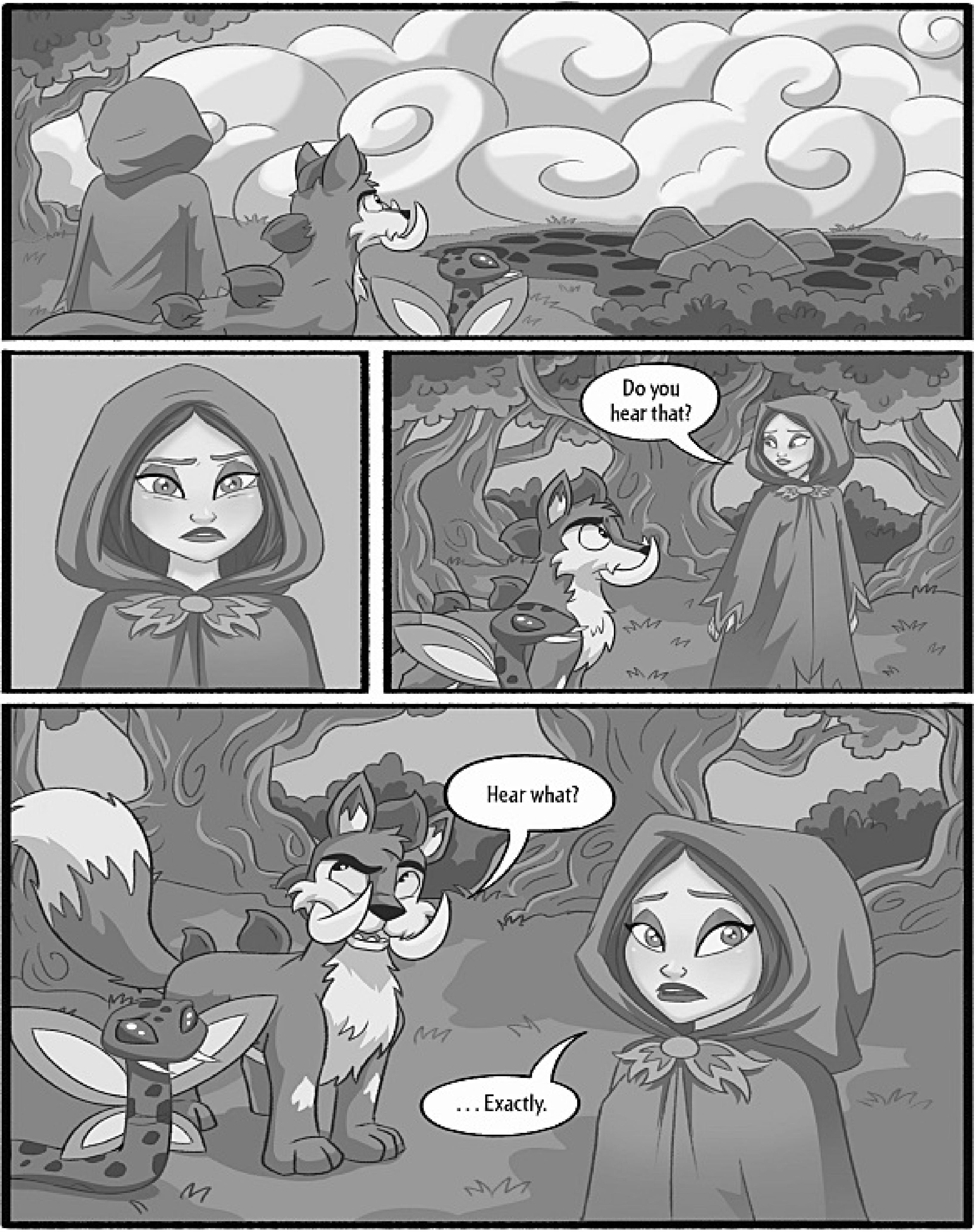

Faerieland.
You are exiled, from now and forever, for your betrayal.
Do not ever return.

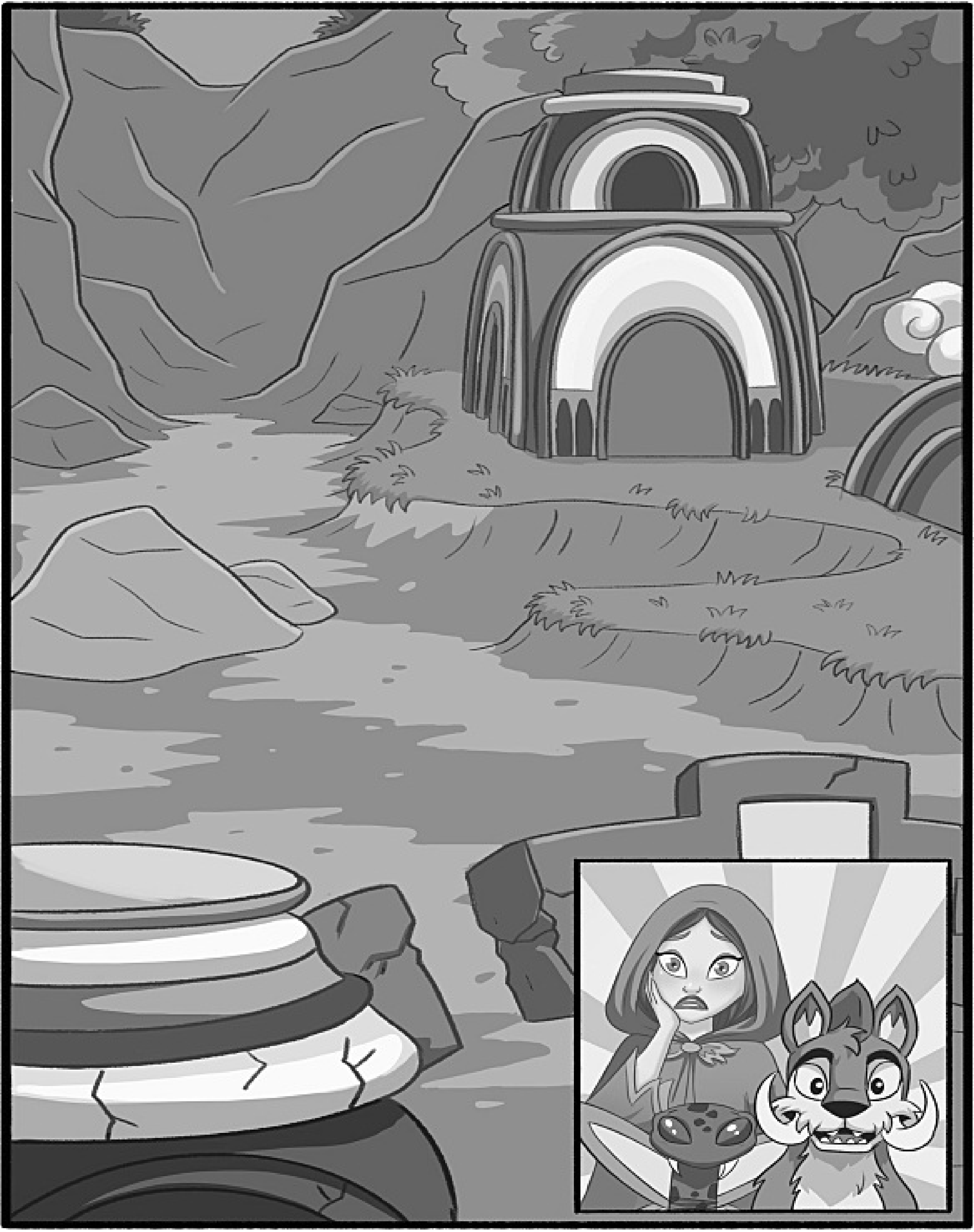
CHAPTER TWO

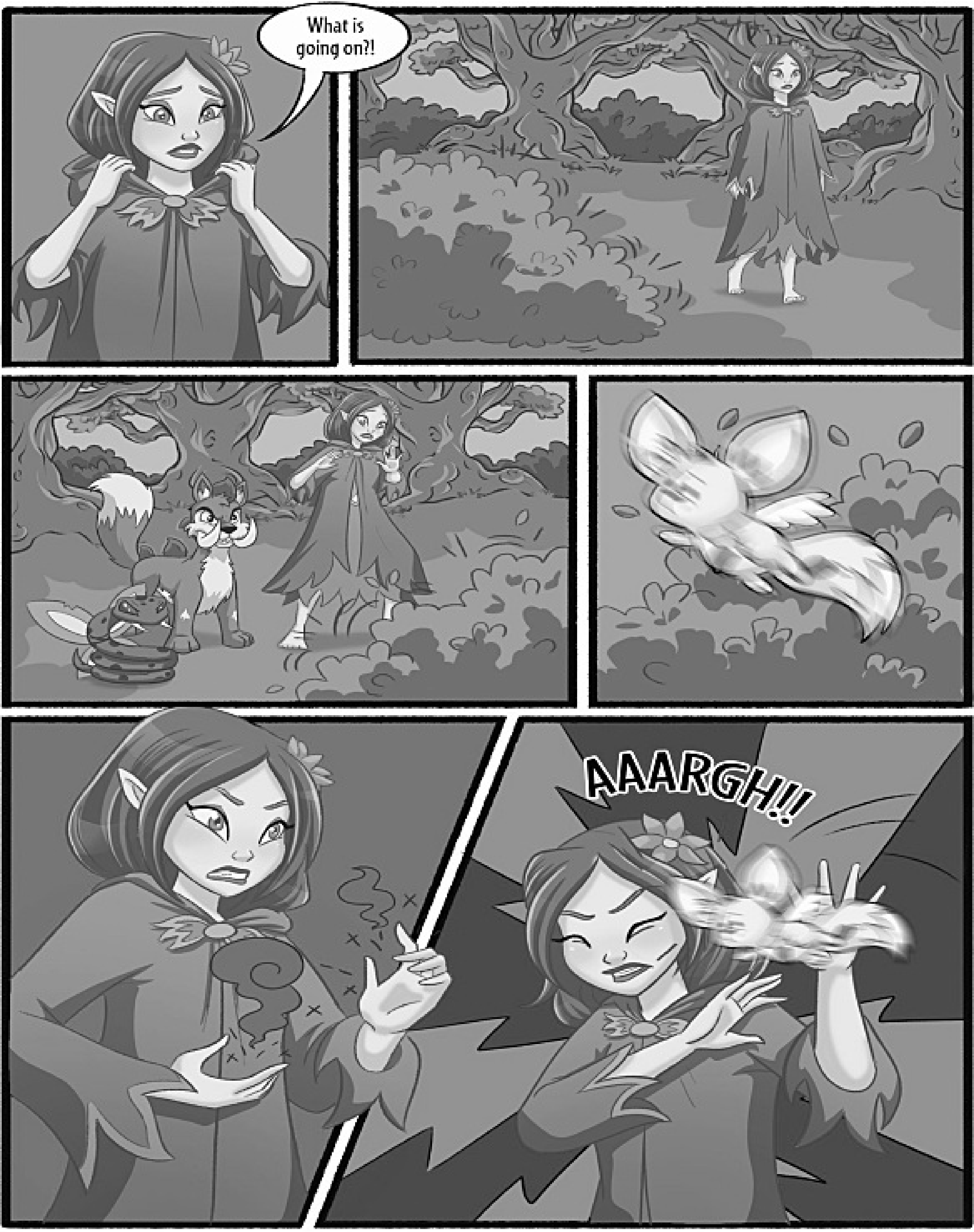

. . . and we'll need to sneak in.
Sneak?
Well, as you can see, I'm a disgraced faerie.
I'm not allowed in Faerieland at the moment . . .
Which is why I need you. And as Supervisor in Chief of the Giant Omelette, you have access to Faerieland. So you can let us in . . .
And I'll lead the way.
Anything . . . for . . . Tyrannia . . .

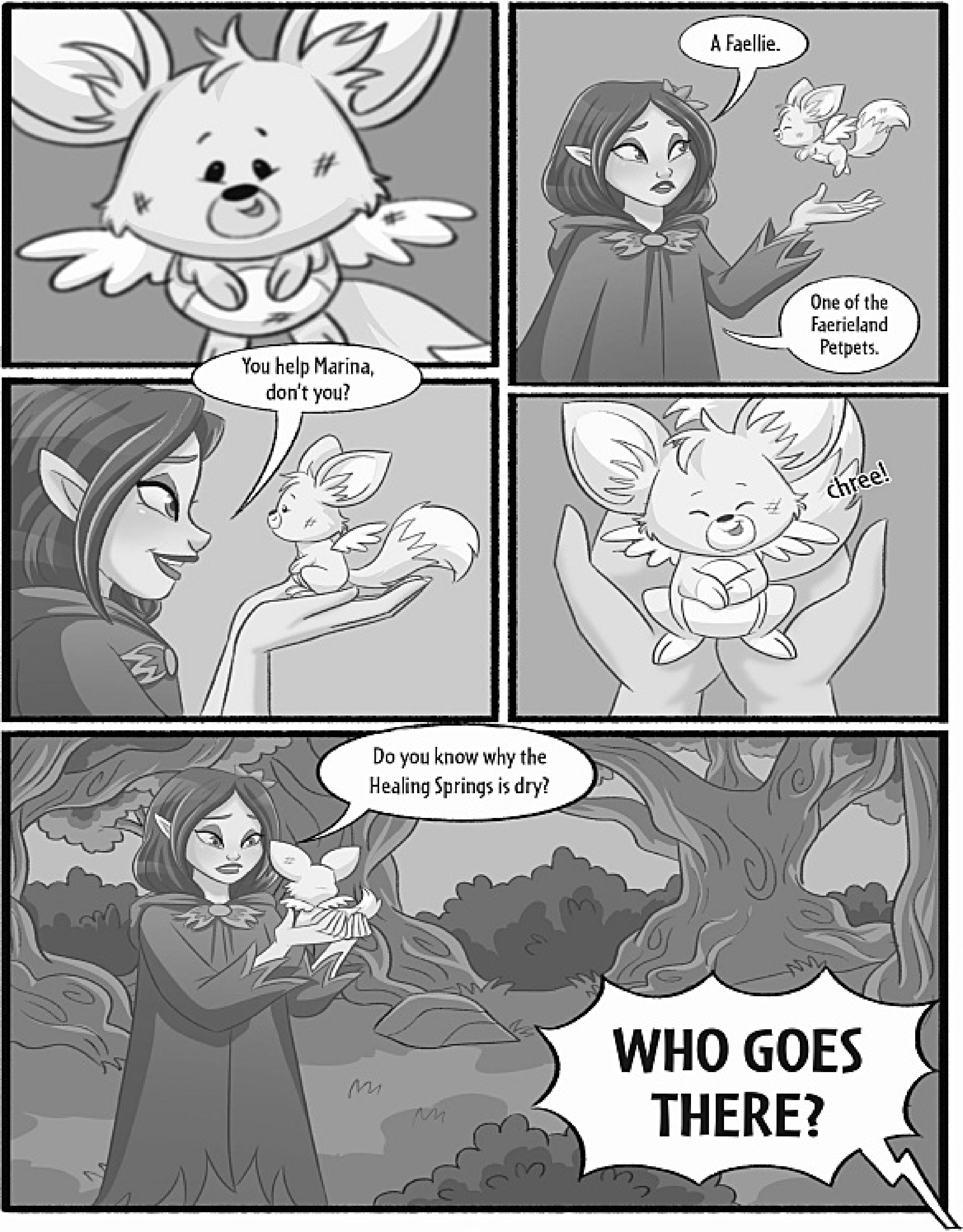

Meanwhile . . .
Aw, not that thief, the Pant Devil, *again* . . .
CLICK
5,000
400
20,000
1,000
500
2,500
steal

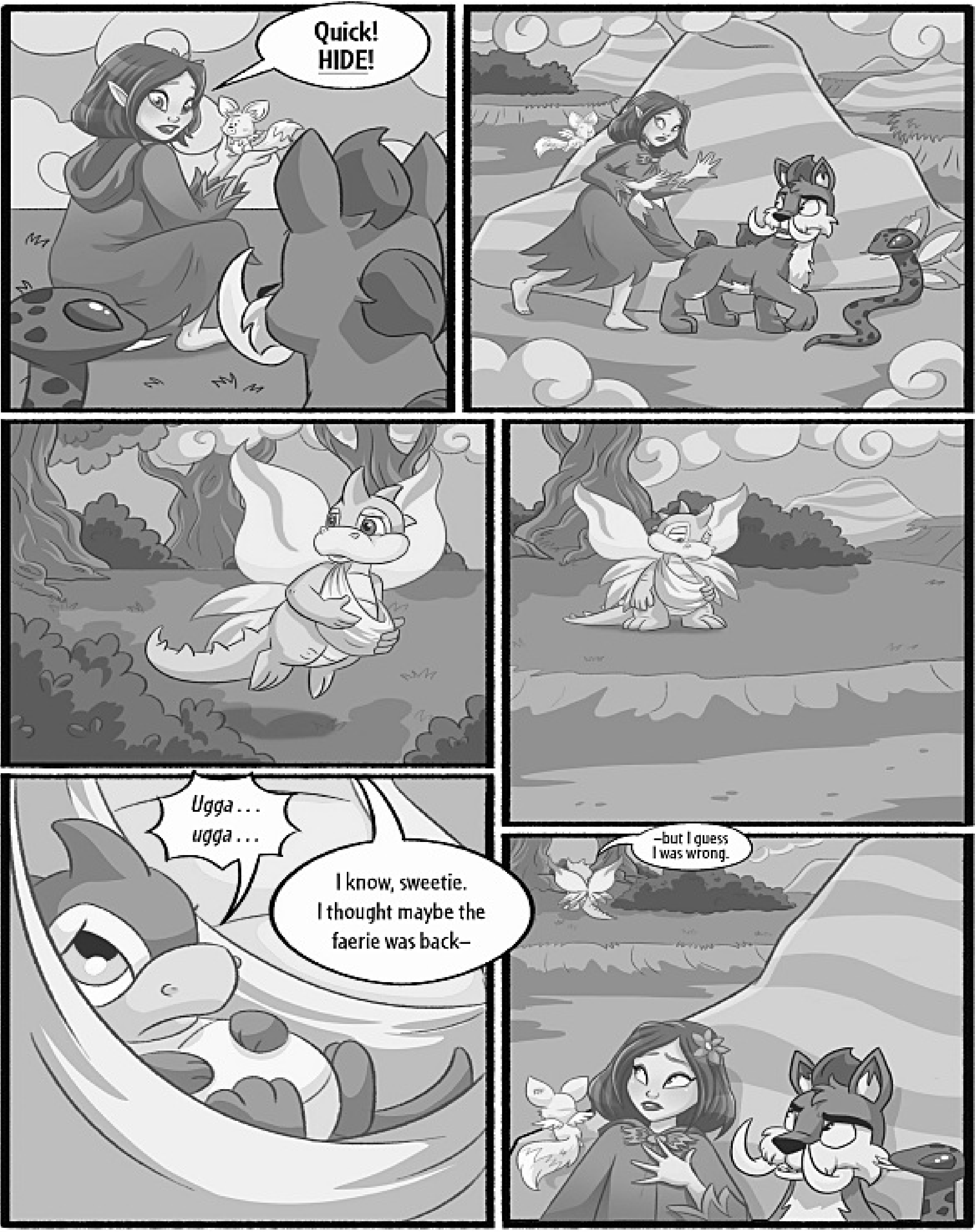

So, sneaking through Faerieland will help us save Tyrannia . . . how?
Well, the Giant Omelette is doling out slices of rotten food. And as you know, Neopets are getting sick.
The Healing Springs Faerie is very proud to boast how many Neopets rely on the Healing Springs.
She likes watching over one of the most popular spots in Neopia.
And if every Neopet suddenly needs healing . . .
Look, I just think she might know something, OK?

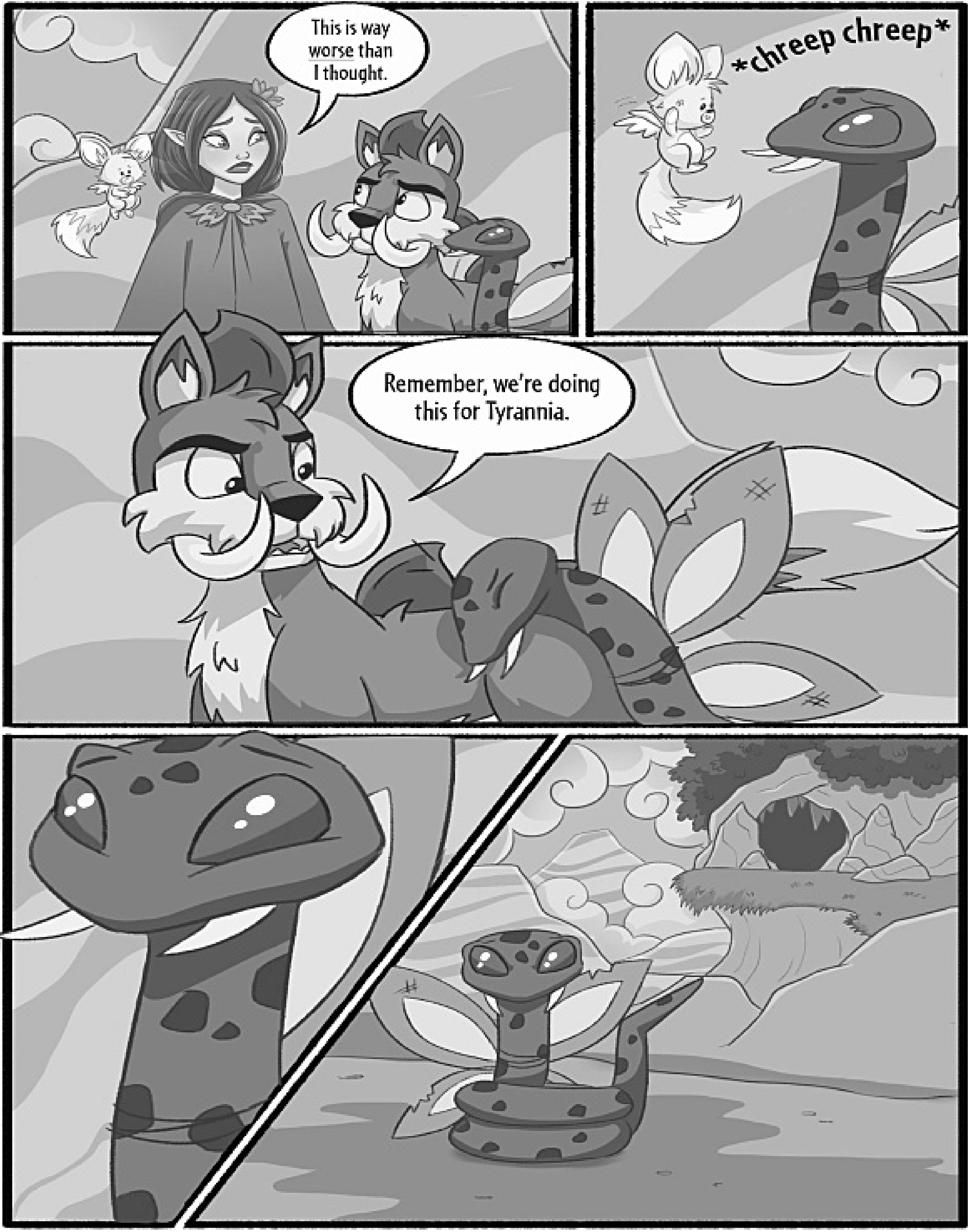

Do you hear that?
Hear what?
. . . Exactly.

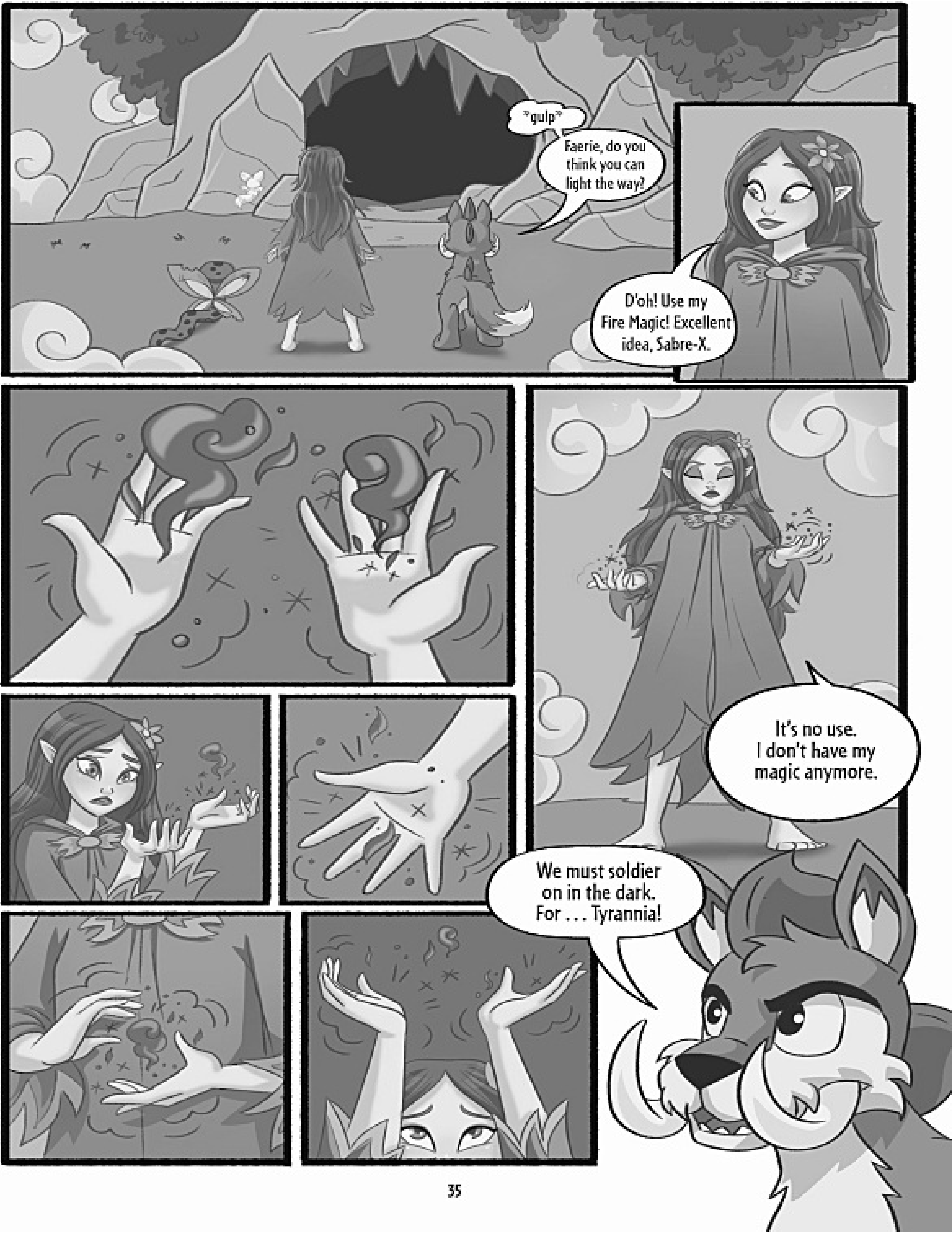


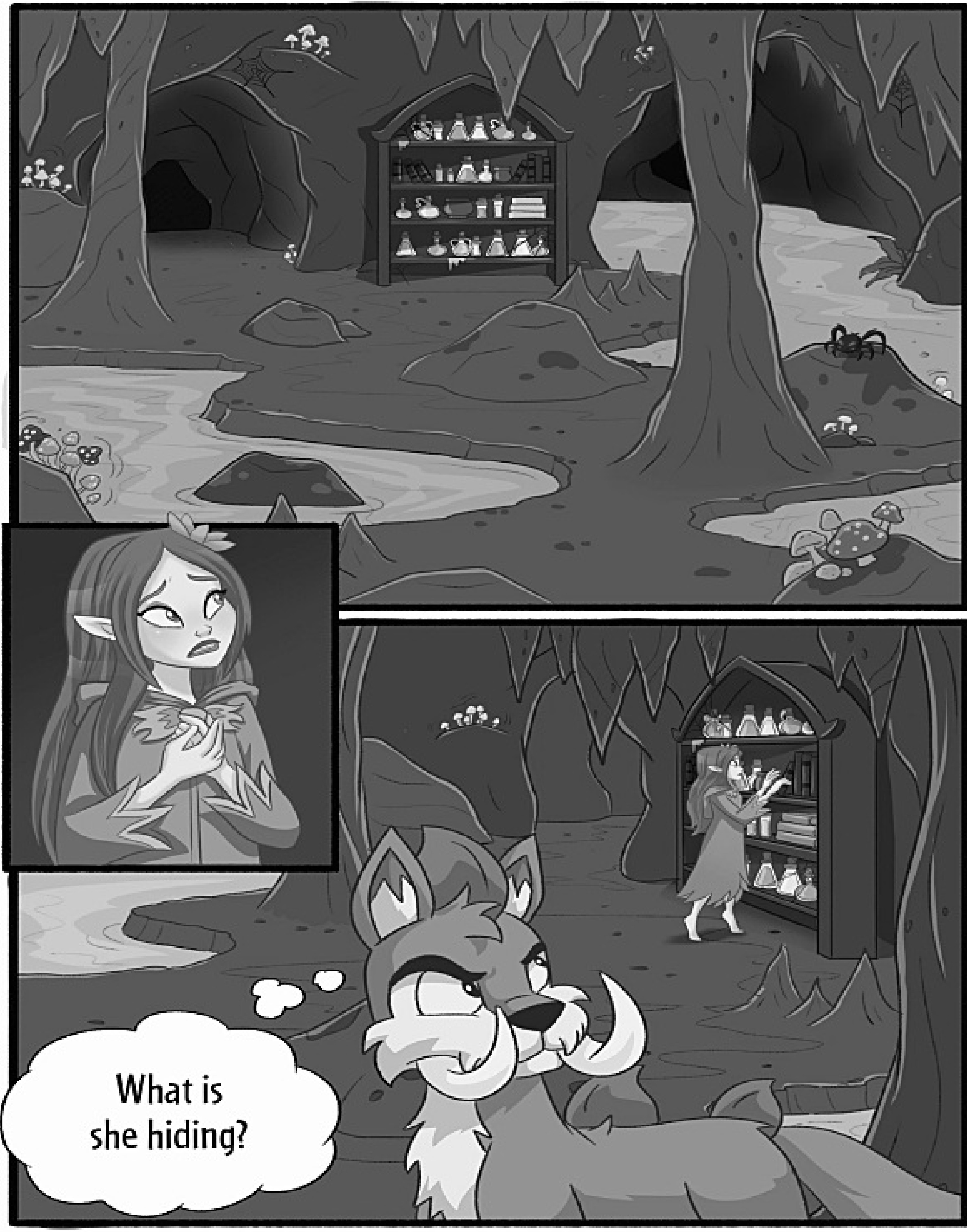

What is going on?!
AAARGH!!

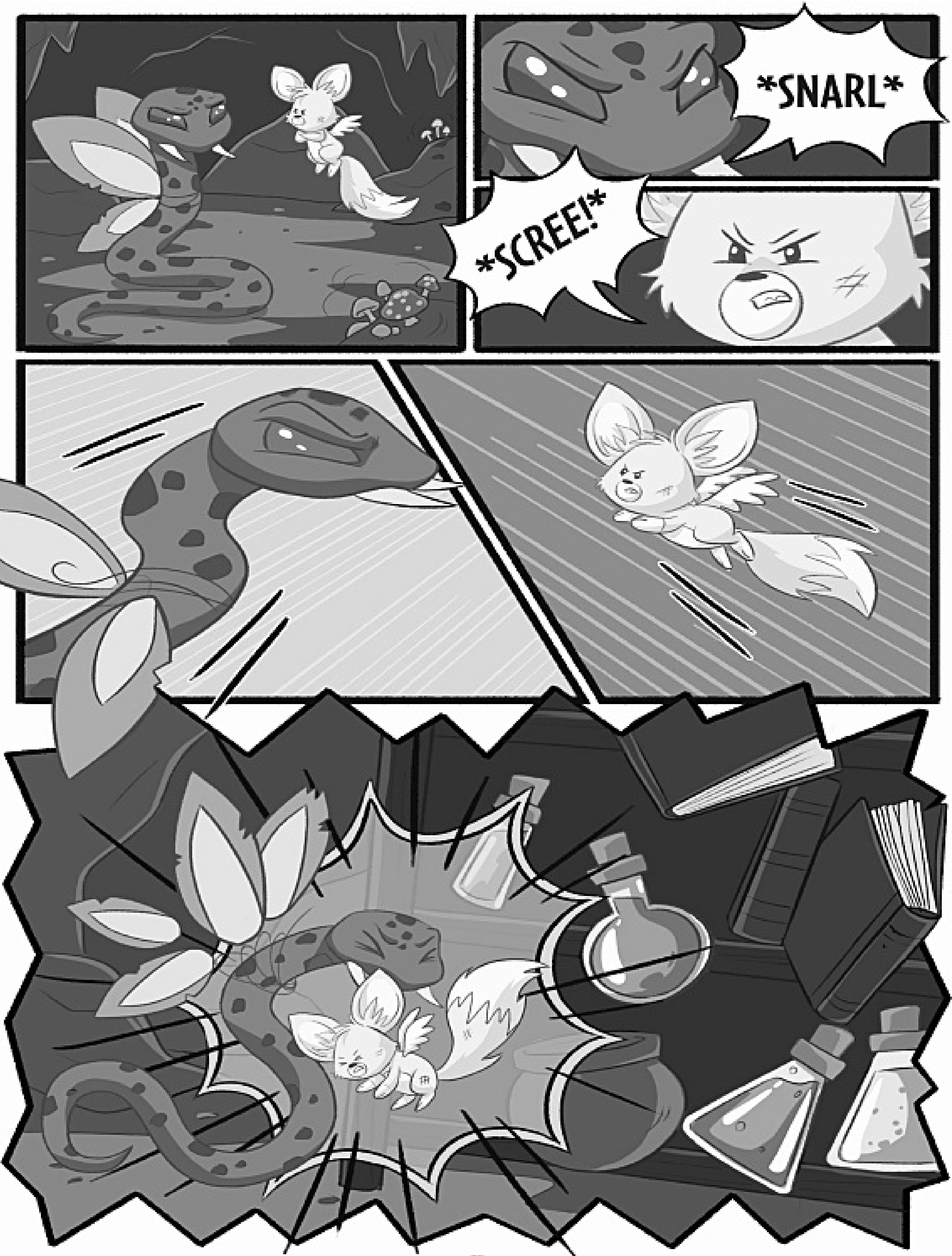

A Faellie.
One of the Faerieland Petpets.
You help Marina, don't you?
chree!
Do you know why the Healing Springs is dry?
WHO GOES THERE?

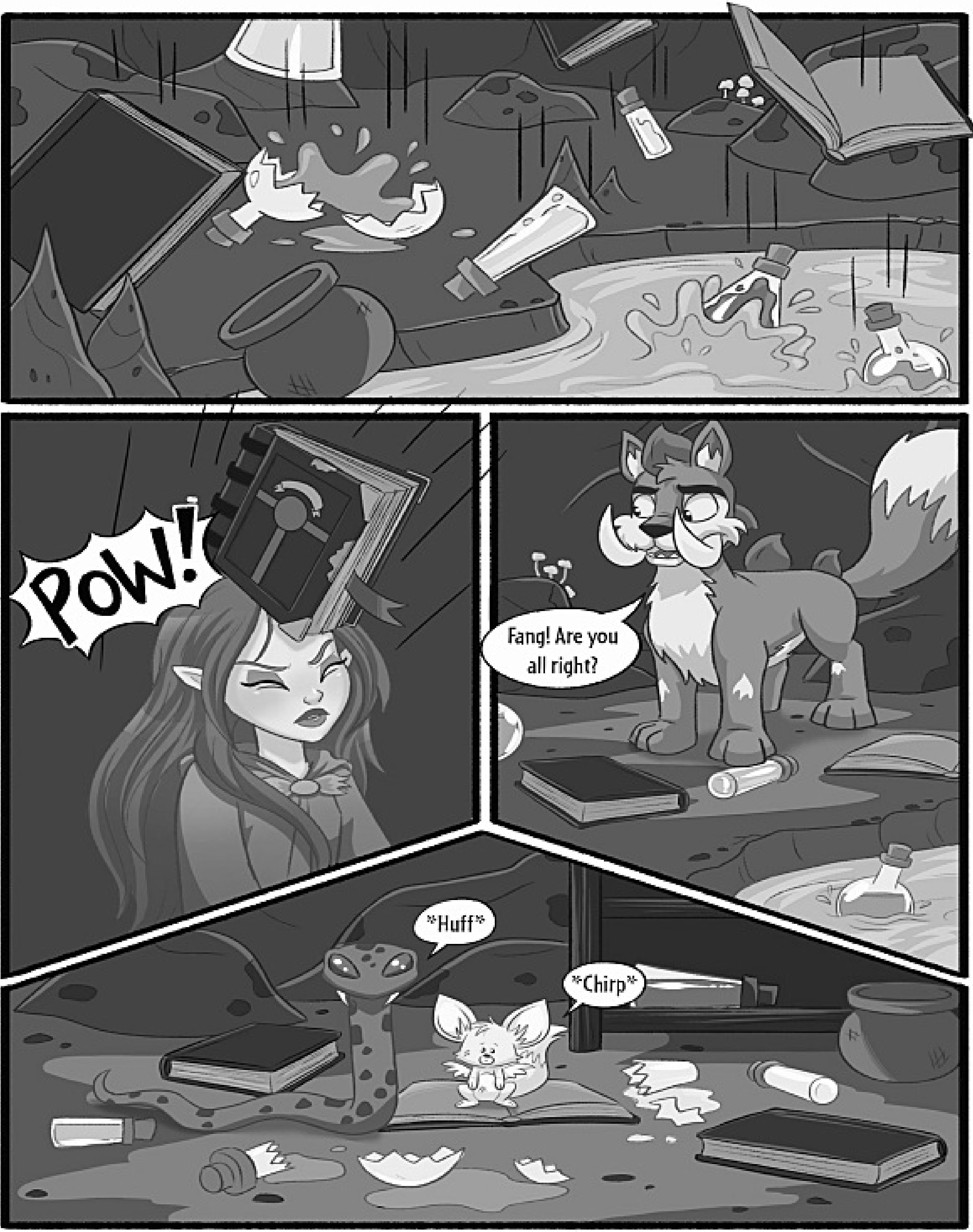

Quick! HIDE!
Ugga . . . ugga . . .
I know, sweetie. I thought maybe the faerie was back–
–but I guess I was wrong.

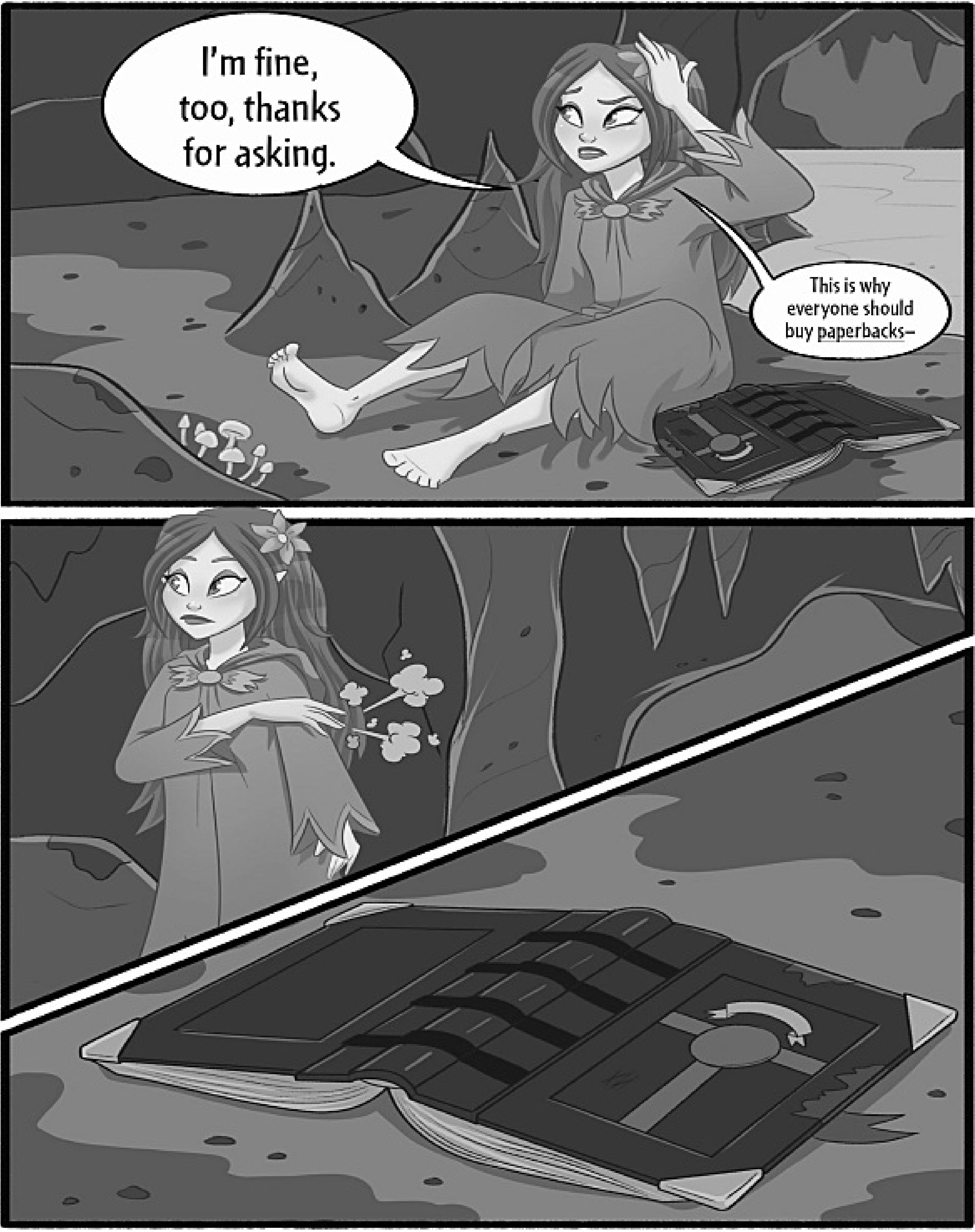

This is way worse than I thought.
chreep chreep
Remember, we're doing this for Tyrannia.

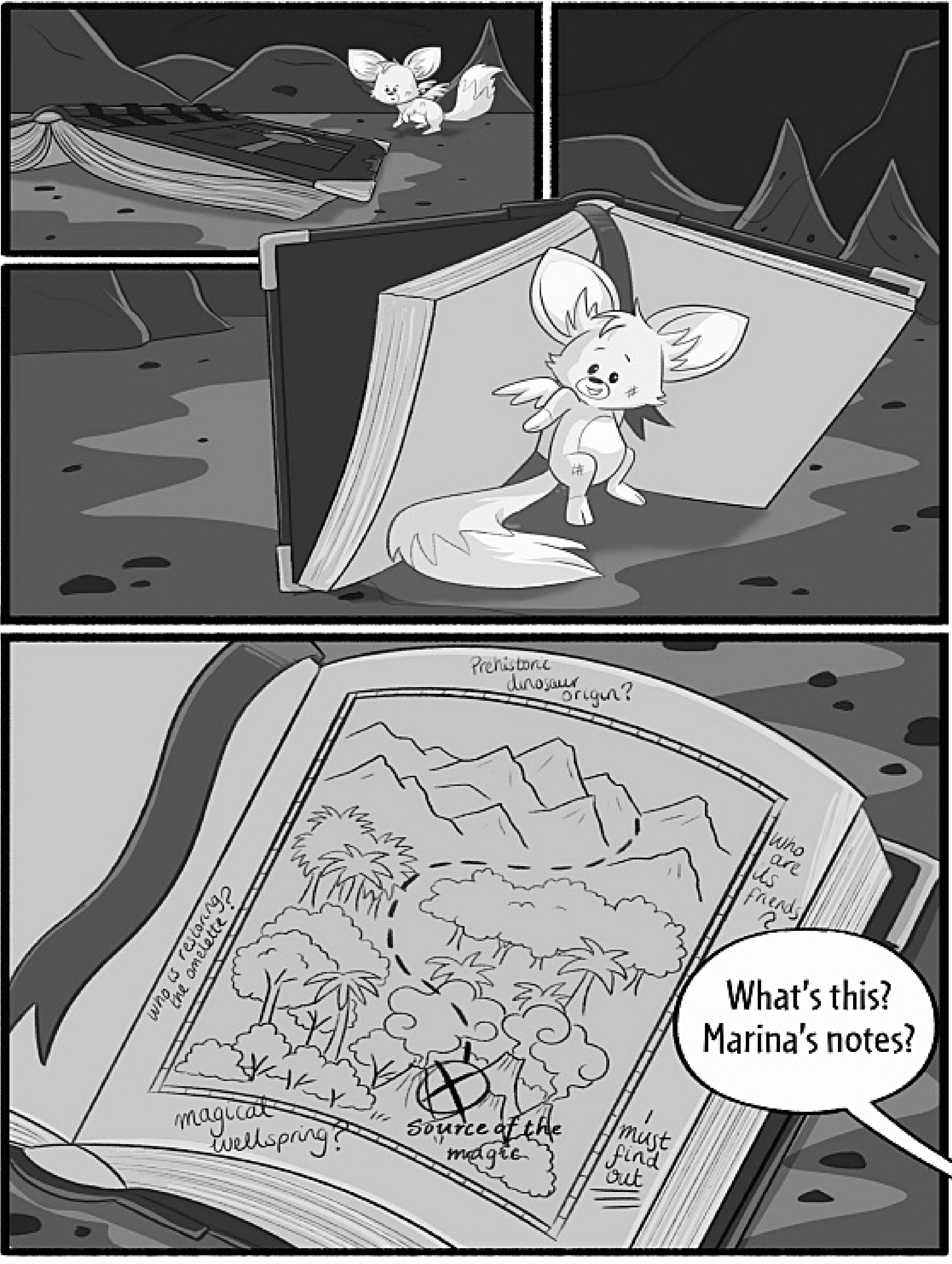

gulp
Faerie, do you think you can light the way?
D'oh! Use my Fire Magic! Excellent idea, Sabre-X.
It's no use. I don't have my magic anymore.
We must soldier on in the dark. For . . . Tyrannia!

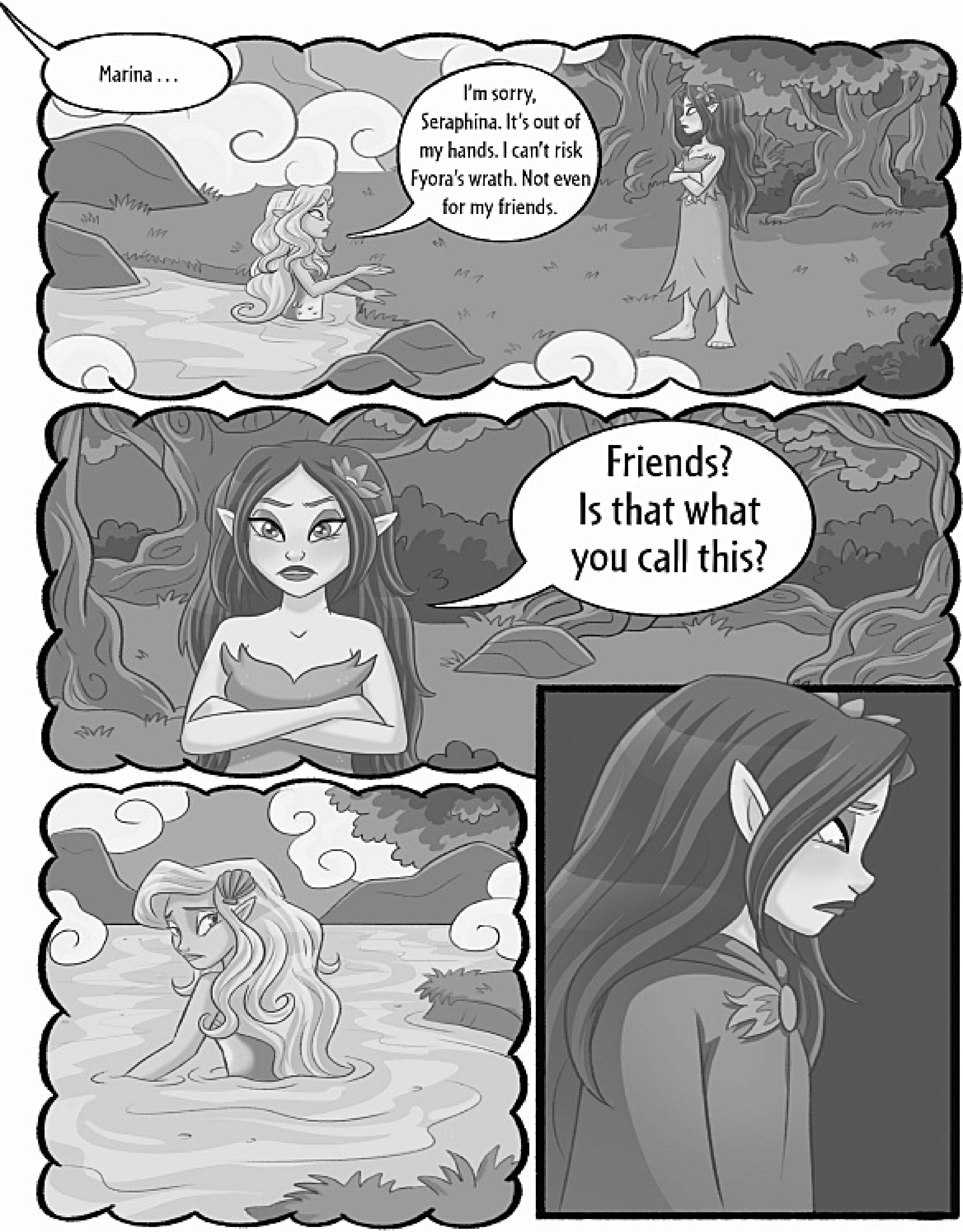

What is she hiding?

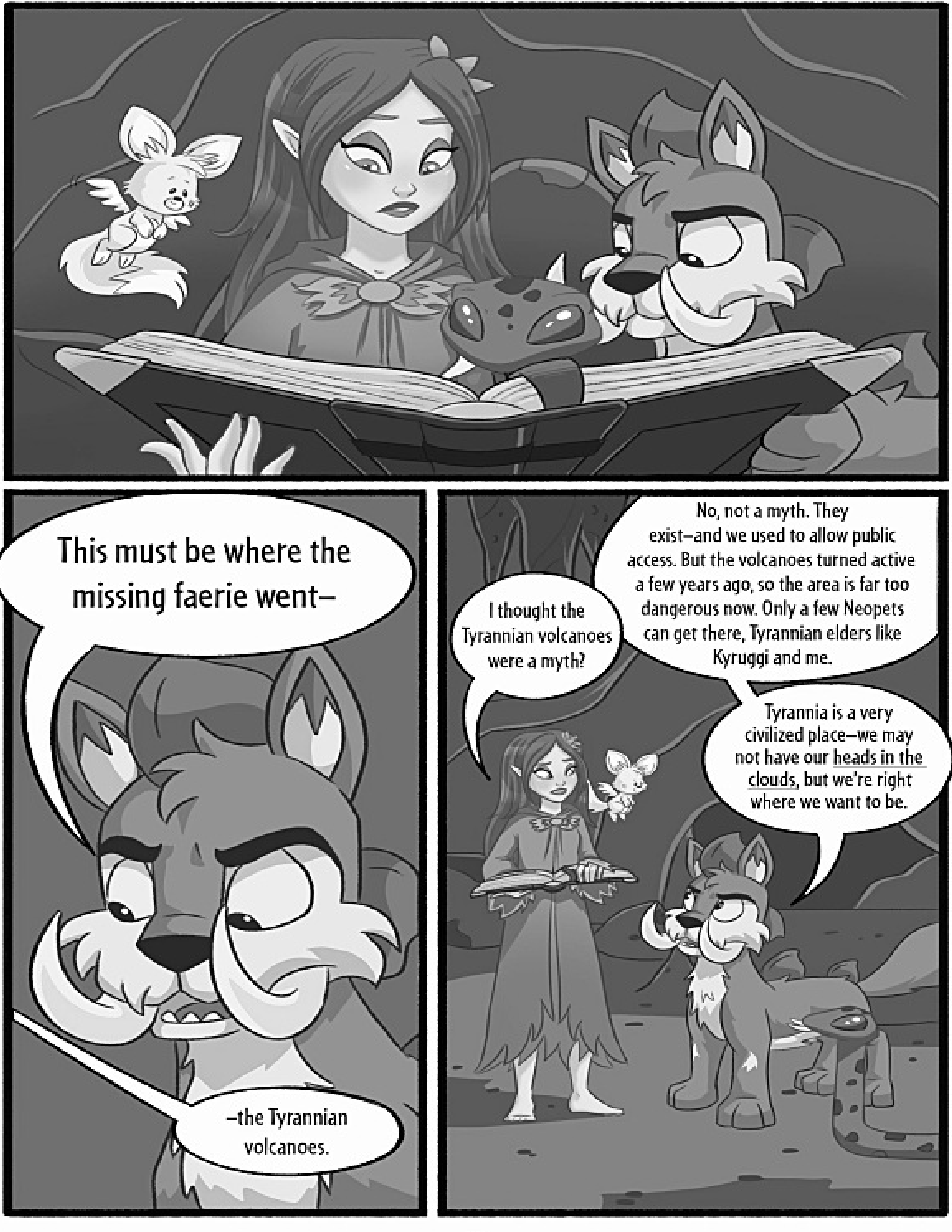

SNARL
SCREE!

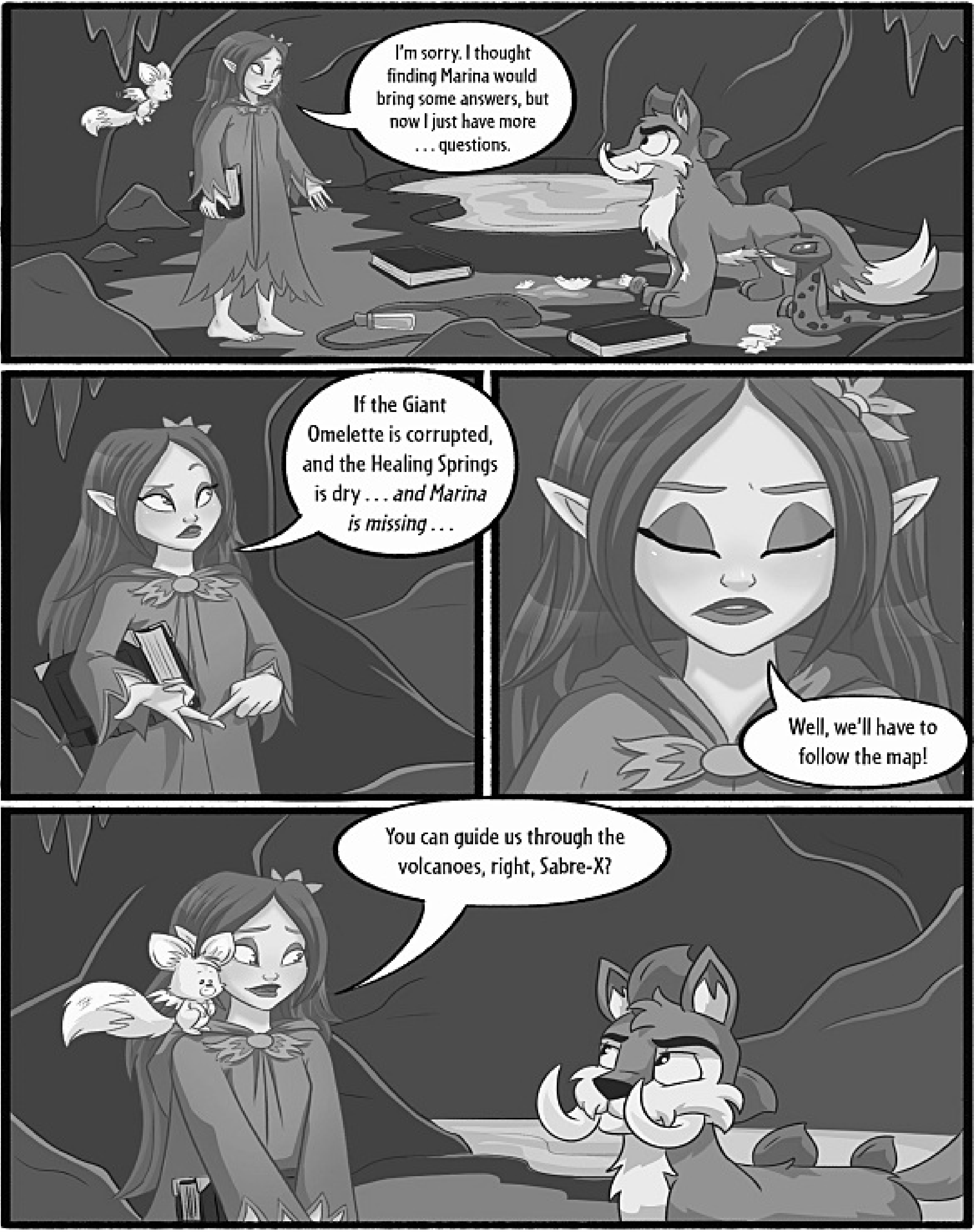

POW!
Fang! Are you all right?
Huff
Chirp

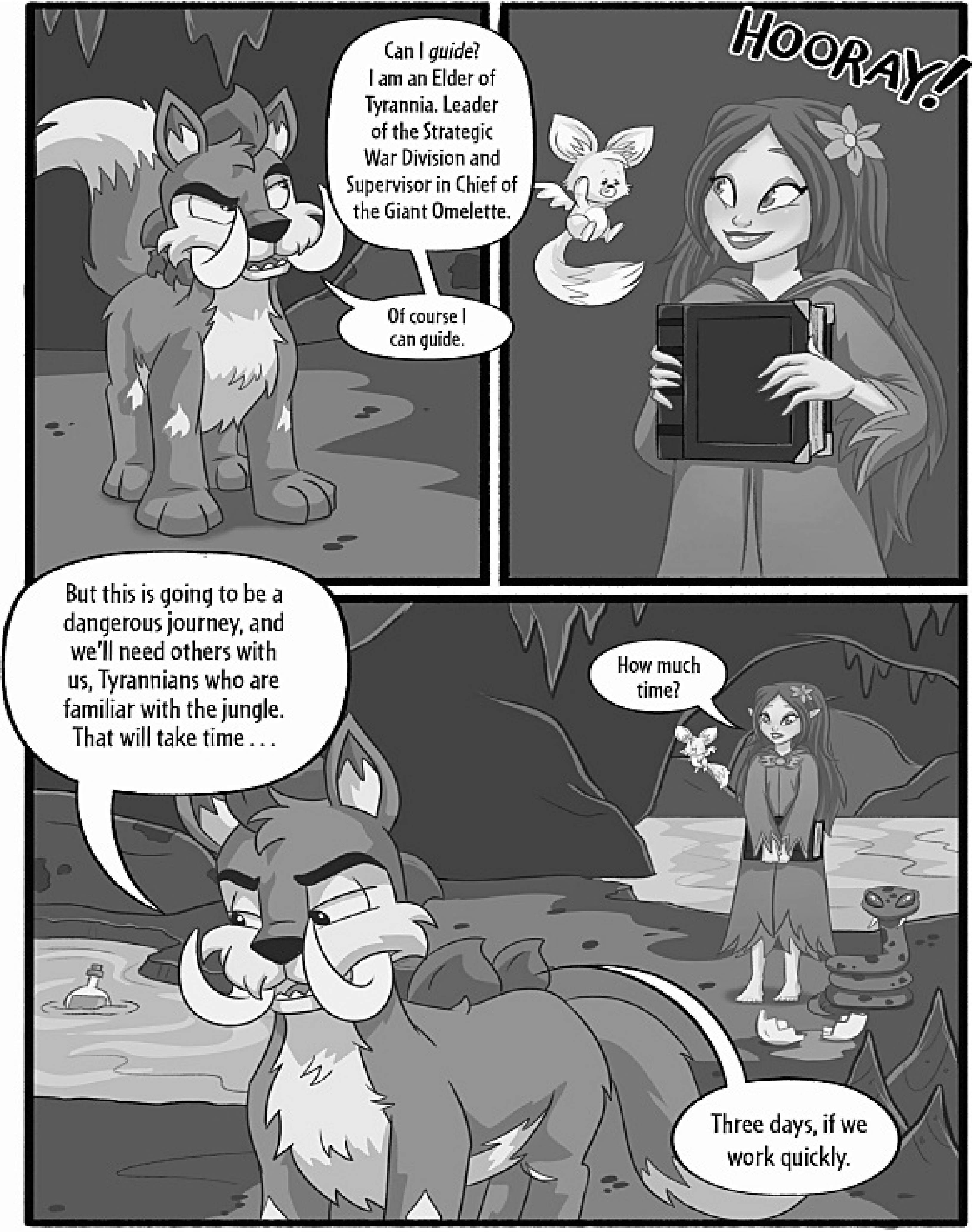

I'm fine, too, thanks for asking.
This is why everyone should buy paperbacks–

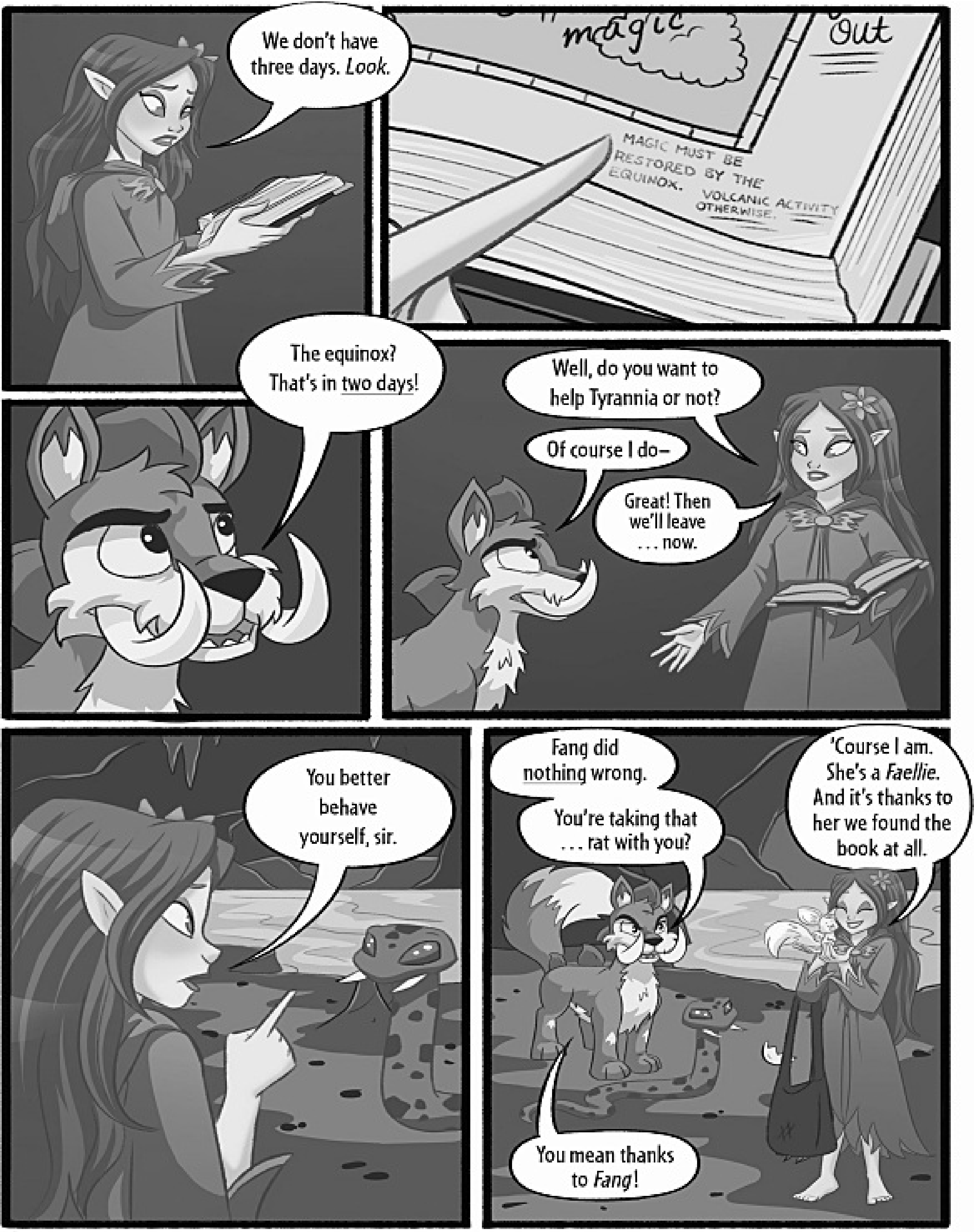

Prehistoric dinosaur origin?
Who are its friends?
who is restoring the amulet?
magical wellspring?
Source of the magic
I must find out
What's this? Marina's notes?


Marina . . .
I'm sorry, Seraphina. It's out of my hands. I can't risk Fyora's wrath. Not even for my friends.
Friends? Is that what you call this?

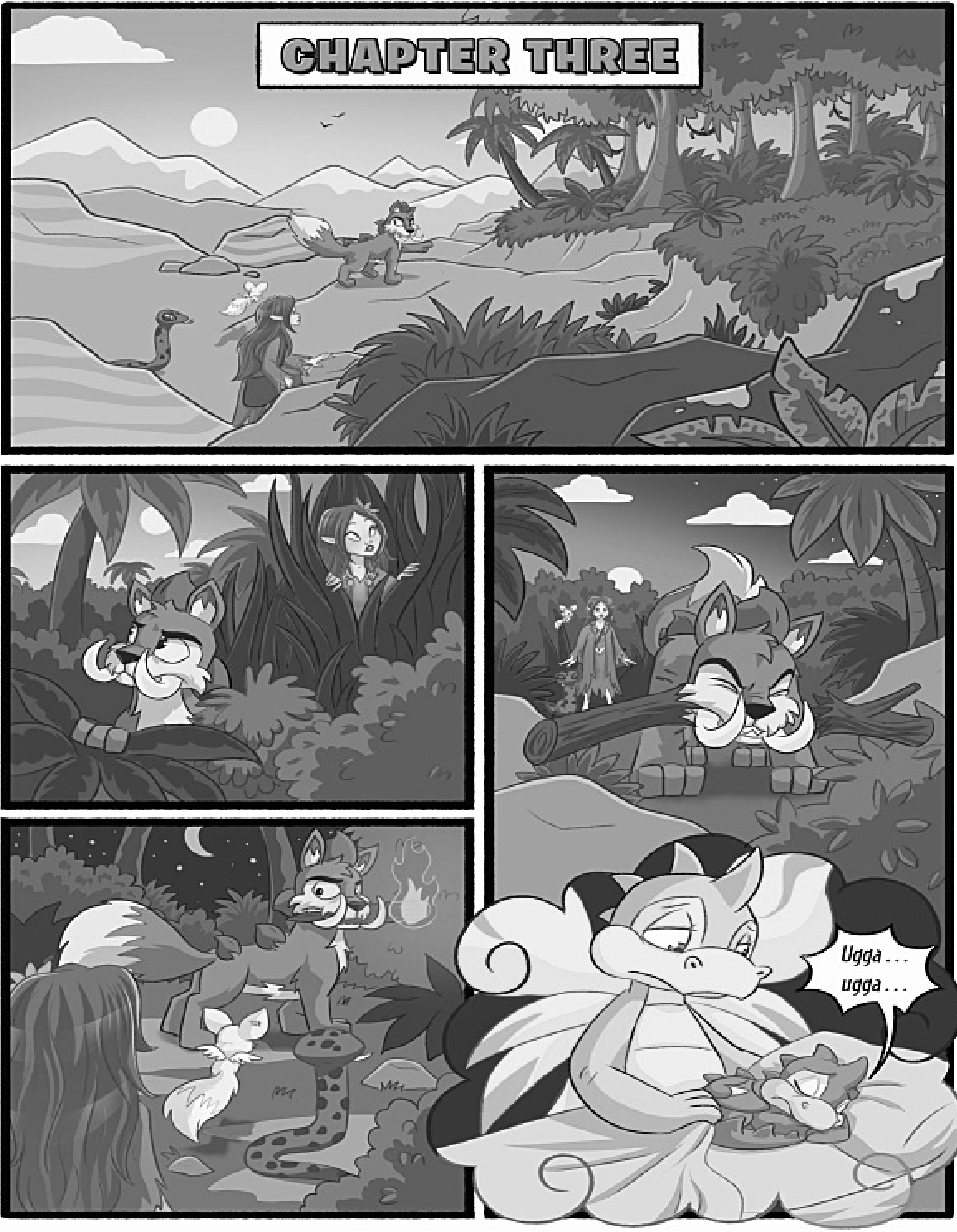

This must be where the missing faerie went–
–the Tyrannian volcanoes.
I thought the Tyrannian volcanoes were a myth?
No, not a myth. They exist–and we used to allow public access. But the volcanoes turned active a few years ago, so the area is far too dangerous now. Only a few Neopets can get there, Tyrannian elders like Kyruggi and me.
Tyrannia is a very civilized place–we may not have our heads in the clouds, but we're right where we want to be.

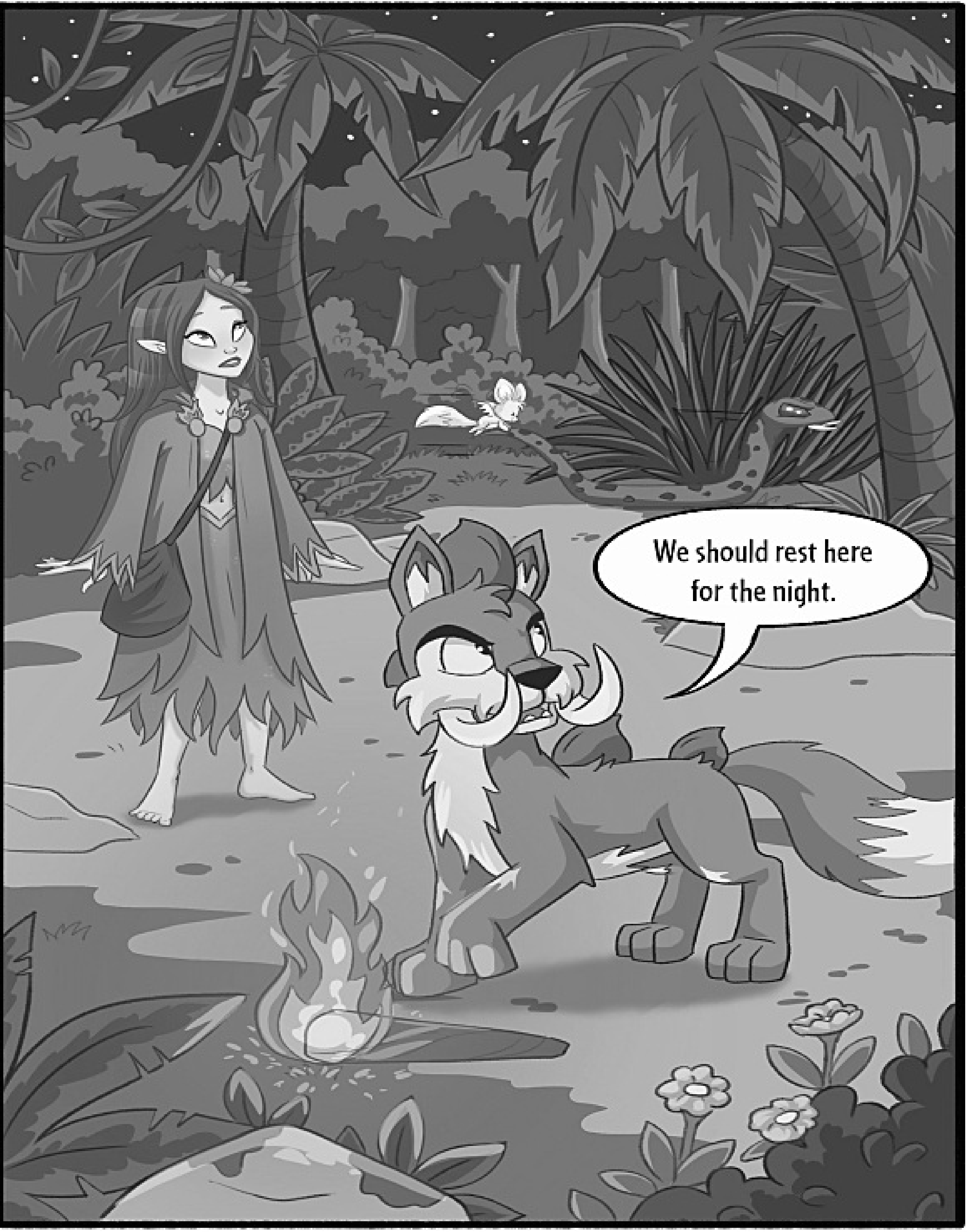

I'm sorry. I thought finding Marina would bring some answers, but now I just have more . . . questions.
If the Giant Omelette is corrupted, and the Healing Springs is dry . . . *and Marina is missing* . . .
Well, we'll have to follow the map!
You can guide us through the volcanoes, right, Sabre-X?

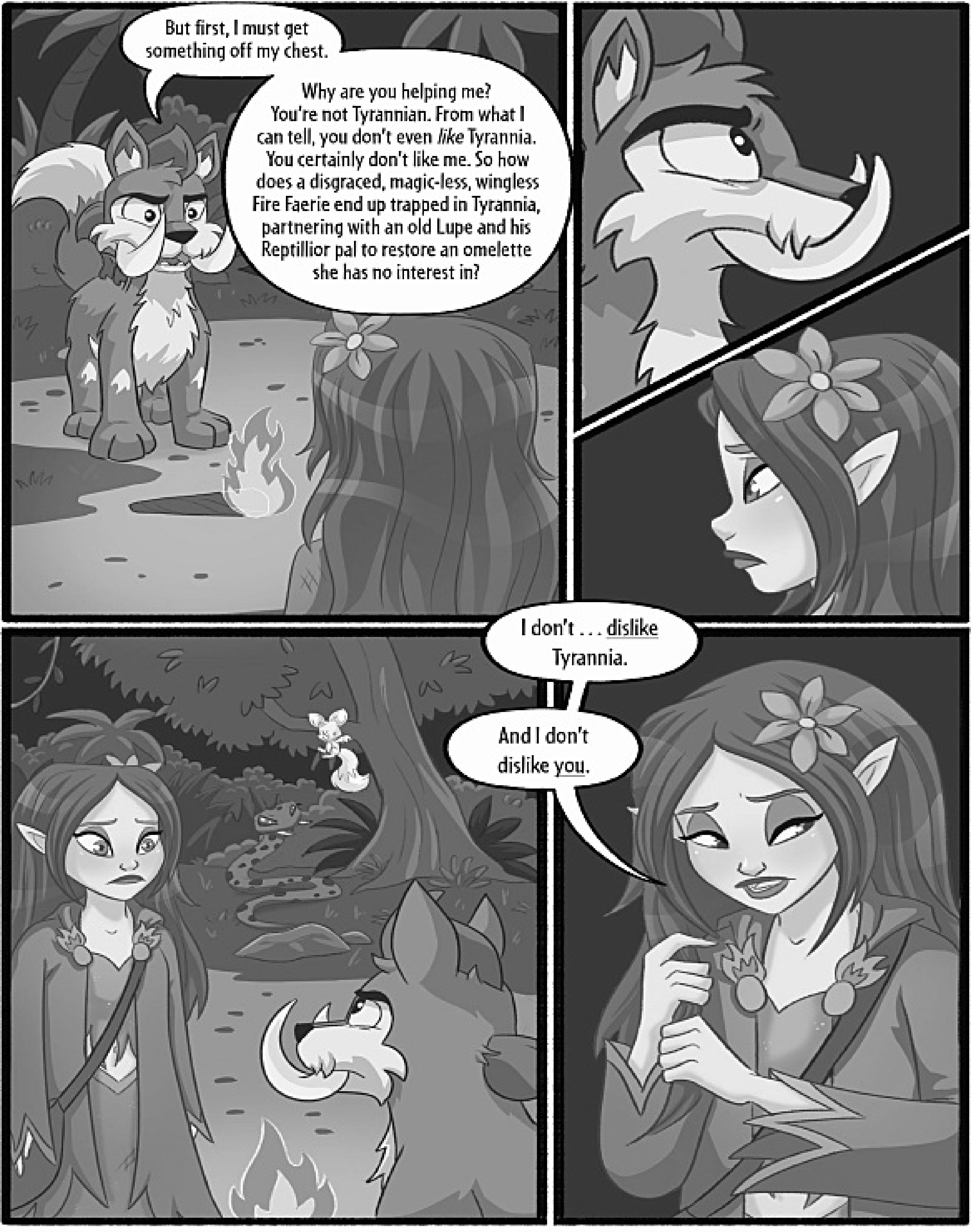

Can I *guide*? I am an Elder of Tyrannia. Leader of the Strategic War Division and Supervisor in Chief of the Giant Omelette.
Of course I can guide.
HOORAY!
But this is going to be a dangerous journey, and we'll need others with us, Tyrannians who are familiar with the jungle. That will take time . . .
How much time?
Three days, if we work quickly.

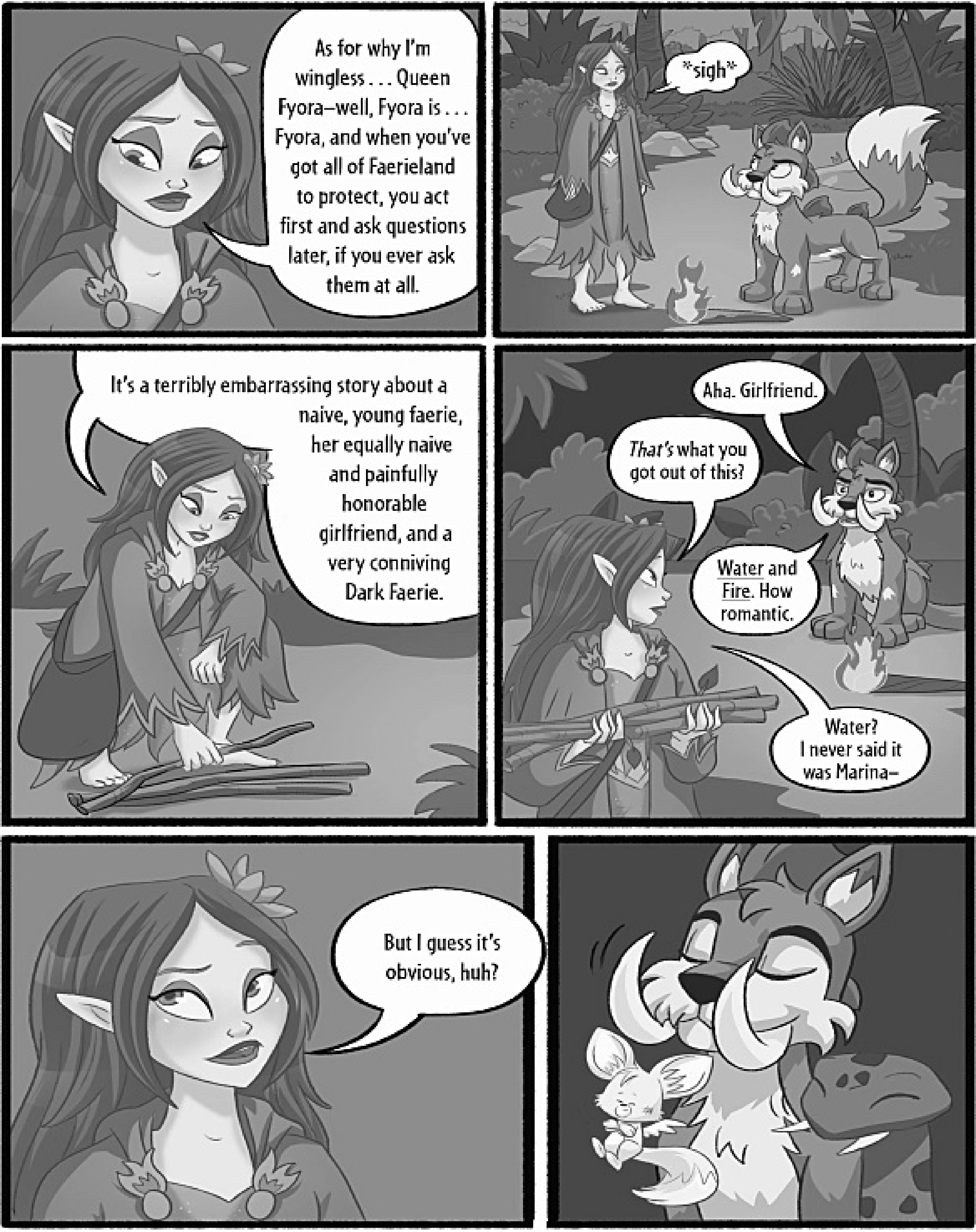

We don't have three days. *Look.*
magic
out
MAGIC MUST BE RESTORED BY THE EQUINOX. VOLCANIC ACTIVITY OTHERWISE.
The equinox? That's in two days!
Well, do you want to help Tyrannia or not?
Of course I do–
Great! Then we'll leave . . . now.
You better behave yourself, sir.
Fang did nothing wrong.
You're taking that . . . rat with you?
'Course I am. She's a *Faellie*. And it's thanks to her we found the book at all.
You mean thanks to *Fang*!

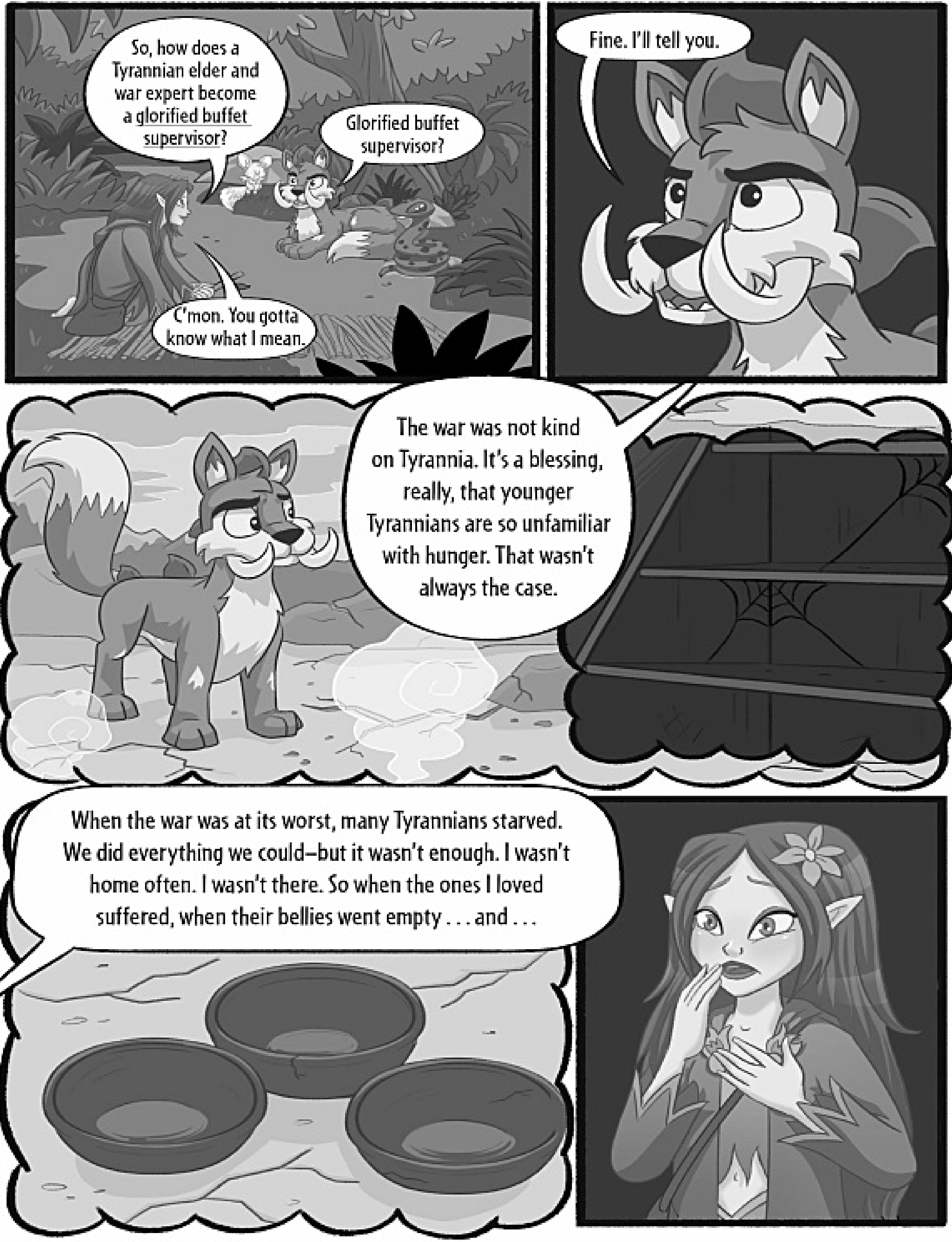
CHAPTER THREE

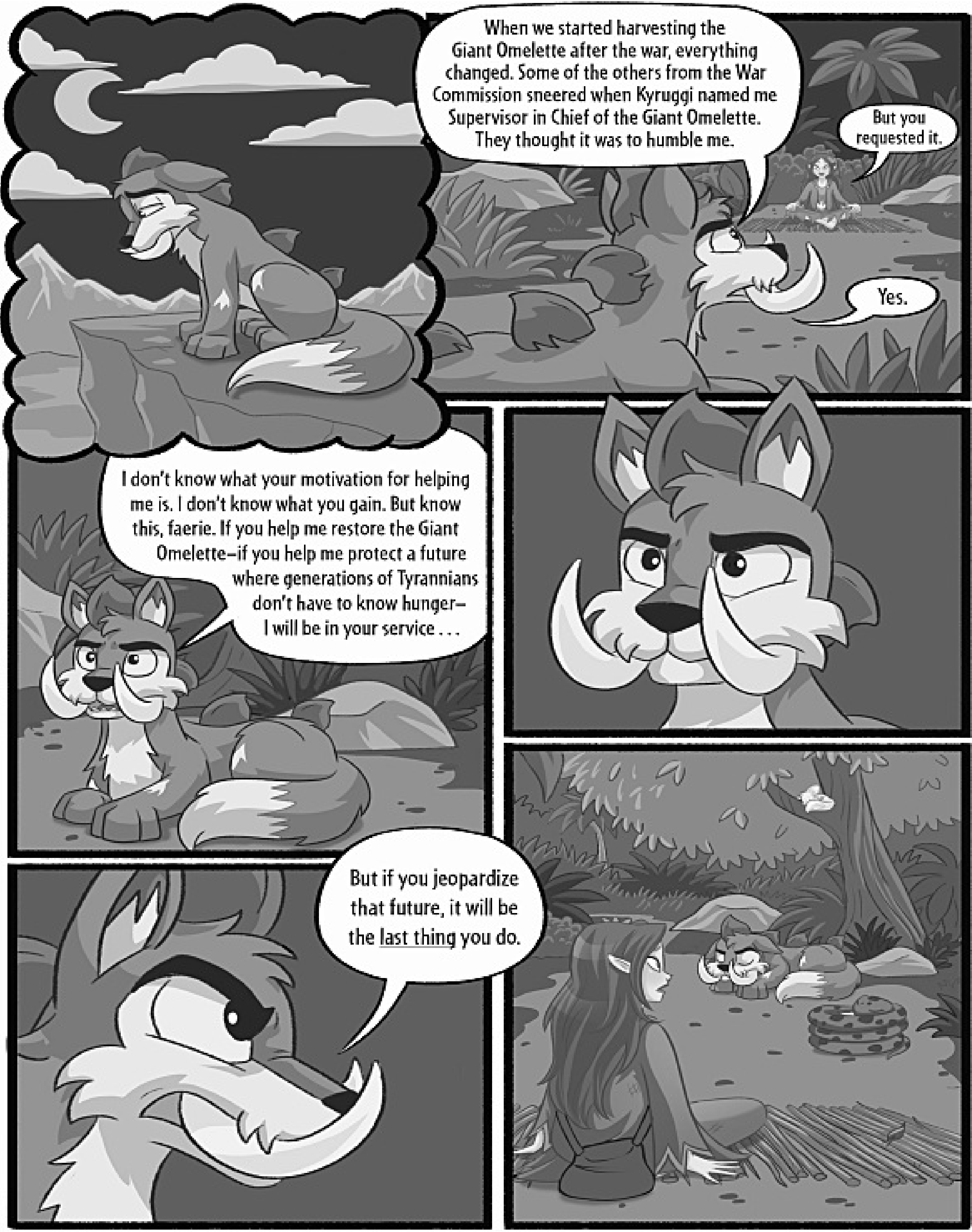


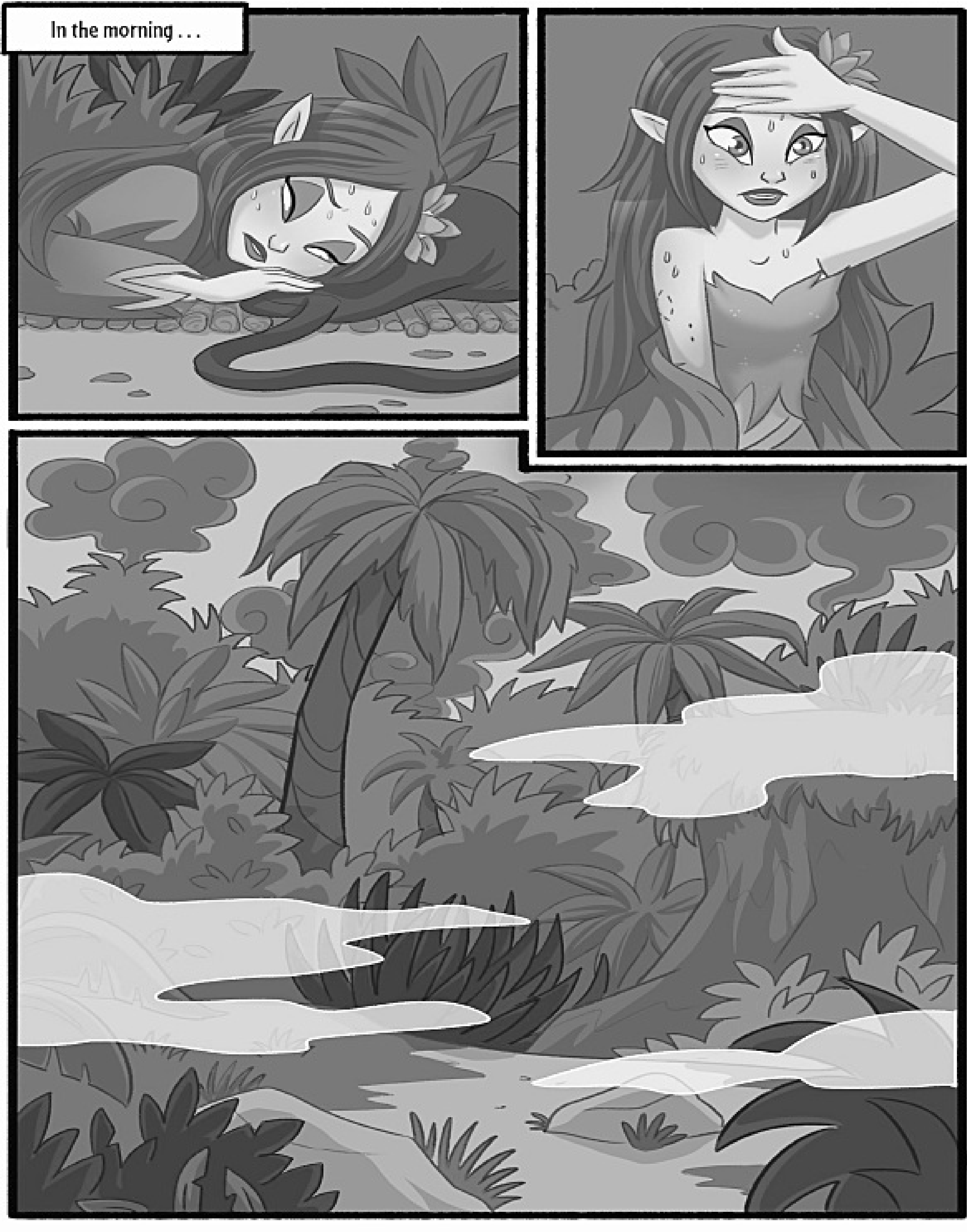

We should rest here for the night.

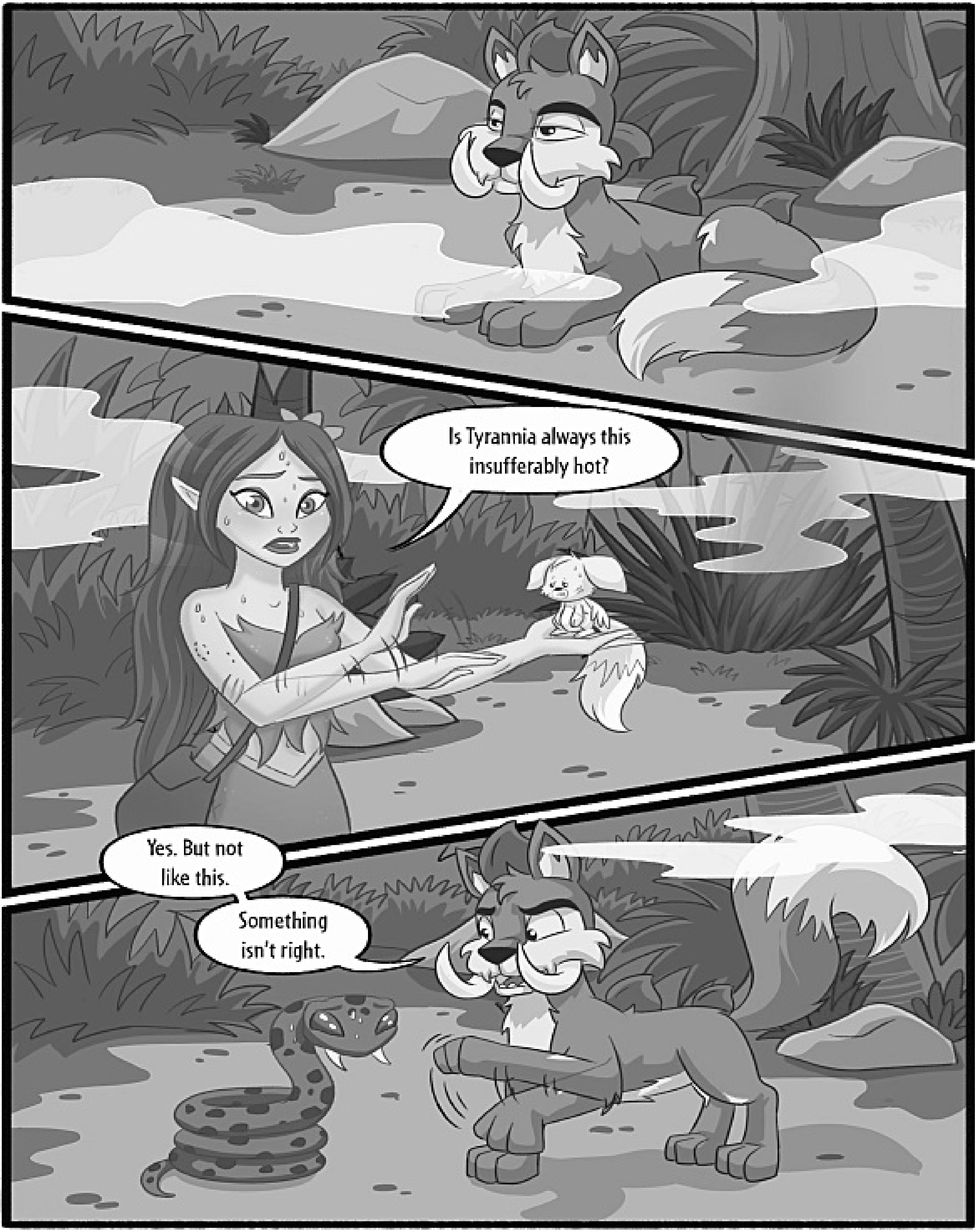

But first, I must get something off my chest.
Why are you helping me? You're not Tyrannian. From what I can tell, you don't even *like* Tyrannia. You certainly don't like me. So how does a disgraced, magic-less, wingless Fire Faerie end up trapped in Tyrannia, partnering with an old Lupe and his Reptillior pal to restore an omelette she has no interest in?
I don't . . . dislike Tyrannia.
And I don't dislike you.

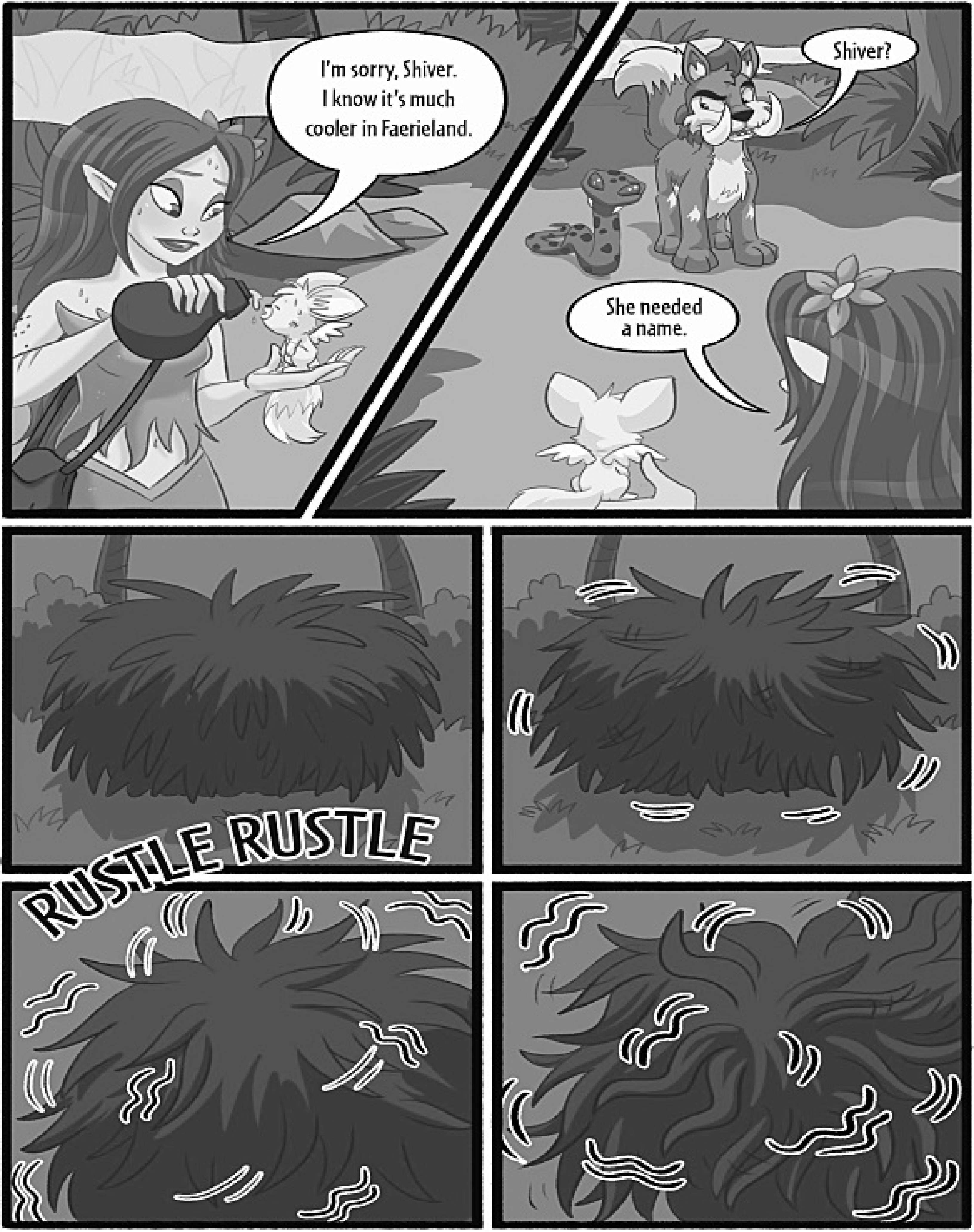

As for why I'm wingless . . . Queen Fyora—well, Fyora is . . . Fyora, and when you've got all of Faerieland to protect, you act first and ask questions later, if you ever ask them at all.
sigh
It's a terribly embarrassing story about a naive, young faerie, her equally naive and painfully honorable girlfriend, and a very conniving Dark Faerie.
Aha. Girlfriend.
That's what you got out of this?
Water and Fire. How romantic.
Water? I never said it was Marina—
But I guess it's obvious, huh?

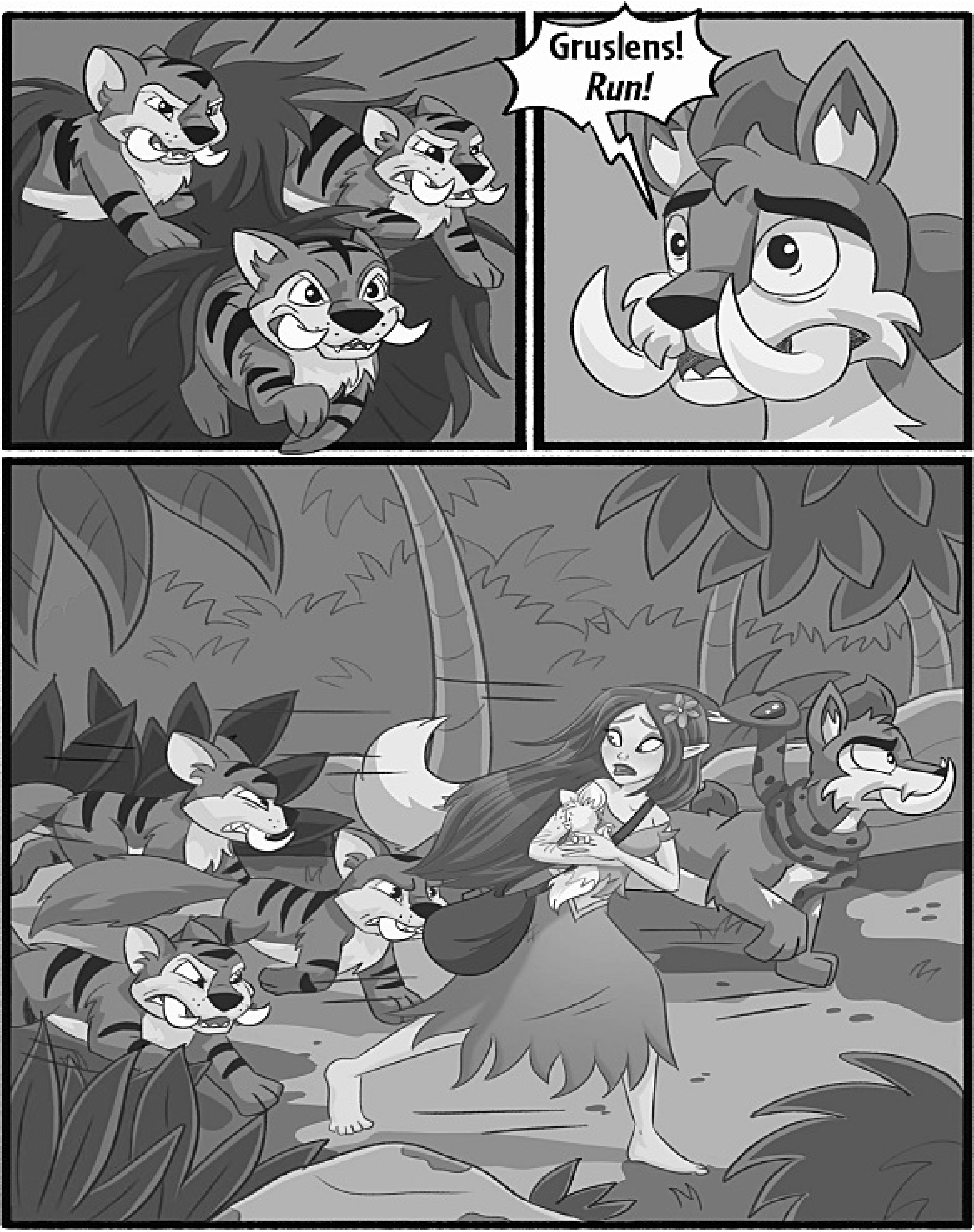

So, how does a Tyrannian elder and war expert become a glorified buffet supervisor?
Glorified buffet supervisor?
C'mon. You gotta know what I mean.
Fine. I'll tell you.
The war was not kind on Tyrannia. It's a blessing, really, that younger Tyrannians are so unfamiliar with hunger. That wasn't always the case.
When the war was at its worst, many Tyrannians starved. We did everything we could—but it wasn't enough. I wasn't home often. I wasn't there. So when the ones I loved suffered, when their bellies went empty . . . and . . .

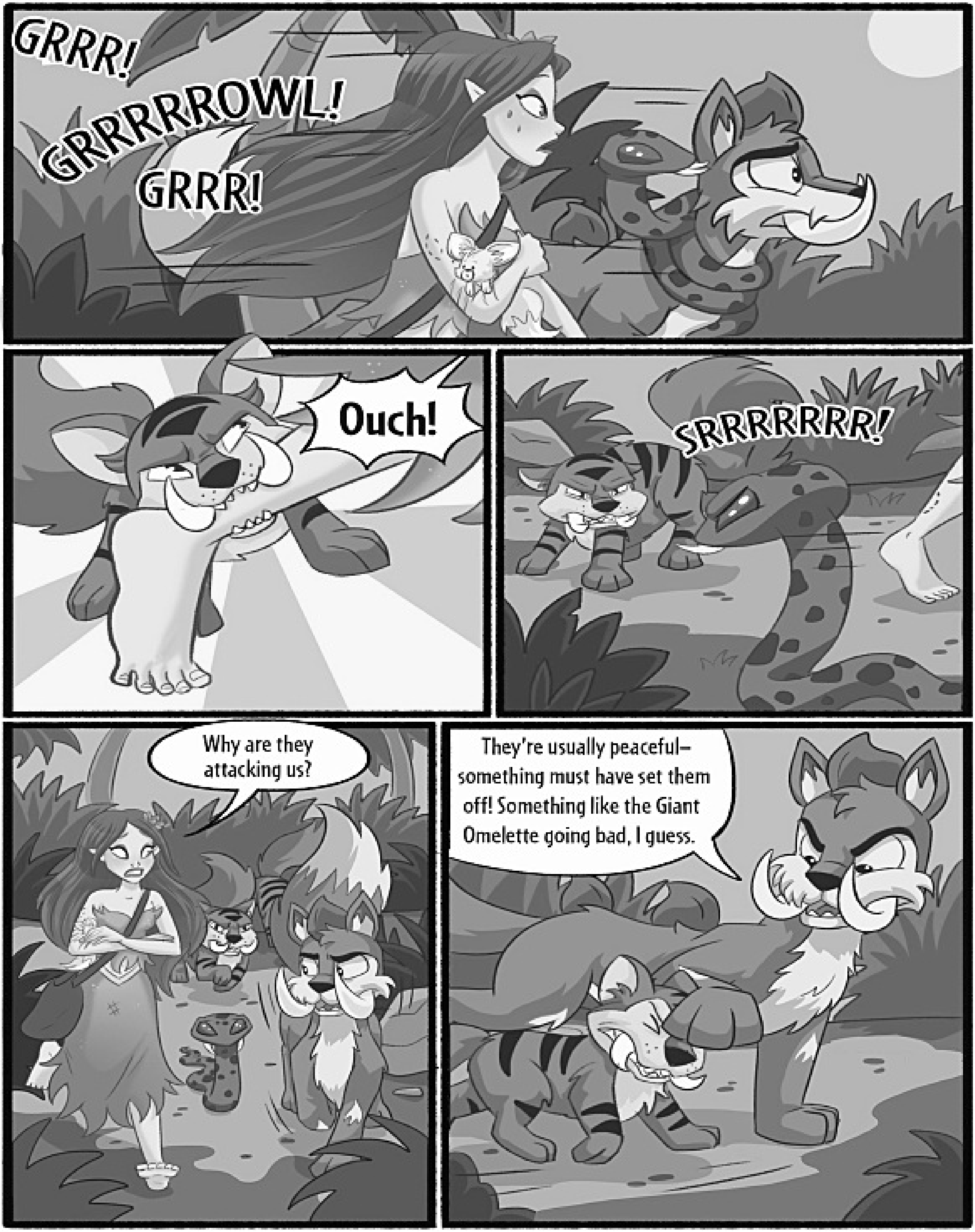

When we started harvesting the Giant Omelette after the war, everything changed. Some of the others from the War Commission sneered when Kyruggi named me Supervisor in Chief of the Giant Omelette. They thought it was to humble me.
But you requested it.
Yes.
I don't know what your motivation for helping me is. I don't know what you gain. But know this, faerie. If you help me restore the Giant Omelette—if you help me protect a future where generations of Tyrannians don't have to know hunger—I will be in your service . . .
But if you jeopardize that future, it will be the last thing you do.

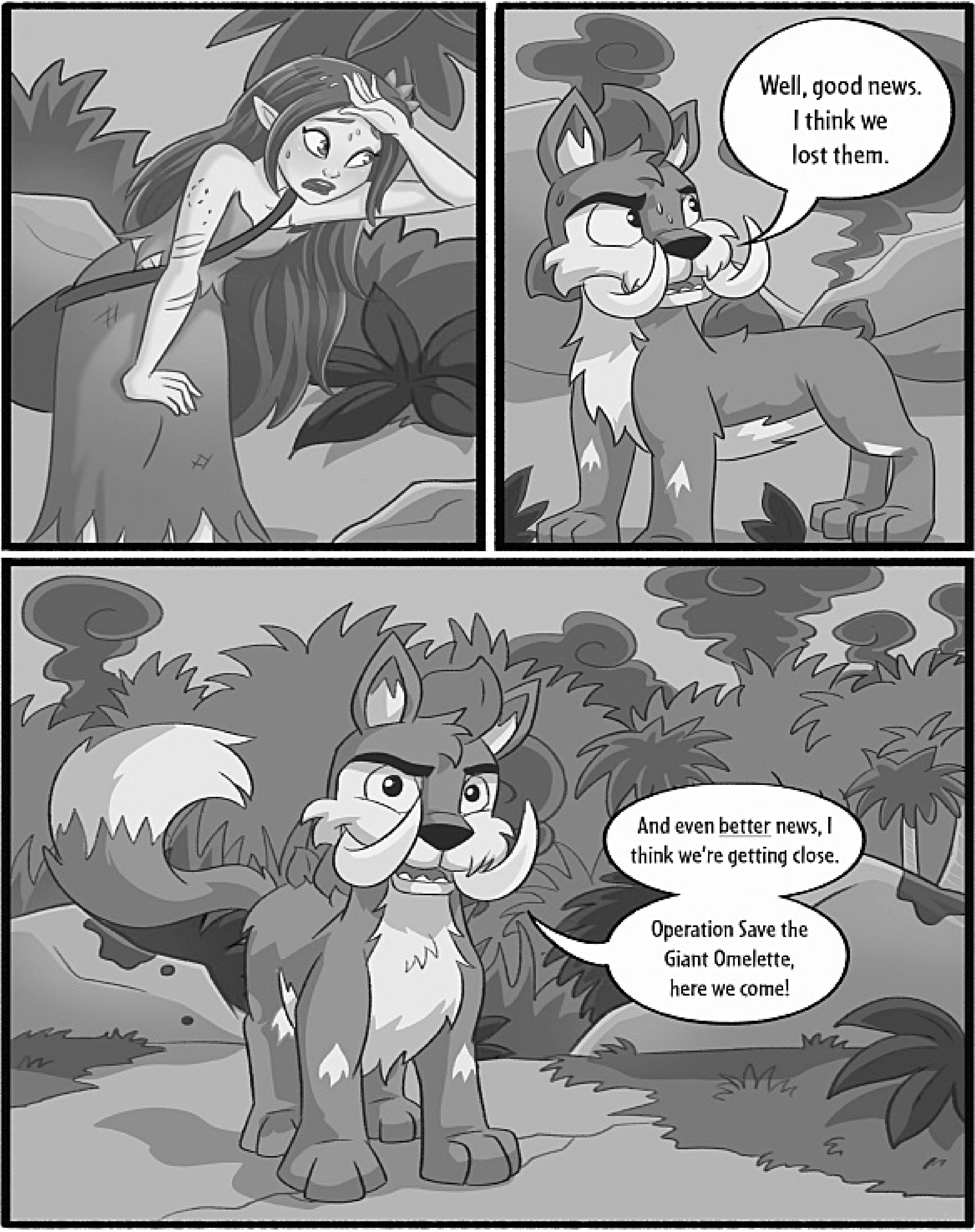

In the morning . . .

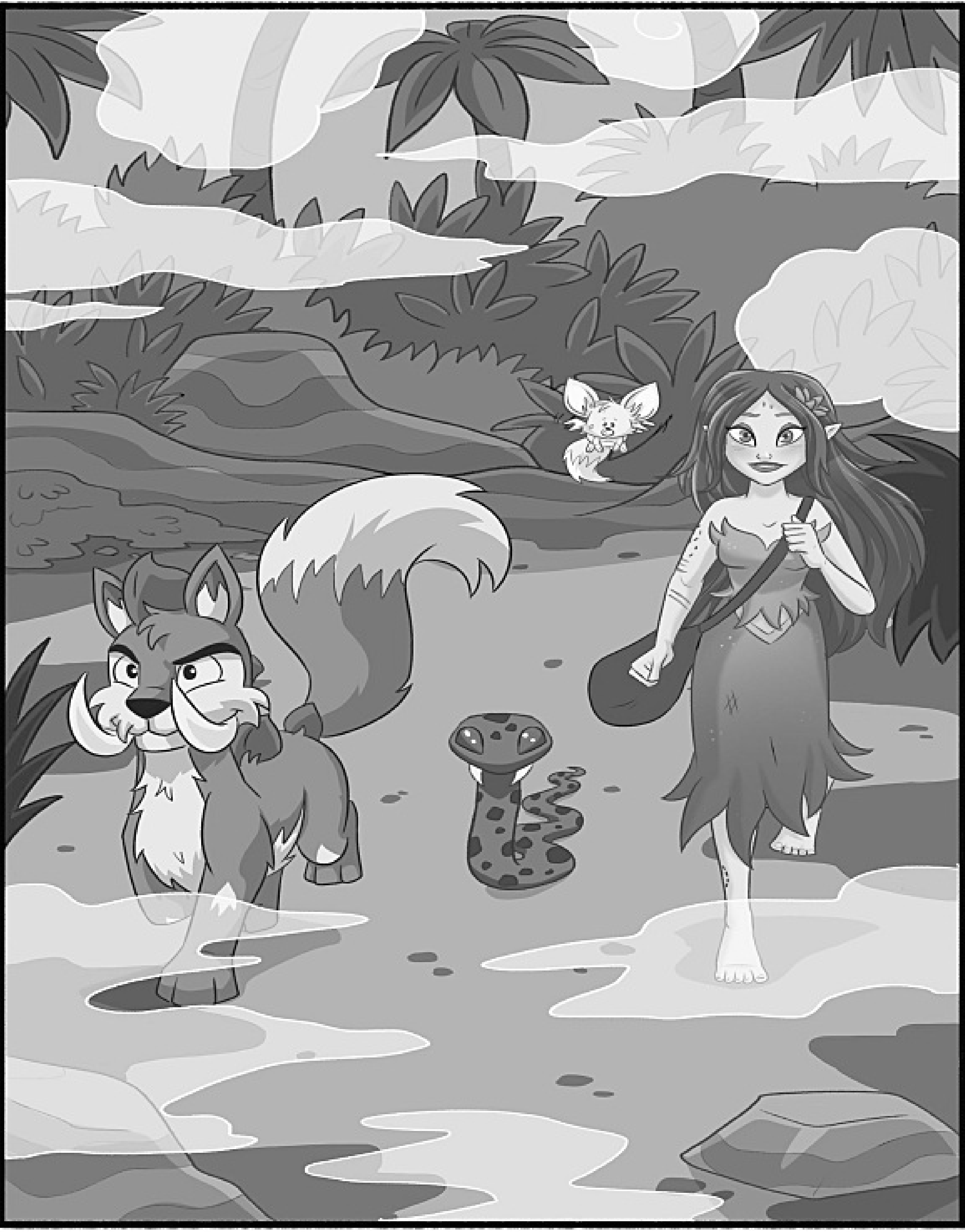

Is Tyrannia always this insufferably hot?
Yes. But not like this.
Something isn't right.

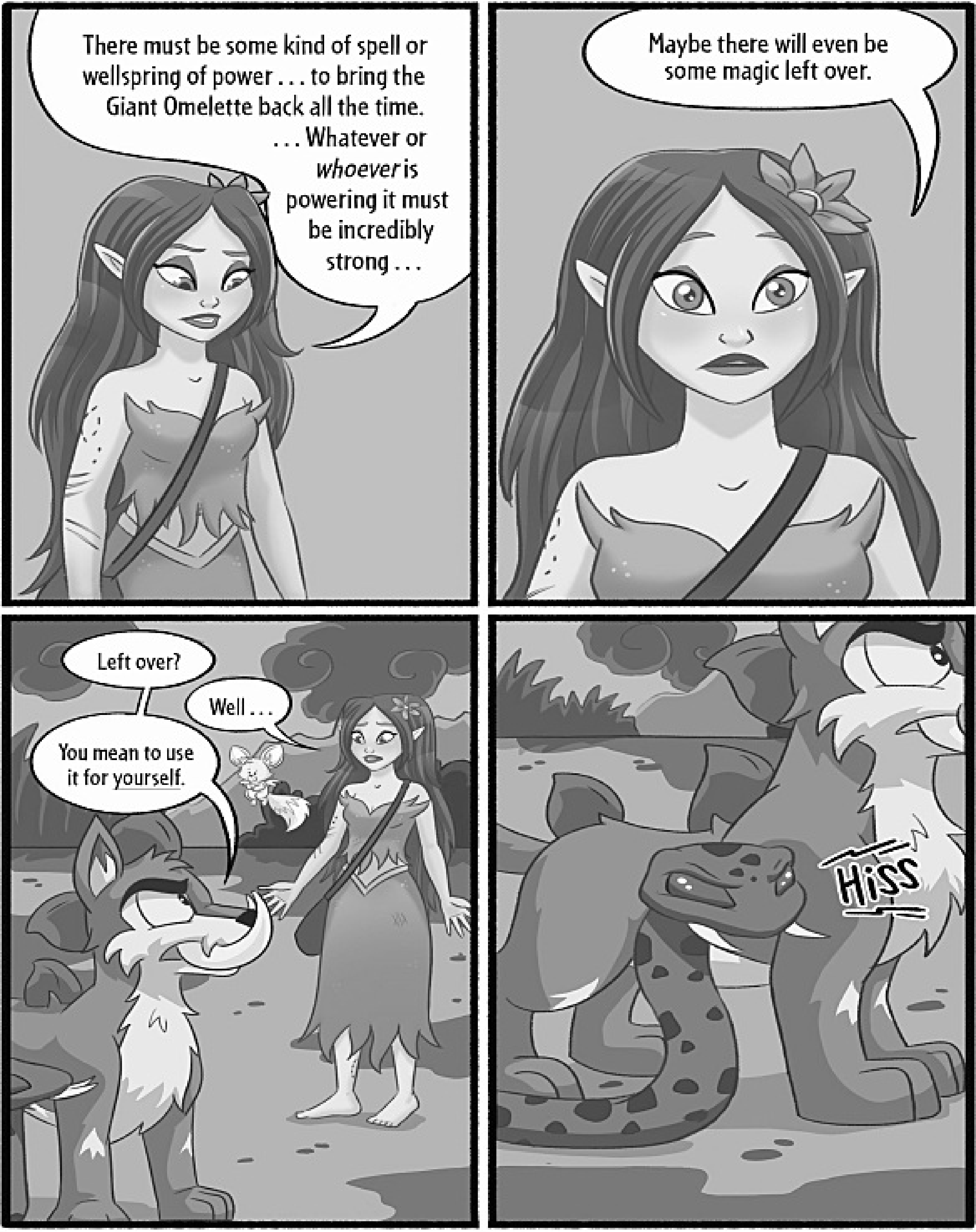

I'm sorry, Shiver. I know it's much cooler in Faerieland.
Shiver?
She needed a name.
RUSTLE RUSTLE

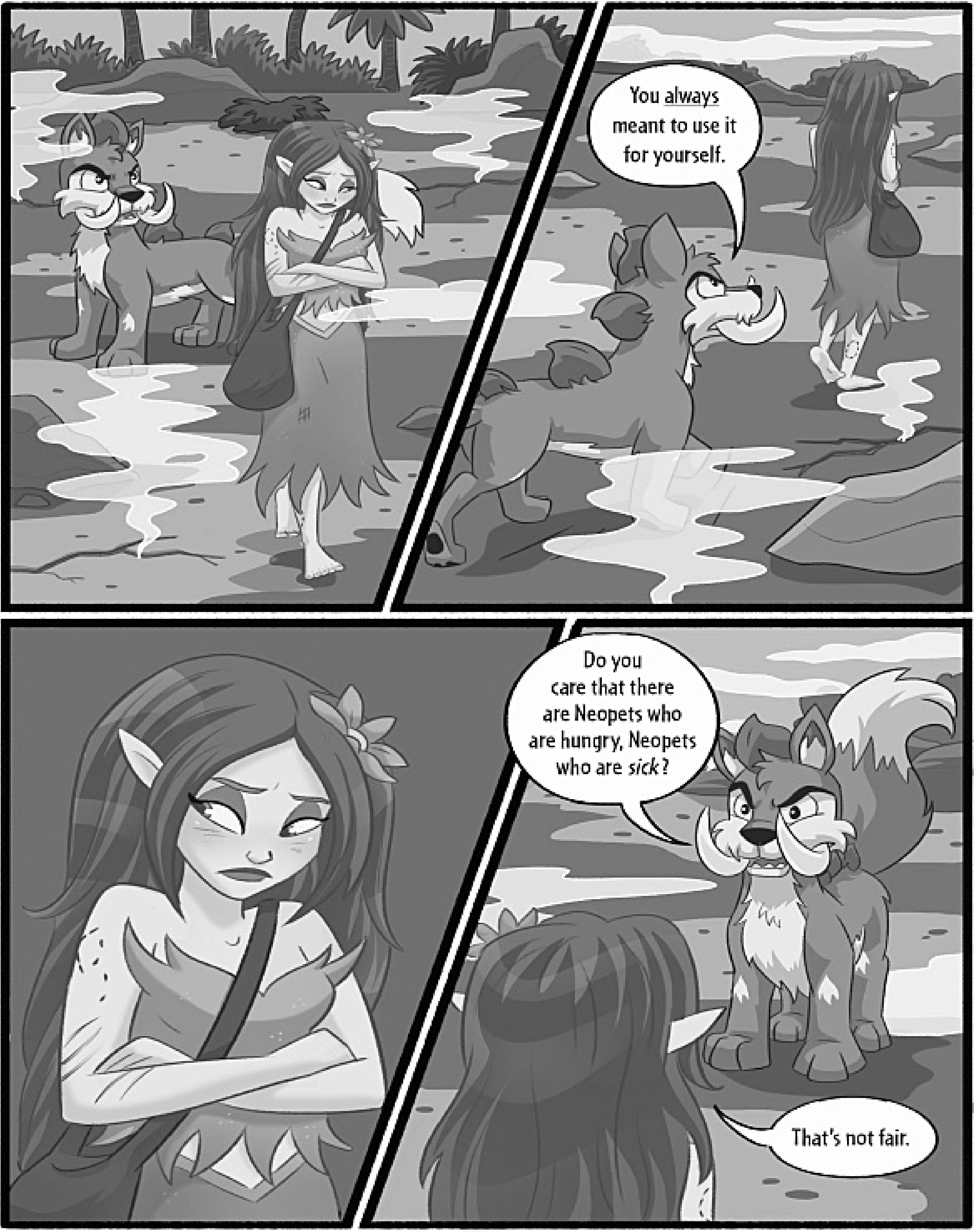

Gruslens!
Run!

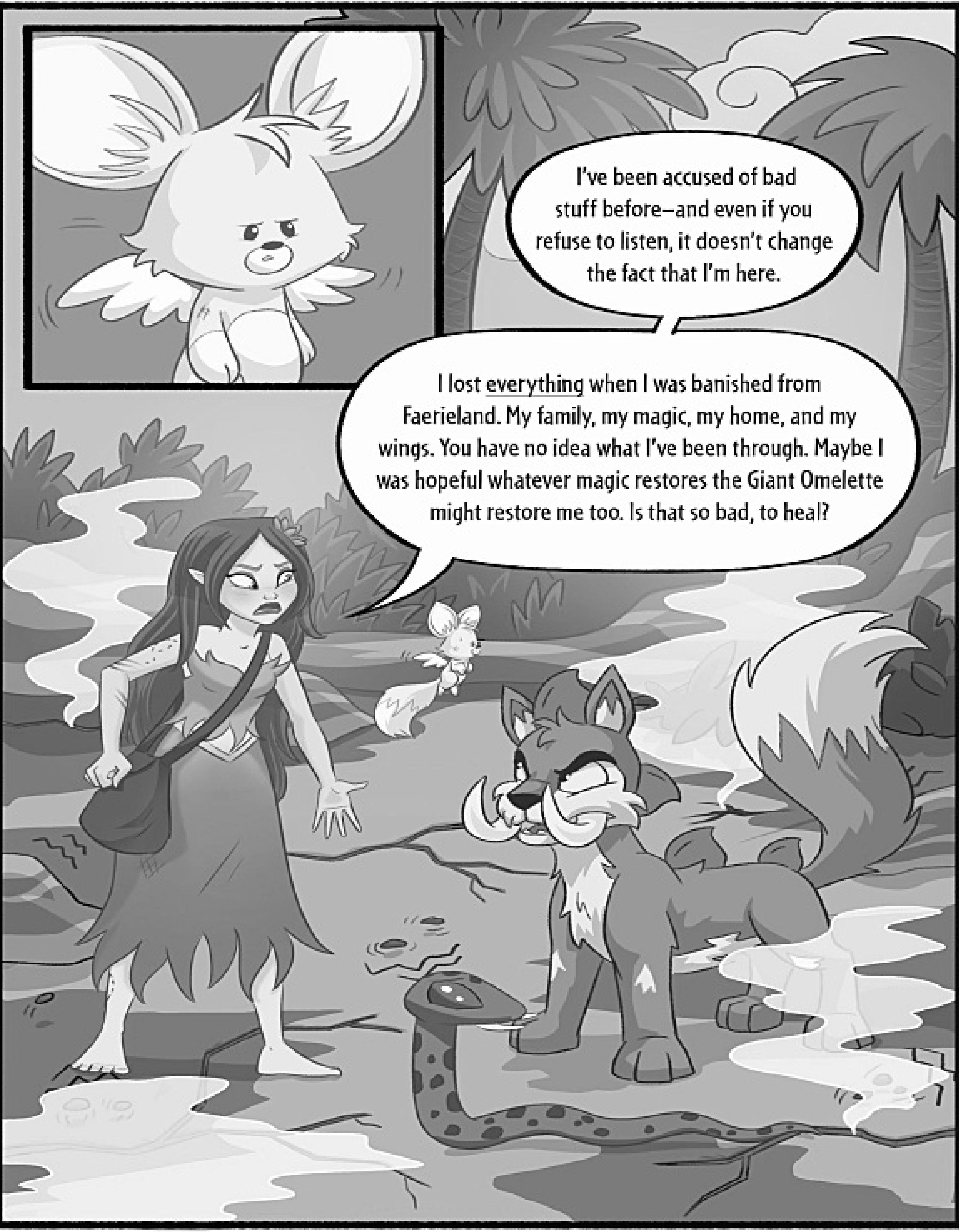

GRRR!
GRRRRROWL!
GRRR!
Ouch!
SRRRRRRR!
Why are they attacking us?
They're usually peaceful—something must have set them off! Something like the Giant Omelette going bad, I guess.

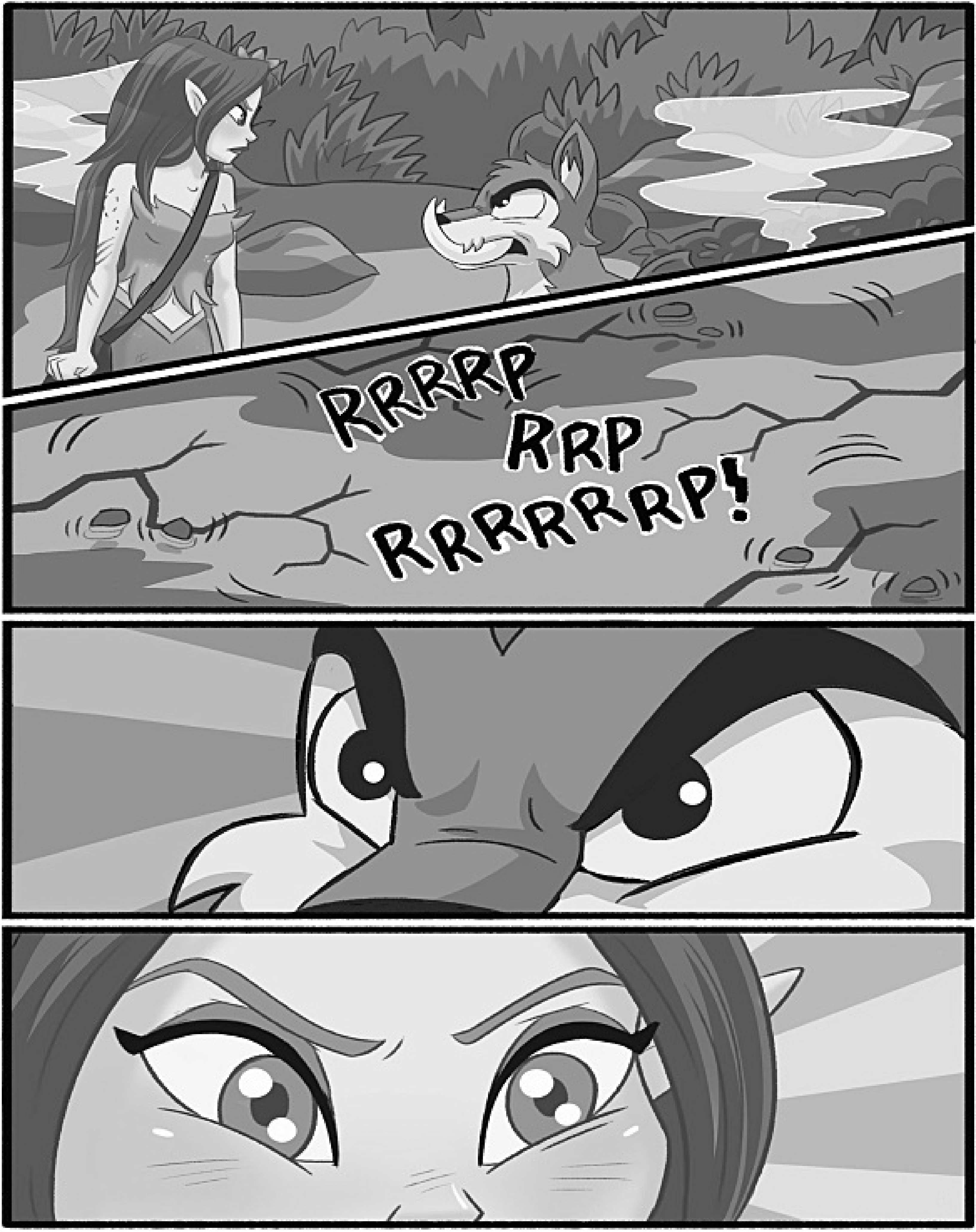

Well, good news. I think we lost them.
And even better news, I think we're getting close.
Operation Save the Giant Omelette, here we come!

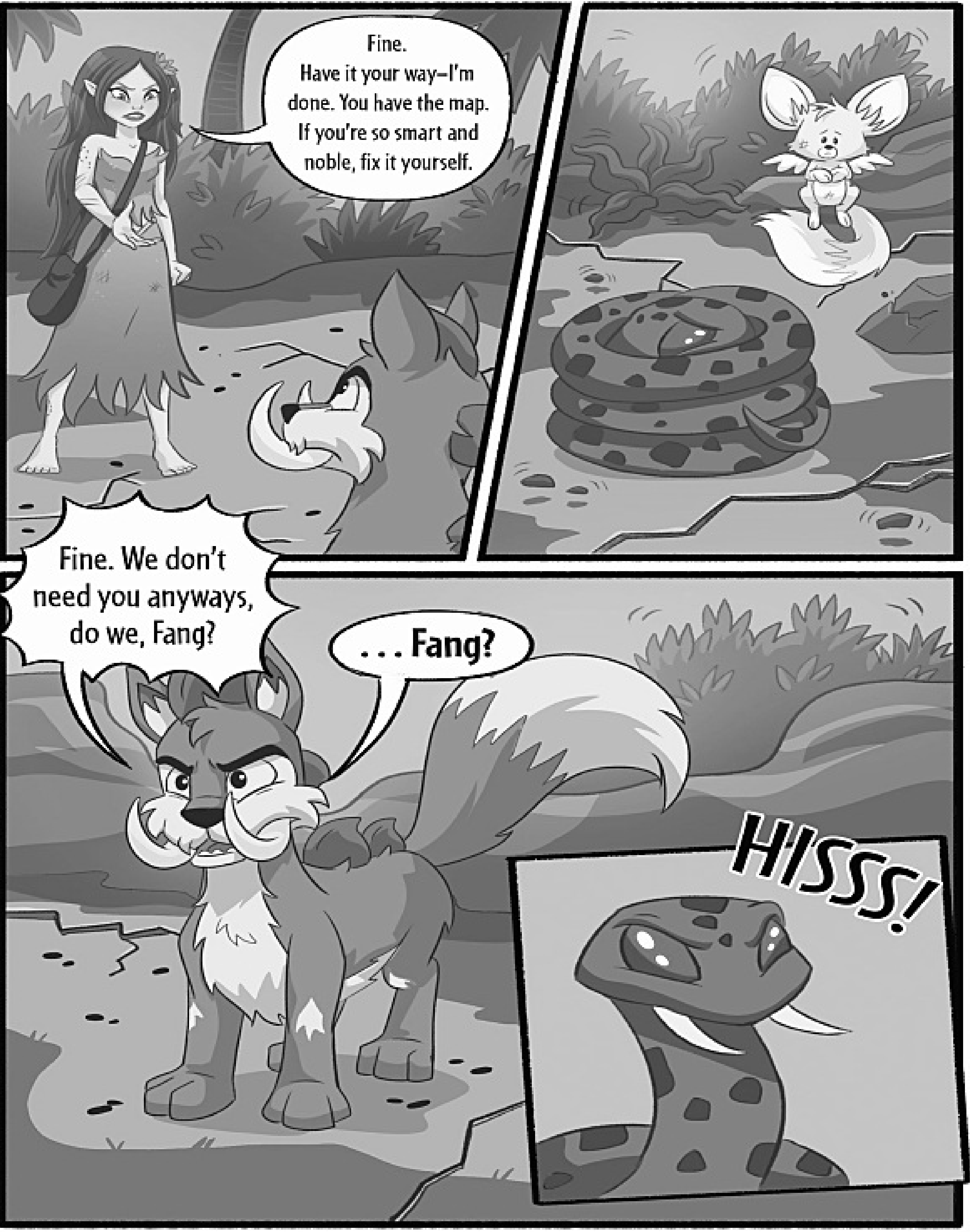


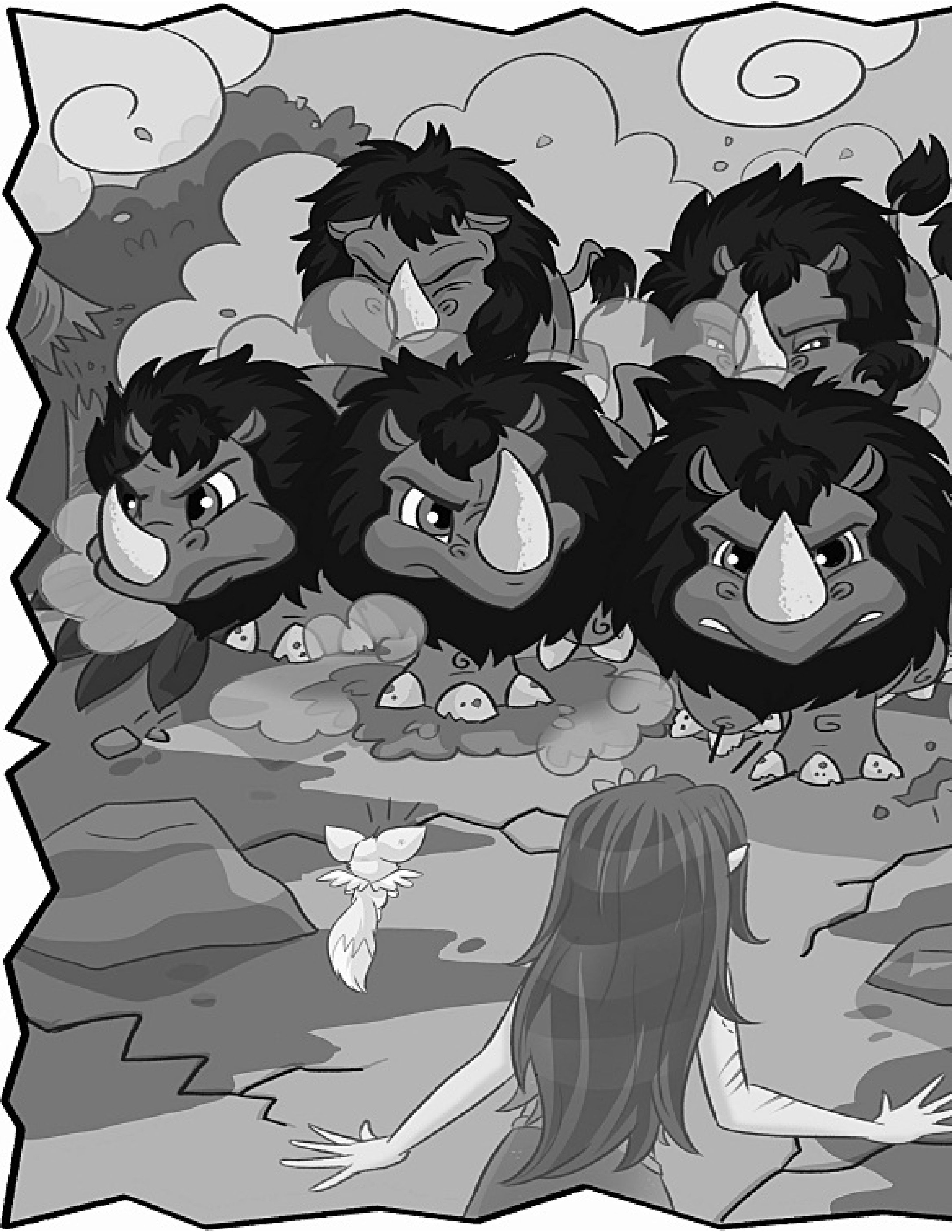

There must be some kind of spell or wellspring of power . . . to bring the Giant Omelette back all the time. . . . Whatever or *whoever* is powering it must be incredibly strong . . .
Maybe there will even be some magic left over.
Left over?
Well . . .
You mean to use it for yourself.
Hiss

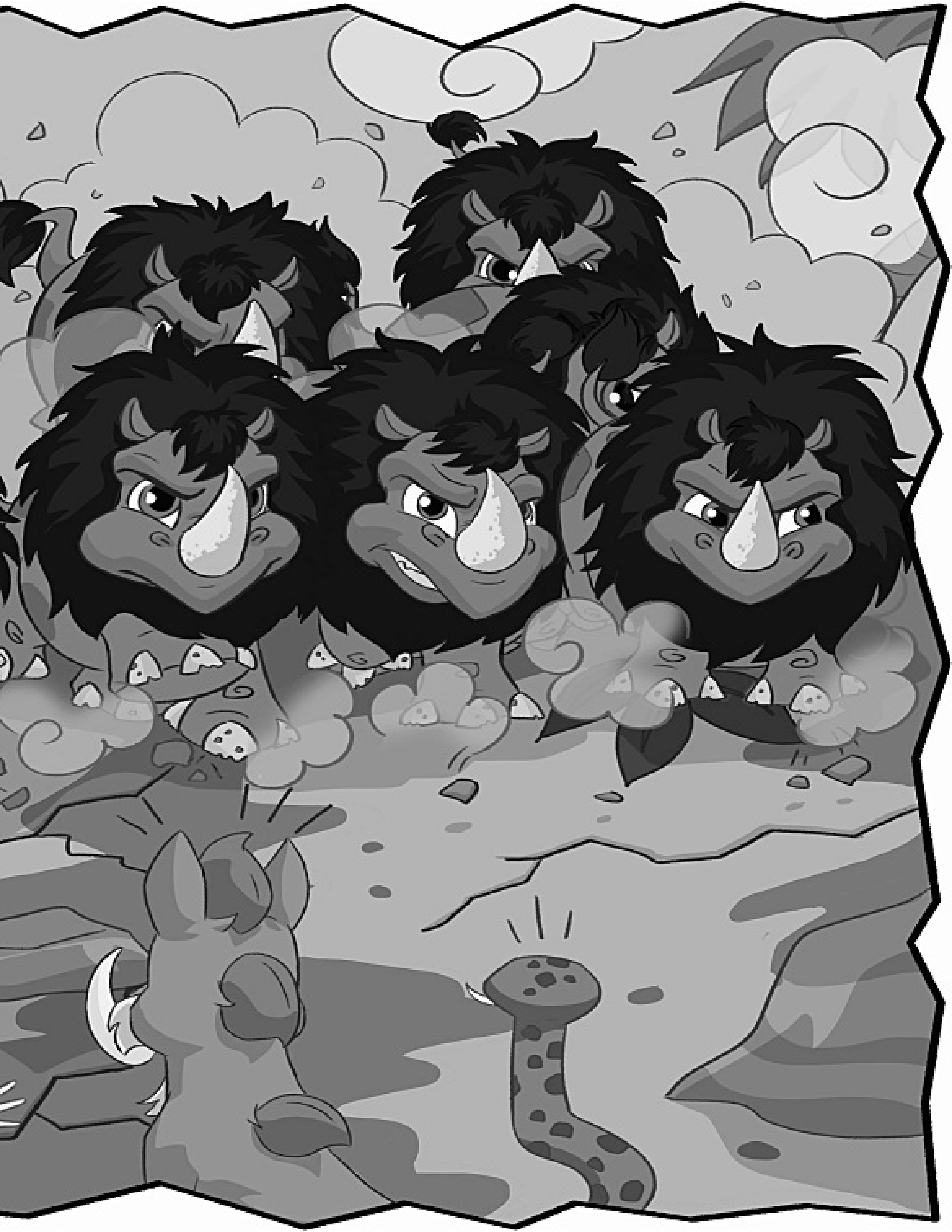

You always meant to use it for yourself.
Do you care that there are Neopets who are hungry, Neopets who are *sick*?
That's not fair.

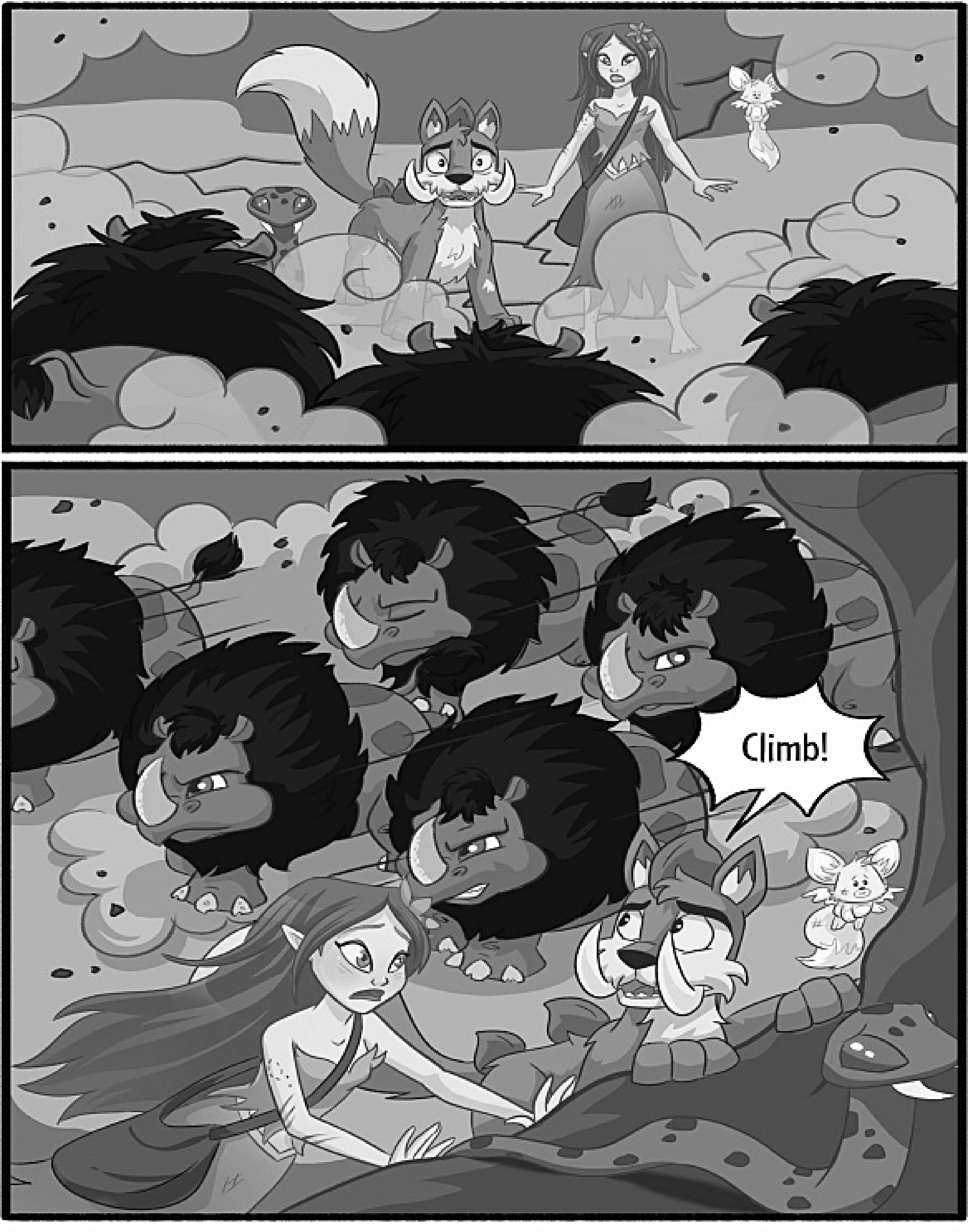

I've been accused of bad stuff before—and even if you refuse to listen, it doesn't change the fact that I'm here.
I lost everything when I was banished from Faerieland. My family, my magic, my home, and my wings. You have no idea what I've been through. Maybe I was hopeful whatever magic restores the Giant Omelette might restore me too. Is that so bad, to heal?

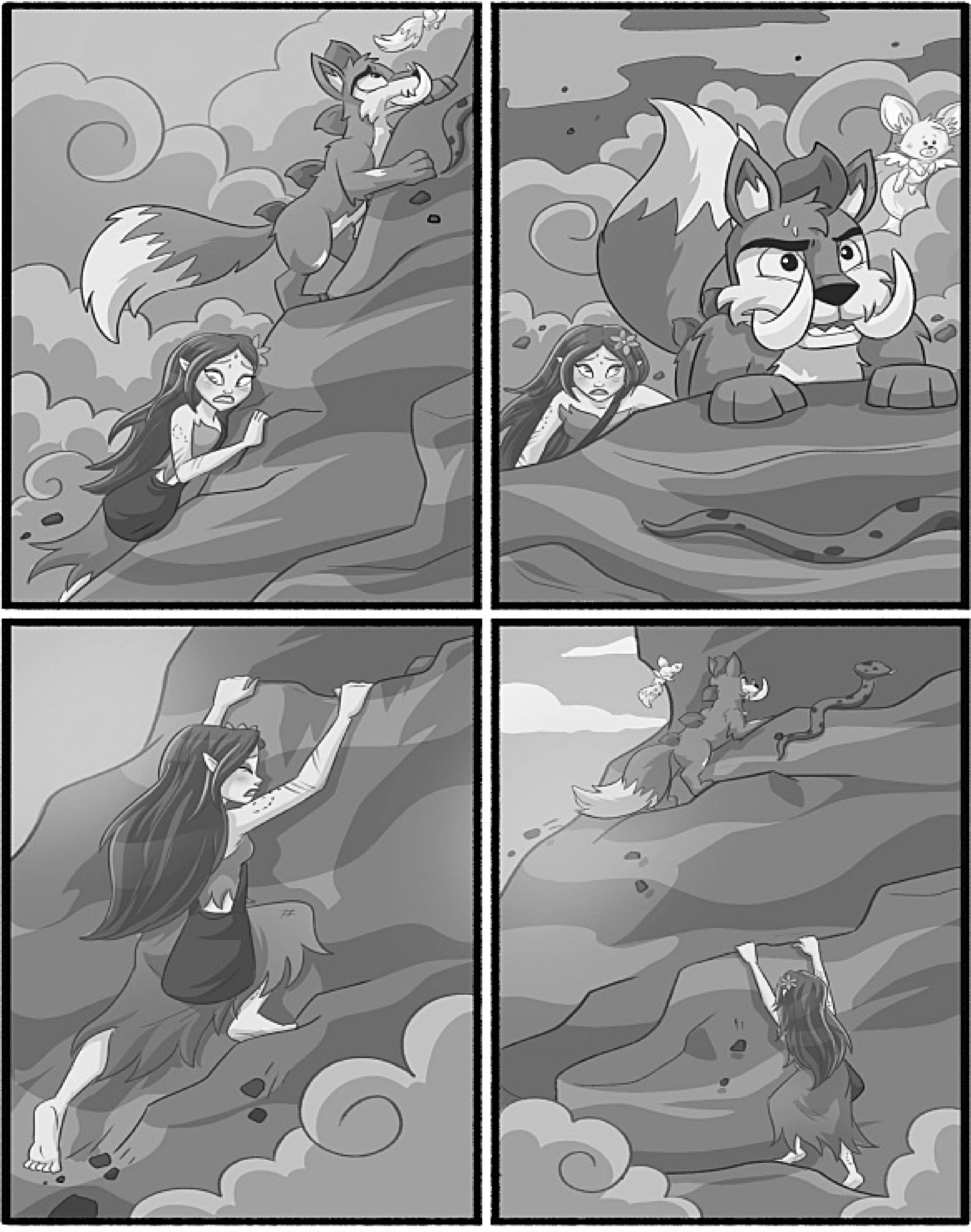

RRRRP
RRP
RRRRRRRP!

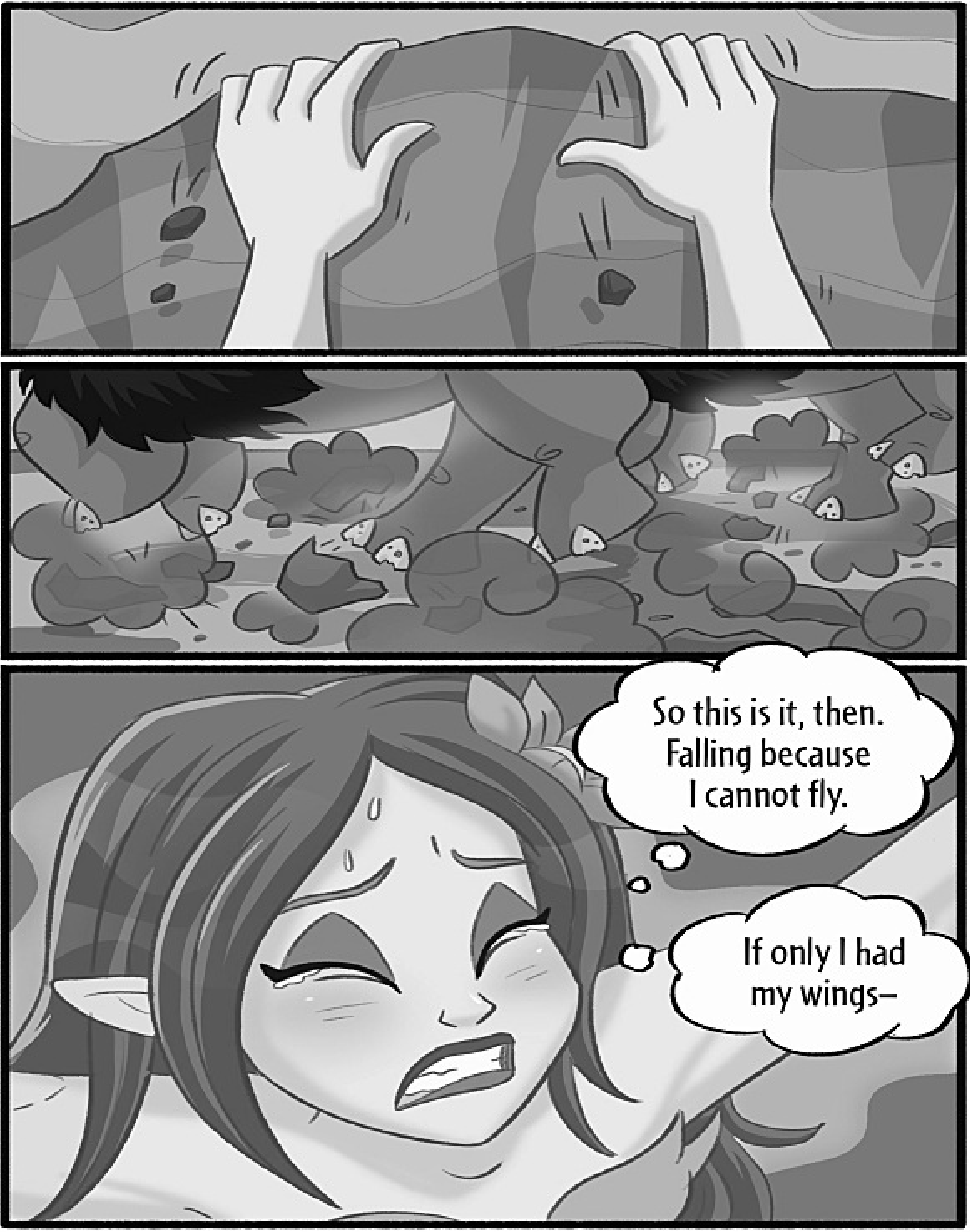

Fine.
Have it your way—I'm done. You have the map. If you're so smart and noble, fix it yourself.
Fine. We don't need you anyways, do we, Fang?
. . . Fang?
HISSS!

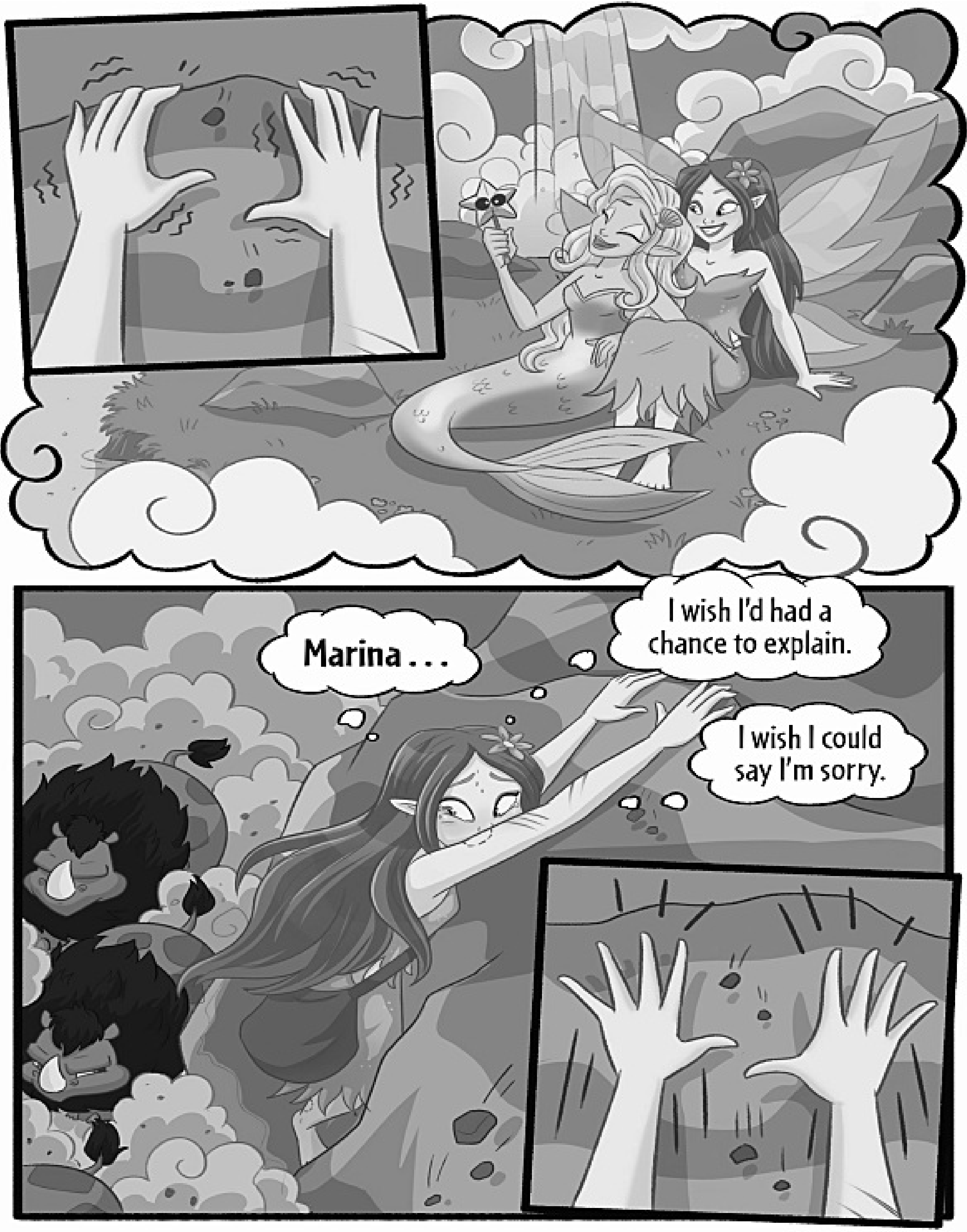


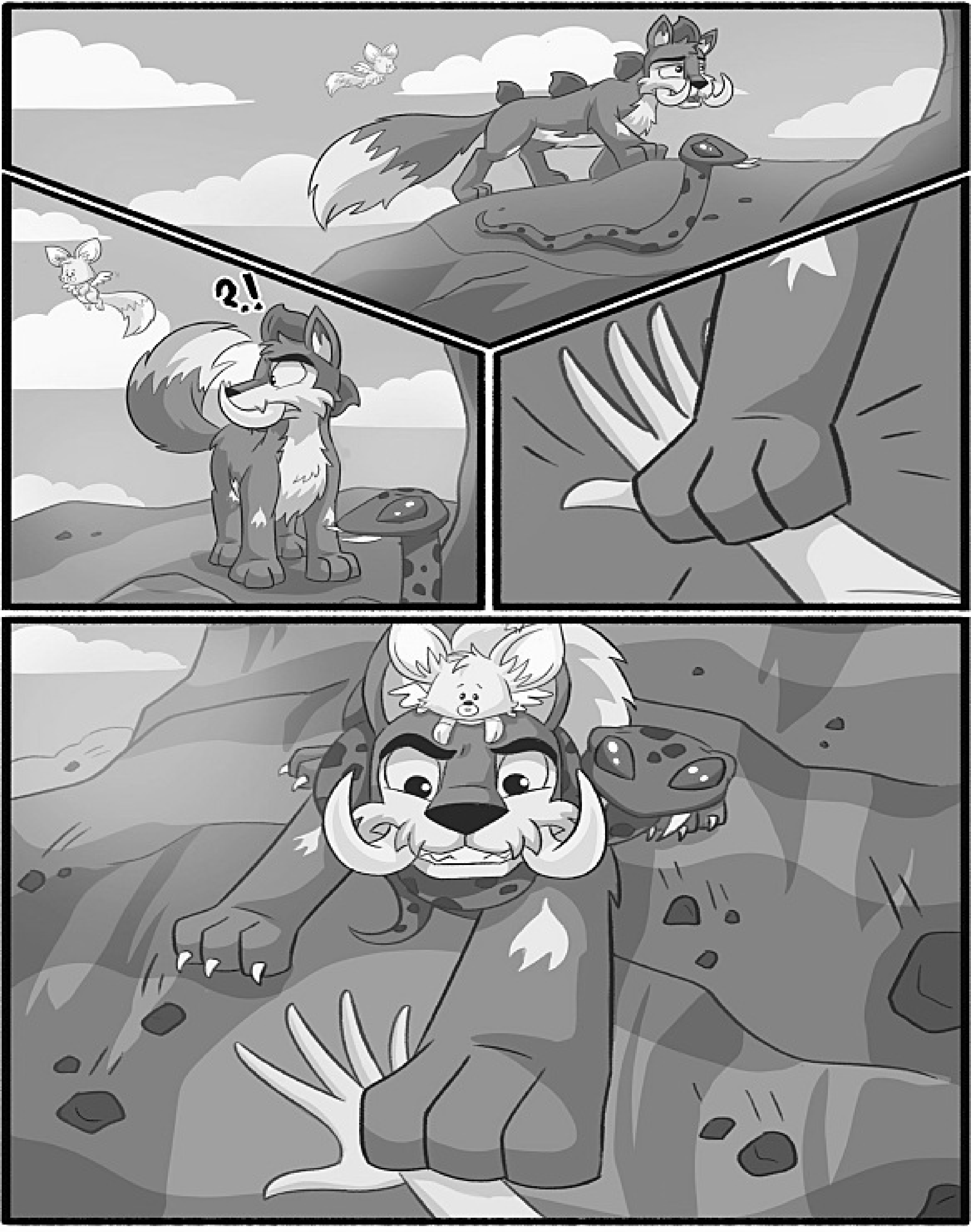


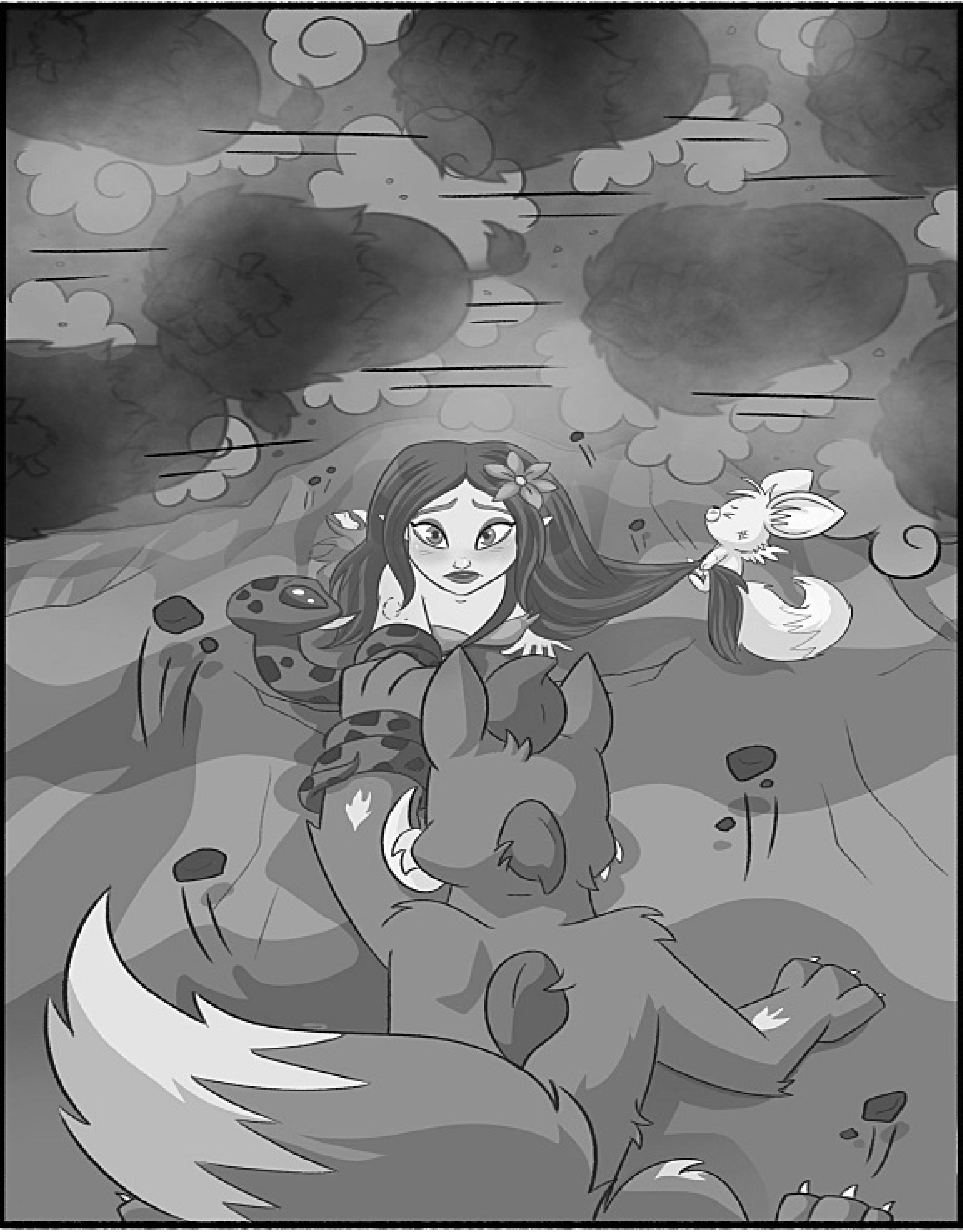

Climb!

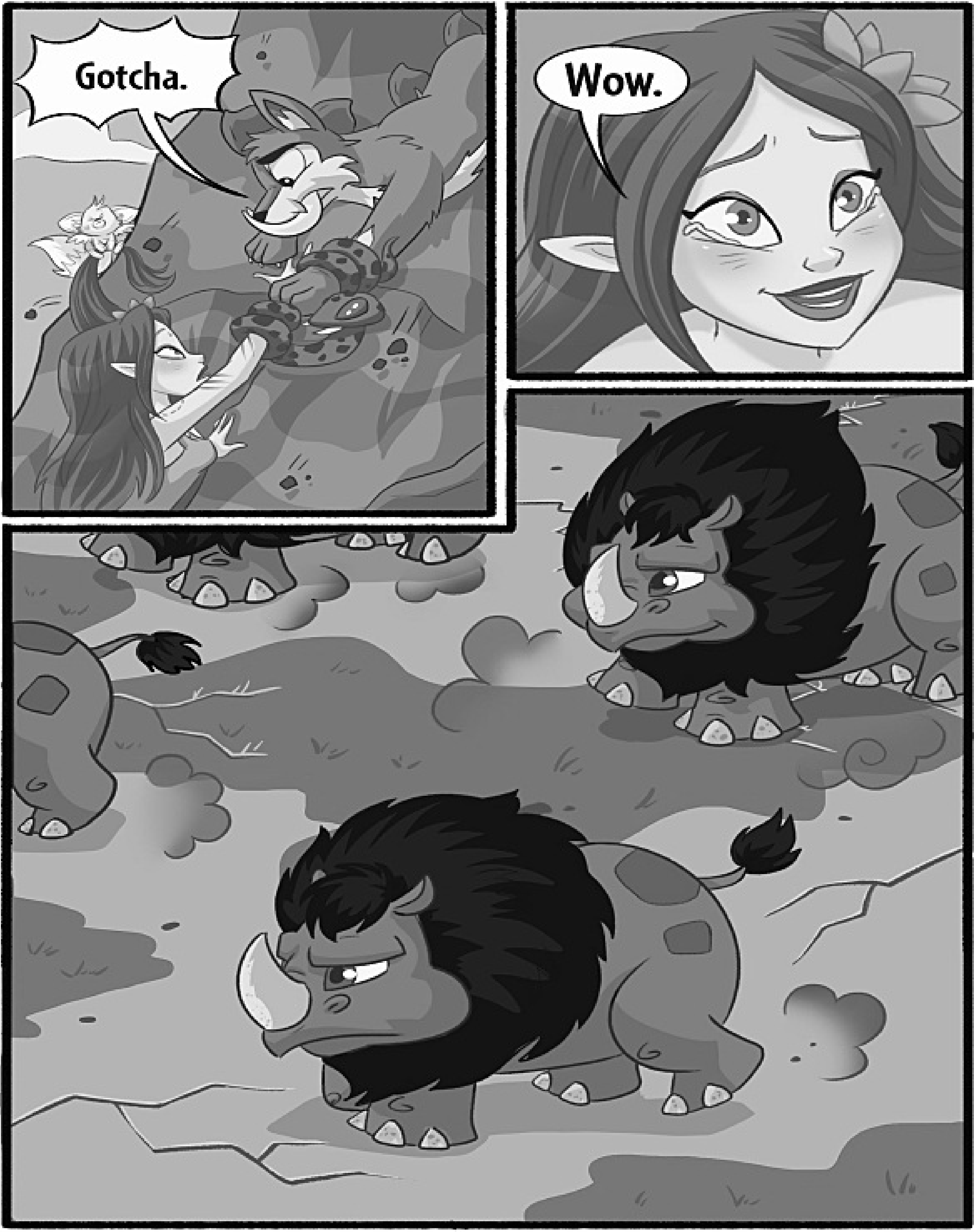


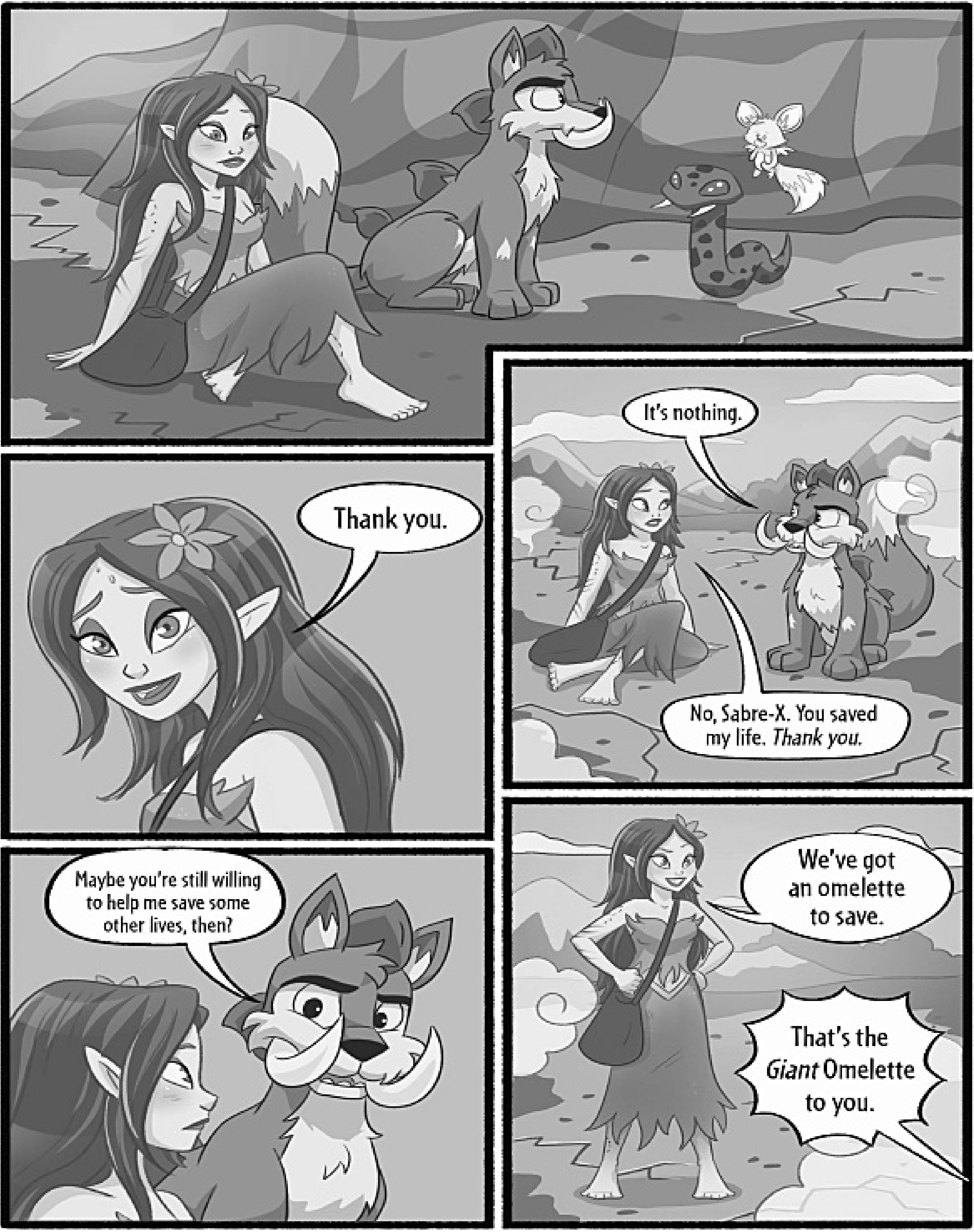

So this is it, then. Falling because I cannot fly.
If only I had my wings–

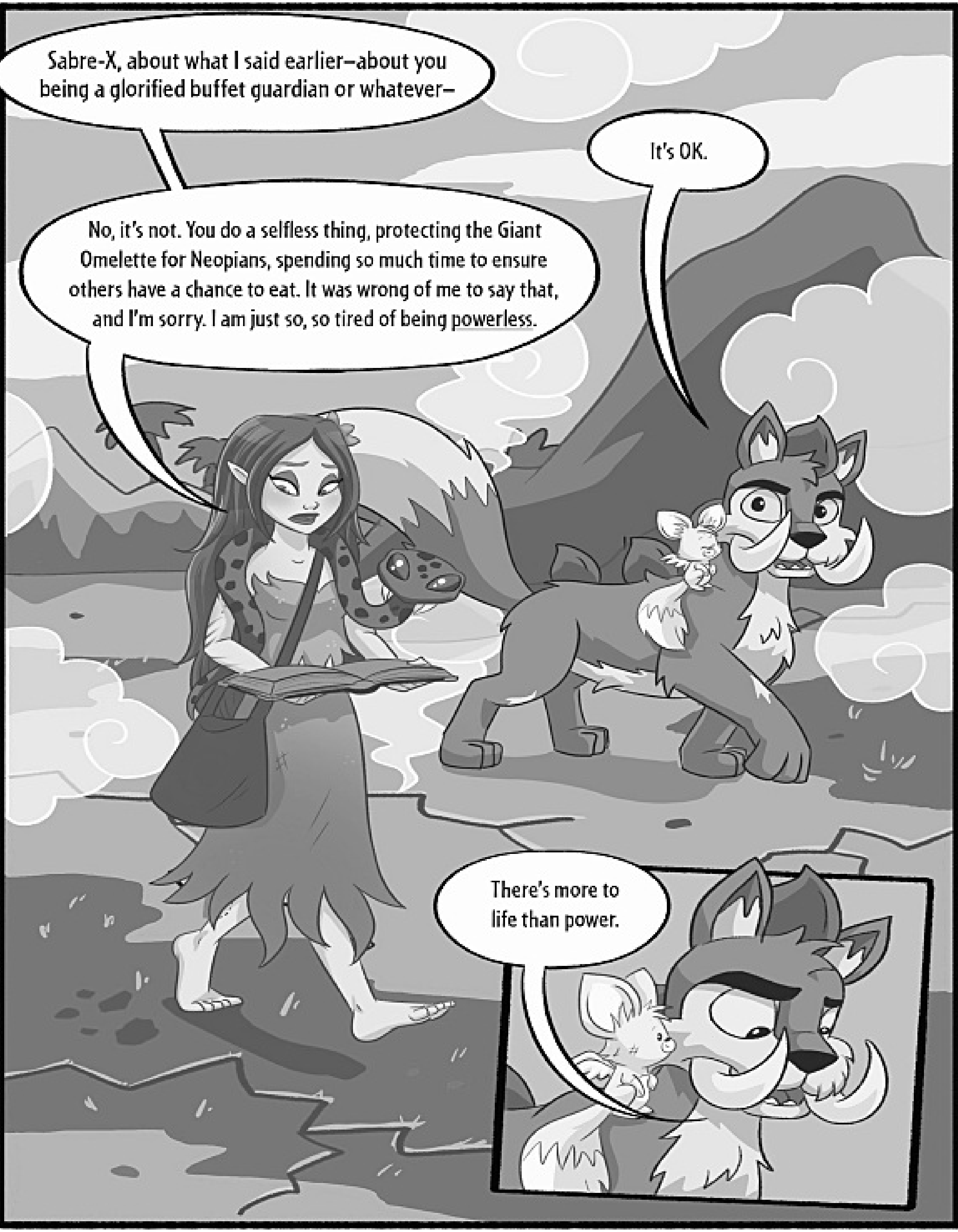

Marina . . .
I wish I'd had a chance to explain.
I wish I could say I'm sorry.

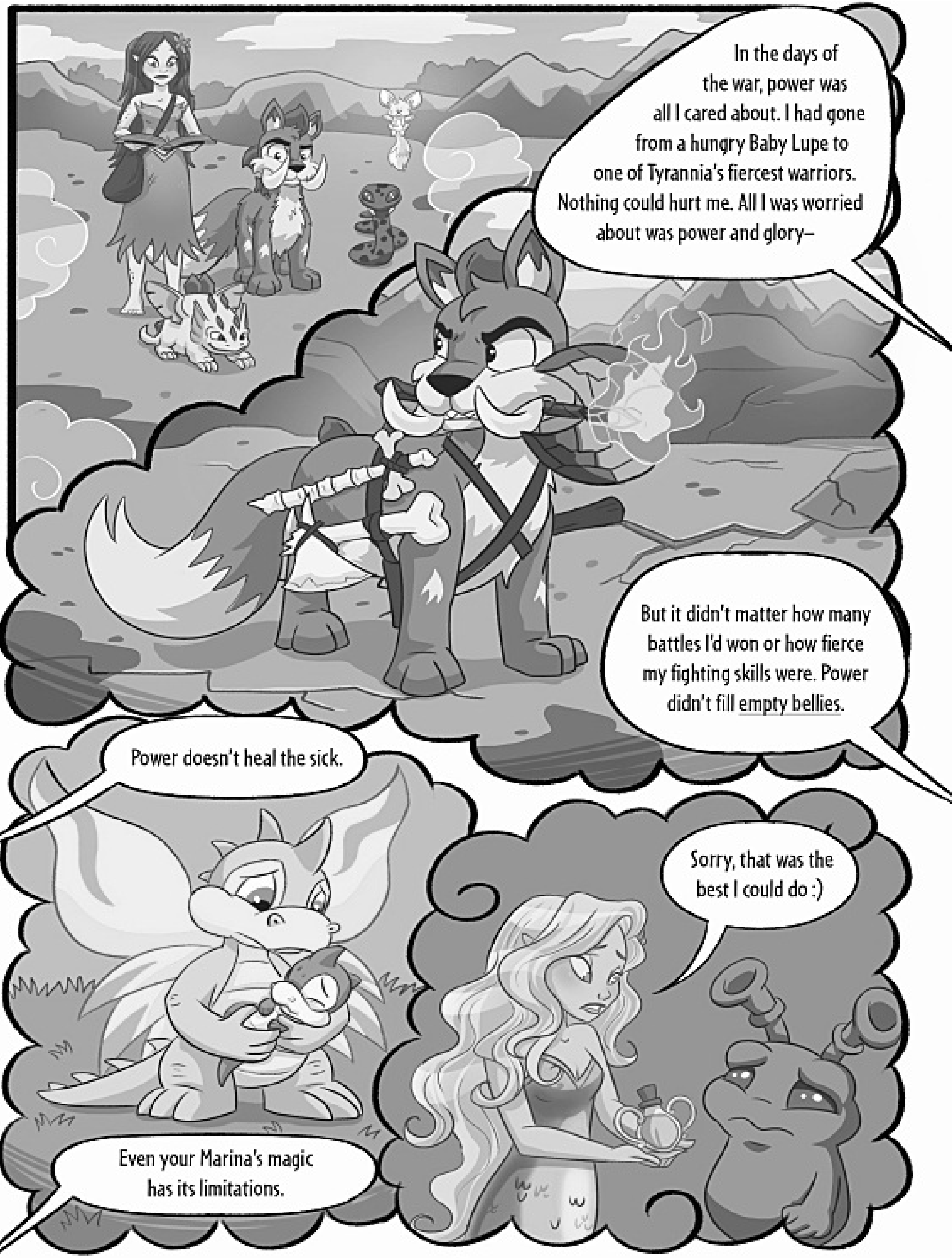




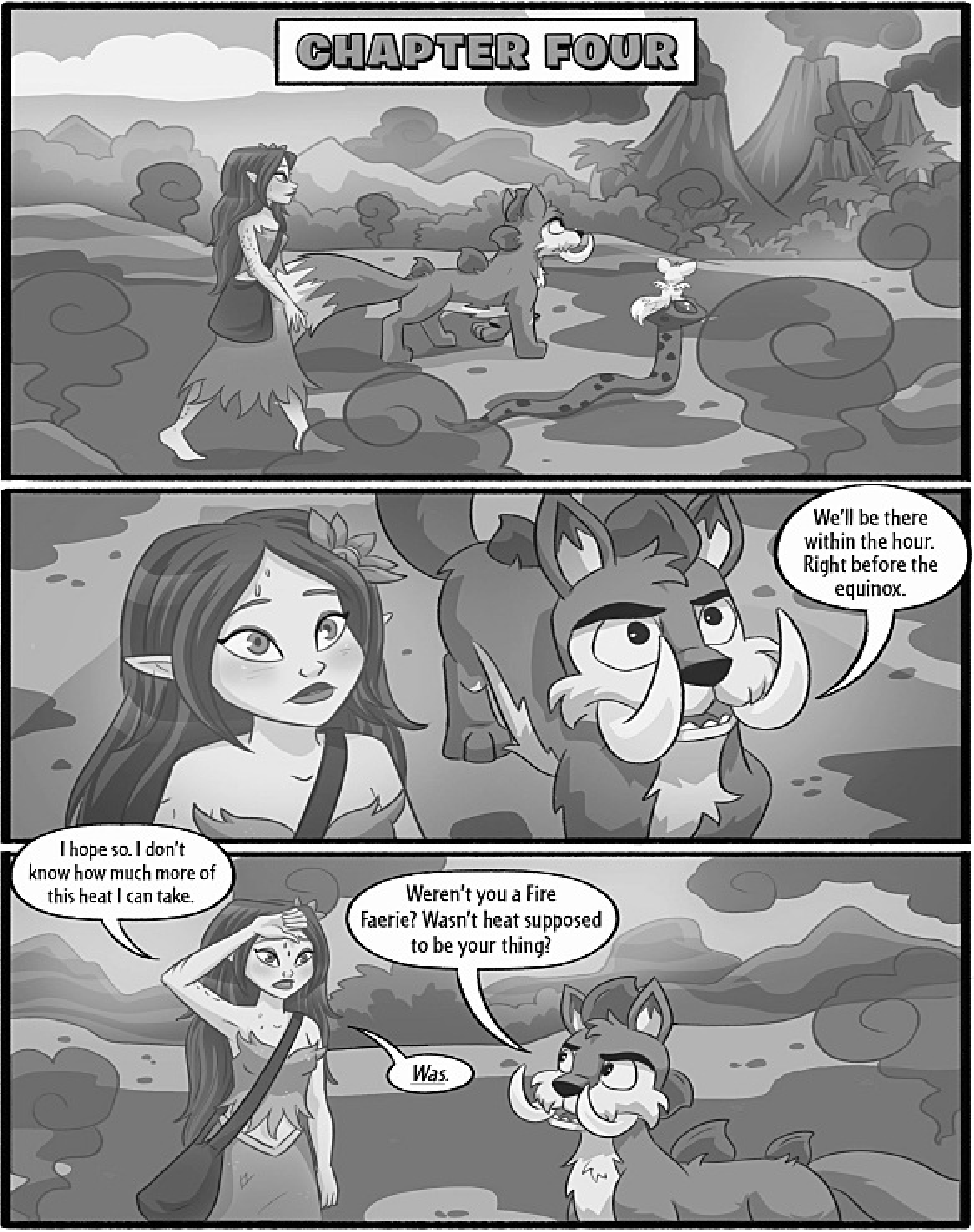

Gotcha.
Wow.

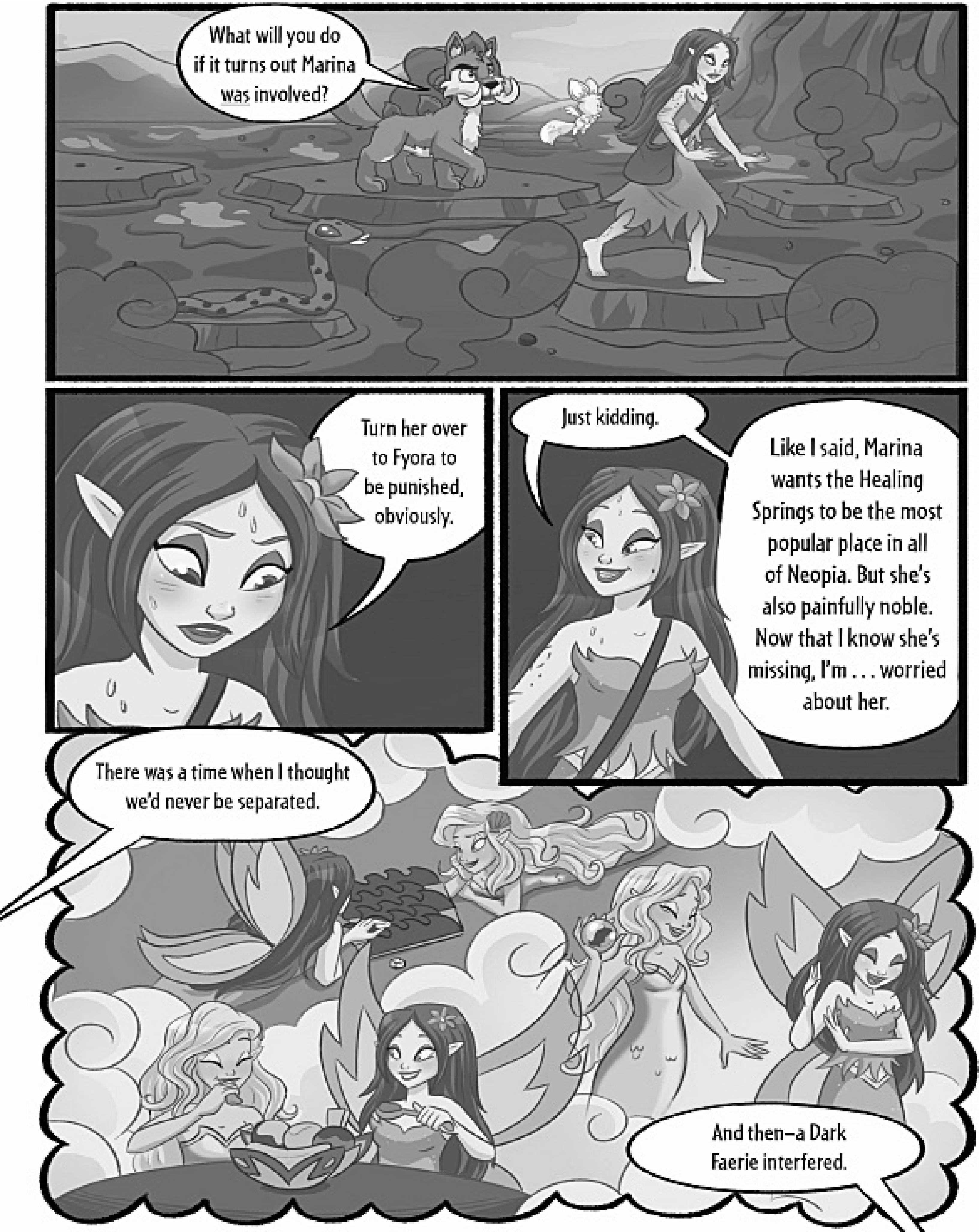

Thank you.
It's nothing.
No, Sabre-X. You saved my life. *Thank you.*
Maybe you're still willing to help me save some other lives, then?
We've got an omelette to save.
That's the *Giant* Omelette to you.

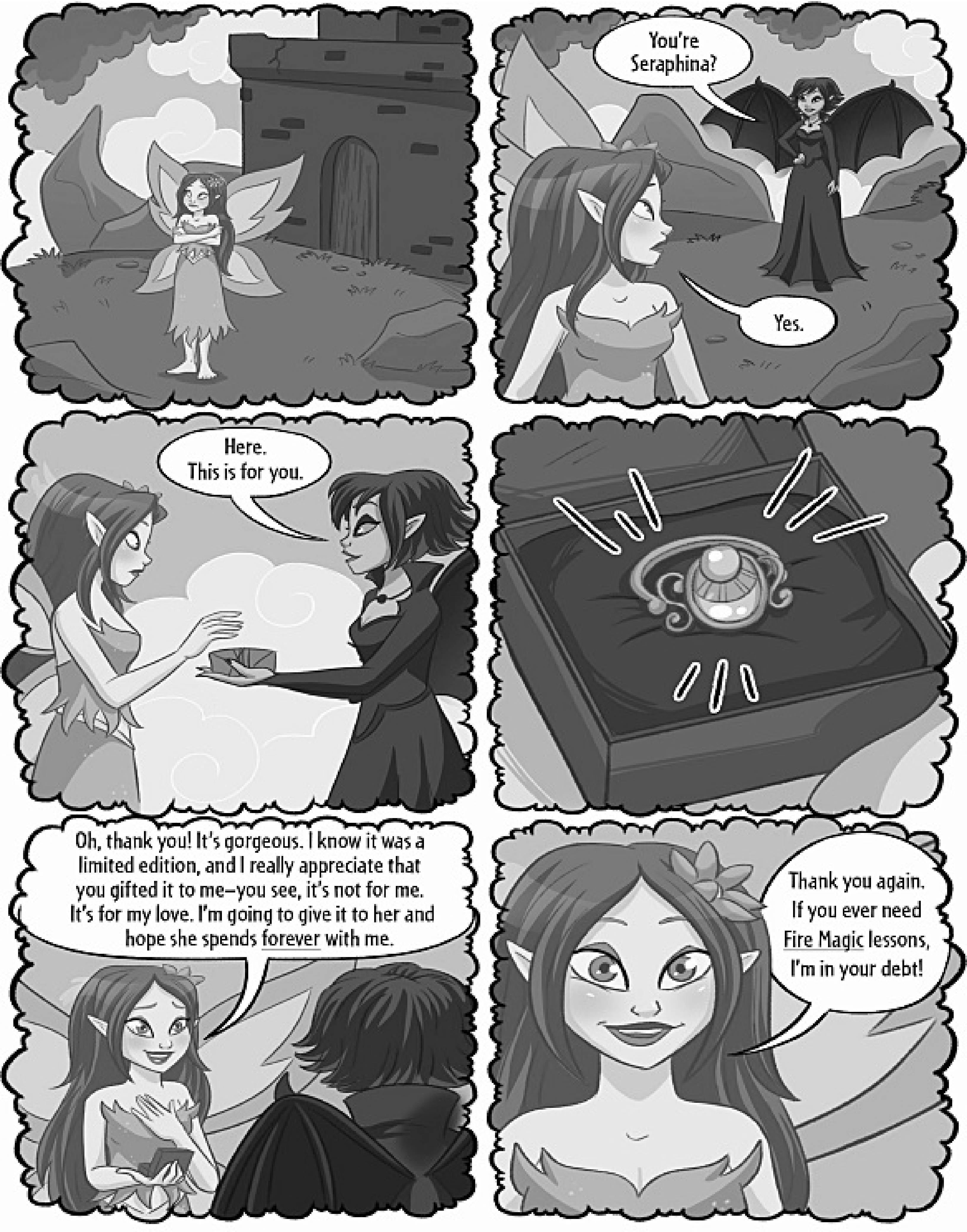

Sabre-X, about what I said earlier—about you being a glorified buffet guardian or whatever—
It's OK.
No, it's not. You do a selfless thing, protecting the Giant Omelette for Neopians, spending so much time to ensure others have a chance to eat. It was wrong of me to say that, and I'm sorry. I am just so, so tired of being powerless.
There's more to life than power.

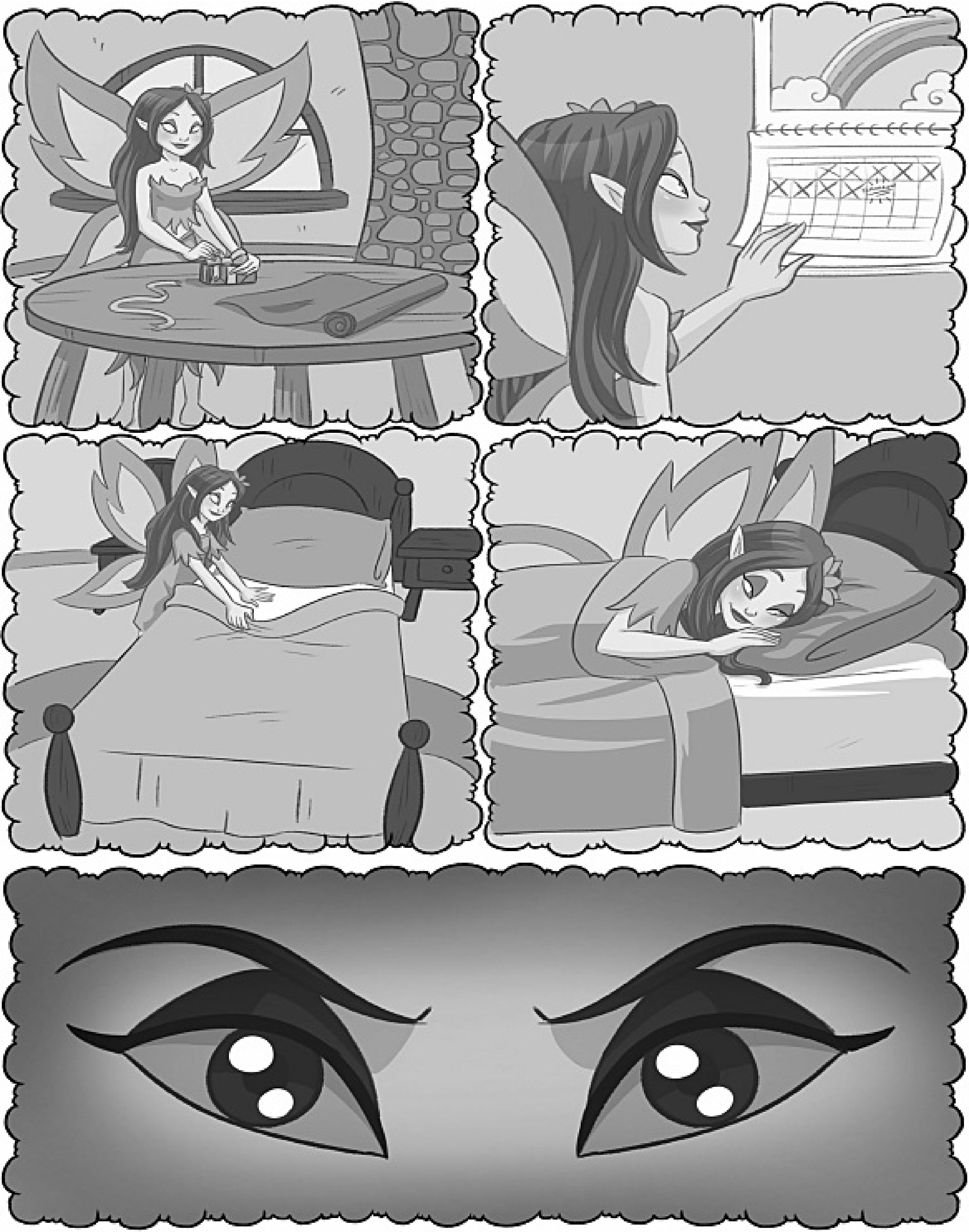

In the days of the war, power was all I cared about. I had gone from a hungry Baby Lupe to one of Tyrannia's fiercest warriors. Nothing could hurt me. All I was worried about was power and glory–
But it didn't matter how many battles I'd won or how fierce my fighting skills were. Power didn't fill empty bellies.
Power doesn't heal the sick.
Sorry, that was the best I could do :)
Even your Marina's magic has its limitations.

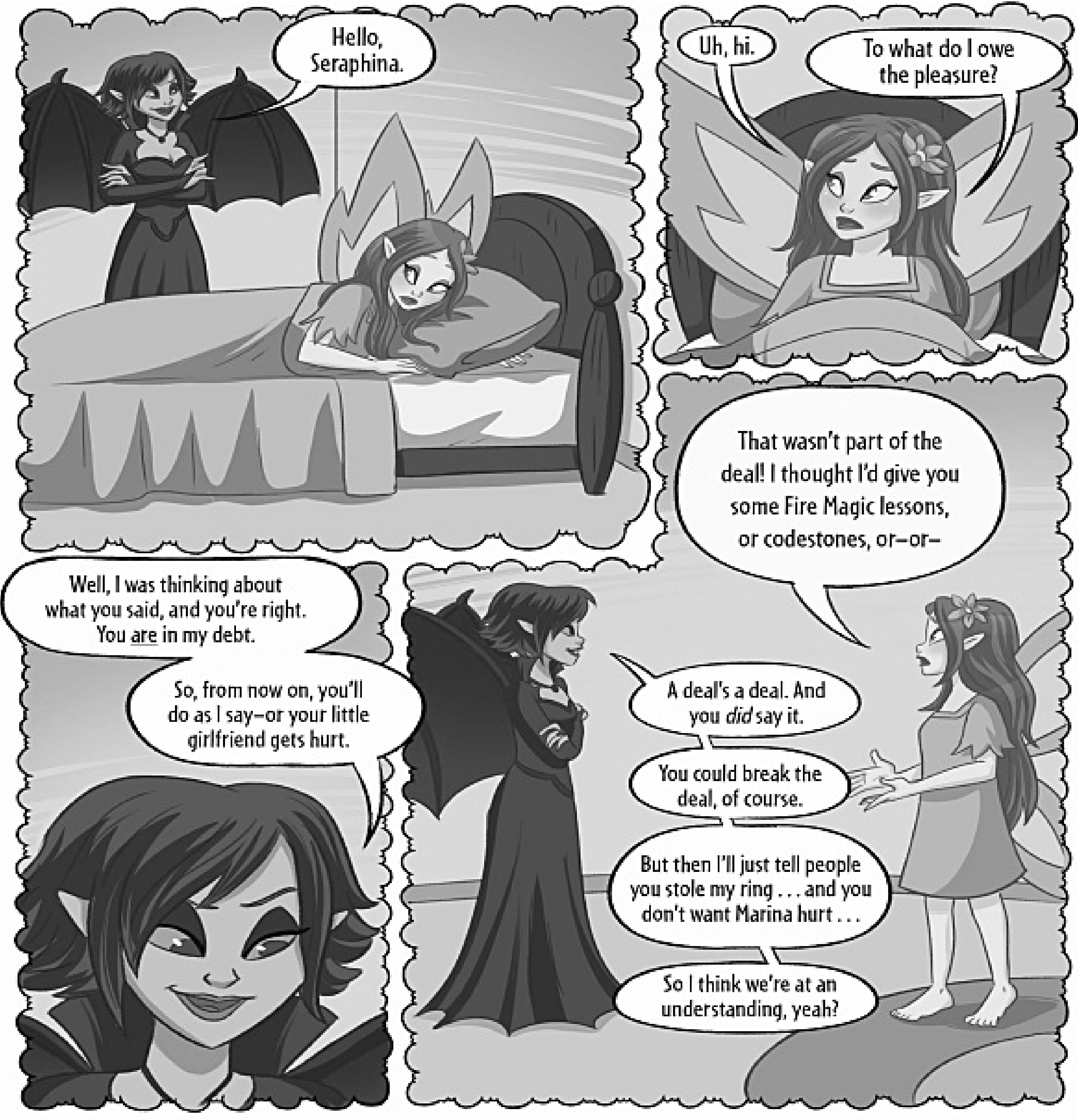
CHAPTER FOUR


We'll be there within the hour. Right before the equinox.
I hope so. I don't know how much more of this heat I can take.
Weren't you a Fire Faerie? Wasn't heat supposed to be your thing?
Was.


What will you do if it turns out Marina was involved?
Turn her over to Fyora to be punished, obviously.
Just kidding.
Like I said, Marina wants the Healing Springs to be the most popular place in all of Neopia. But she's also painfully noble. Now that I know she's missing, I'm . . . worried about her.
There was a time when I thought we'd never be separated.
And then—a Dark Faerie interfered.

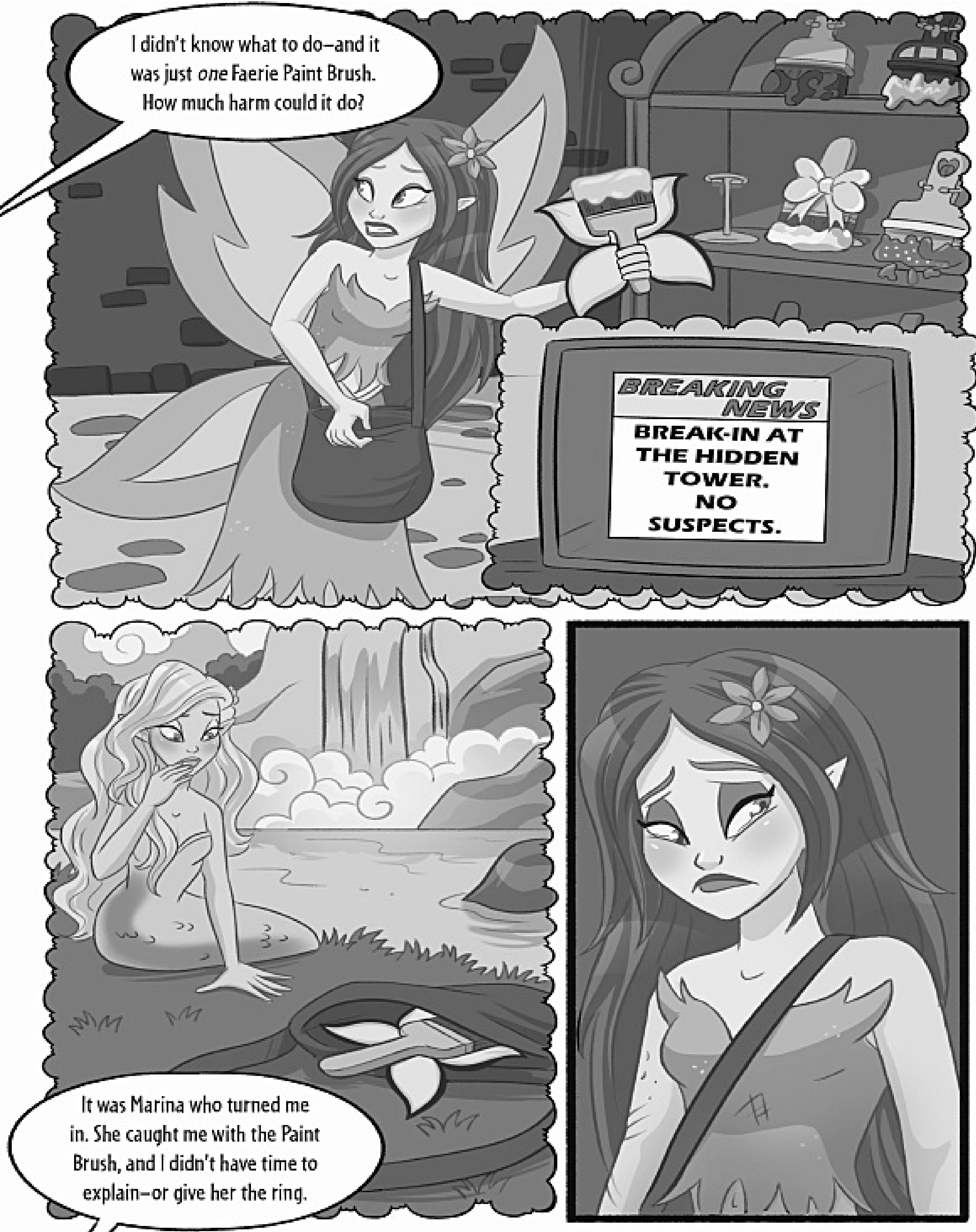

You're Seraphina?
Yes.
Here. This is for you.
Oh, thank you! It's gorgeous. I know it was a limited edition, and I really appreciate that you gifted it to me–you see, it's not for me. It's for my love. I'm going to give it to her and hope she spends forever with me.
Thank you again. If you ever need Fire Magic lessons, I'm in your debt!

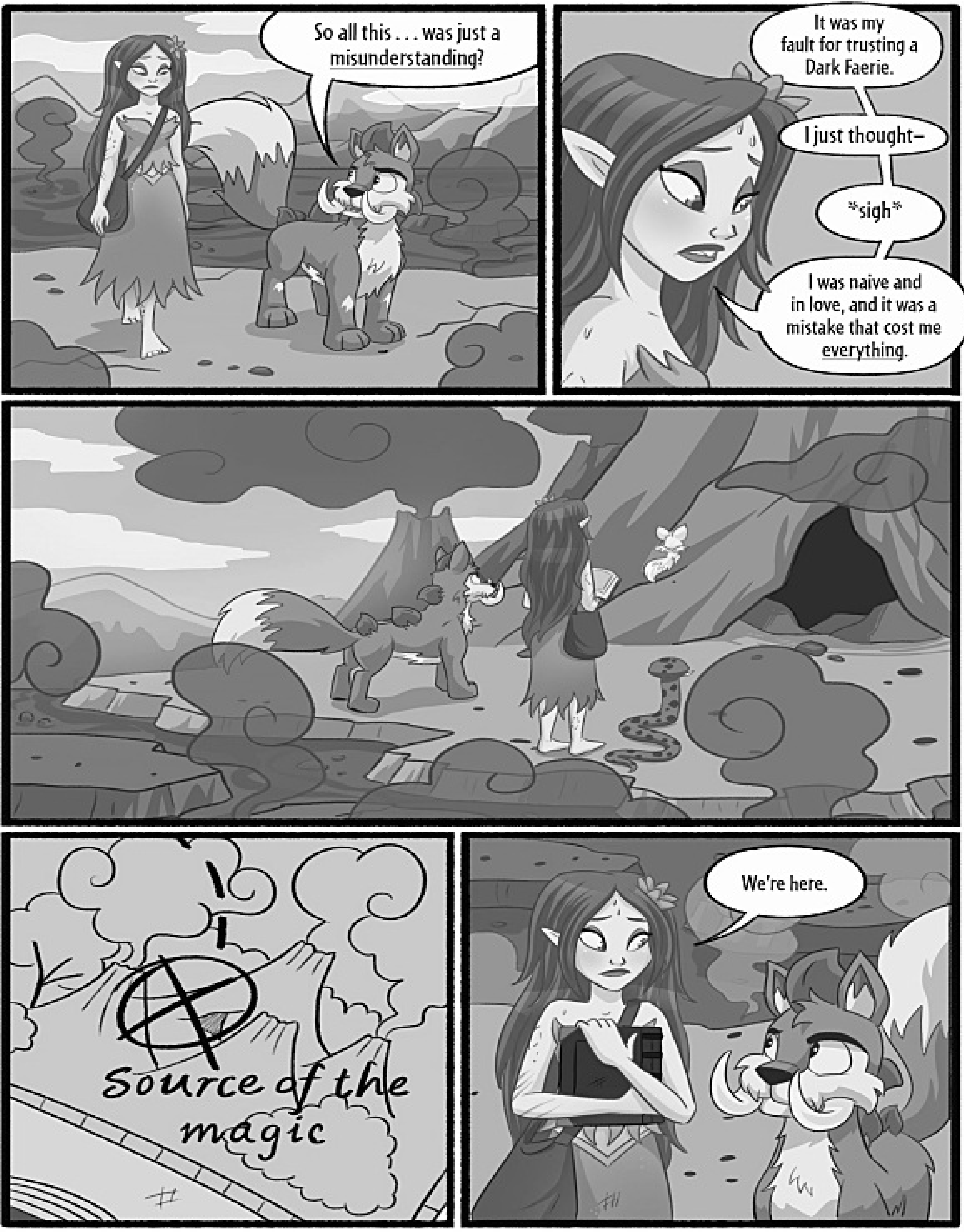


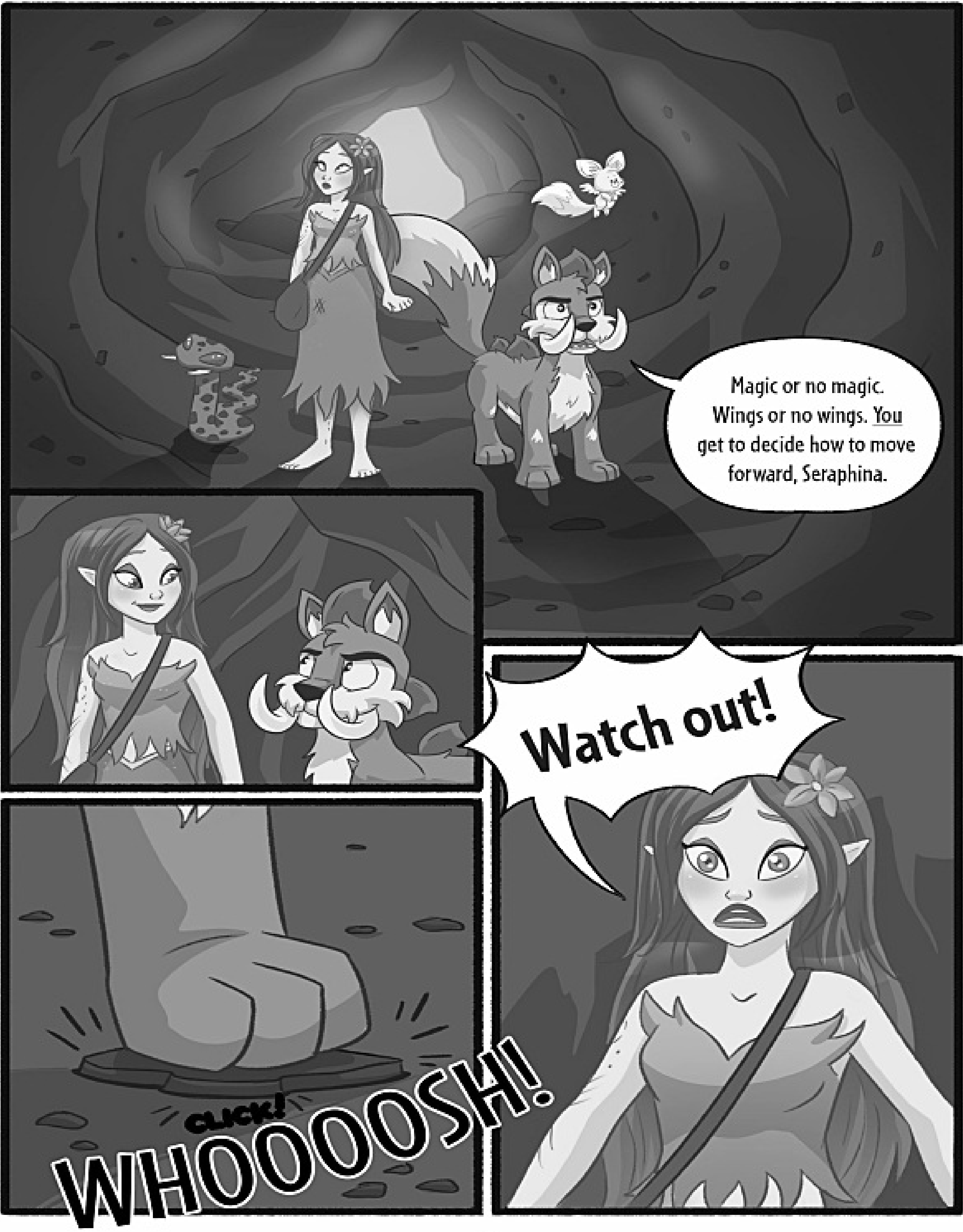

Hello, Seraphina.
Uh, hi.
To what do I owe the pleasure?
Well, I was thinking about what you said, and you're right. You are in my debt.
So, from now on, you'll do as I say—or your little girlfriend gets hurt.
That wasn't part of the deal! I thought I'd give you some Fire Magic lessons, or codestones, or—or—
A deal's a deal. And you did say it.
You could break the deal, of course.
But then I'll just tell people you stole my ring . . . and you don't want Marina hurt . . .
So I think we're at an understanding, yeah?

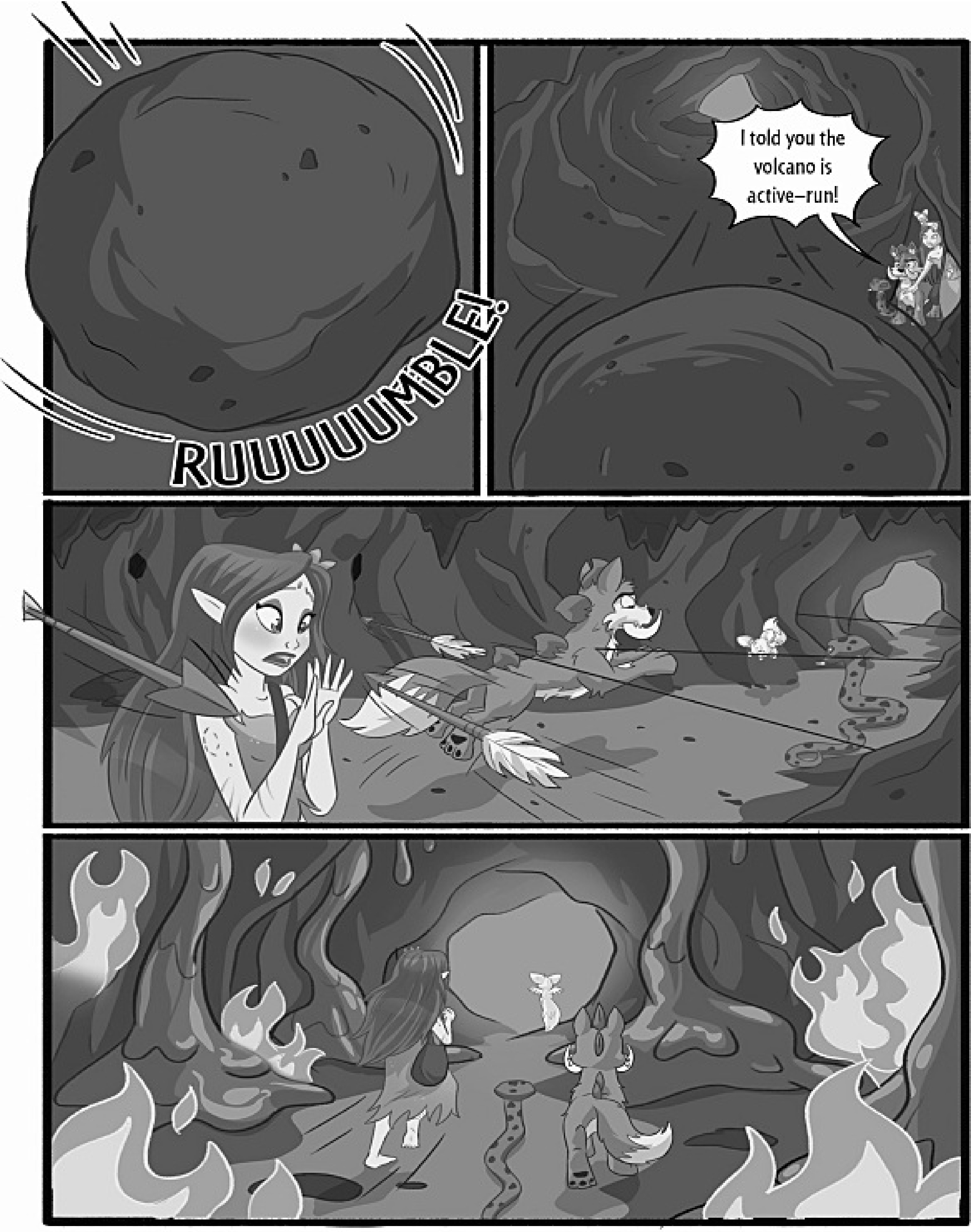
Something has happened!

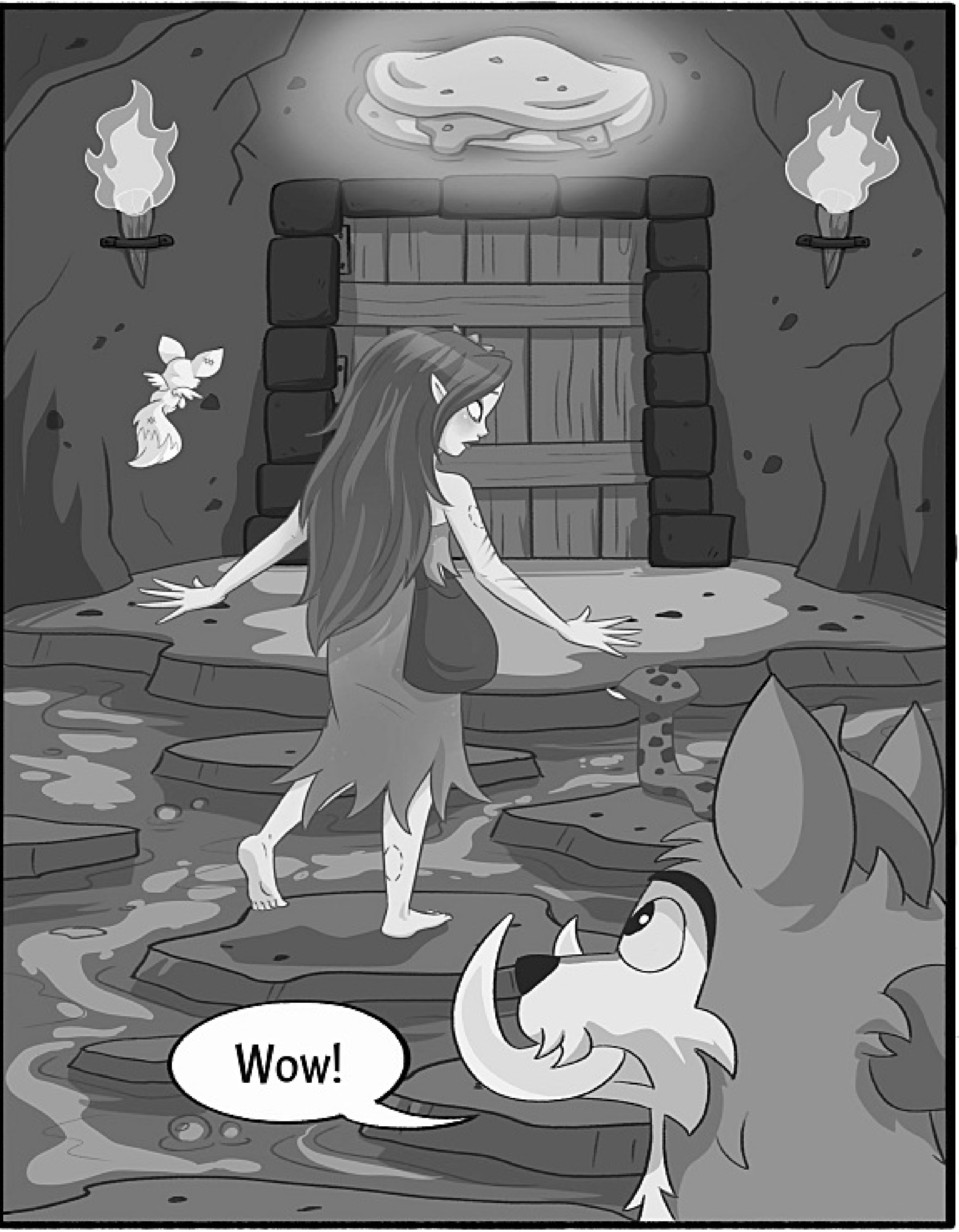
A Dark Faerie appears before you. "Seraphina, I need your aid. My spell lacks a **Faerie Paint Brush**. You must do what I say—or your little girlfriend gets hurt."

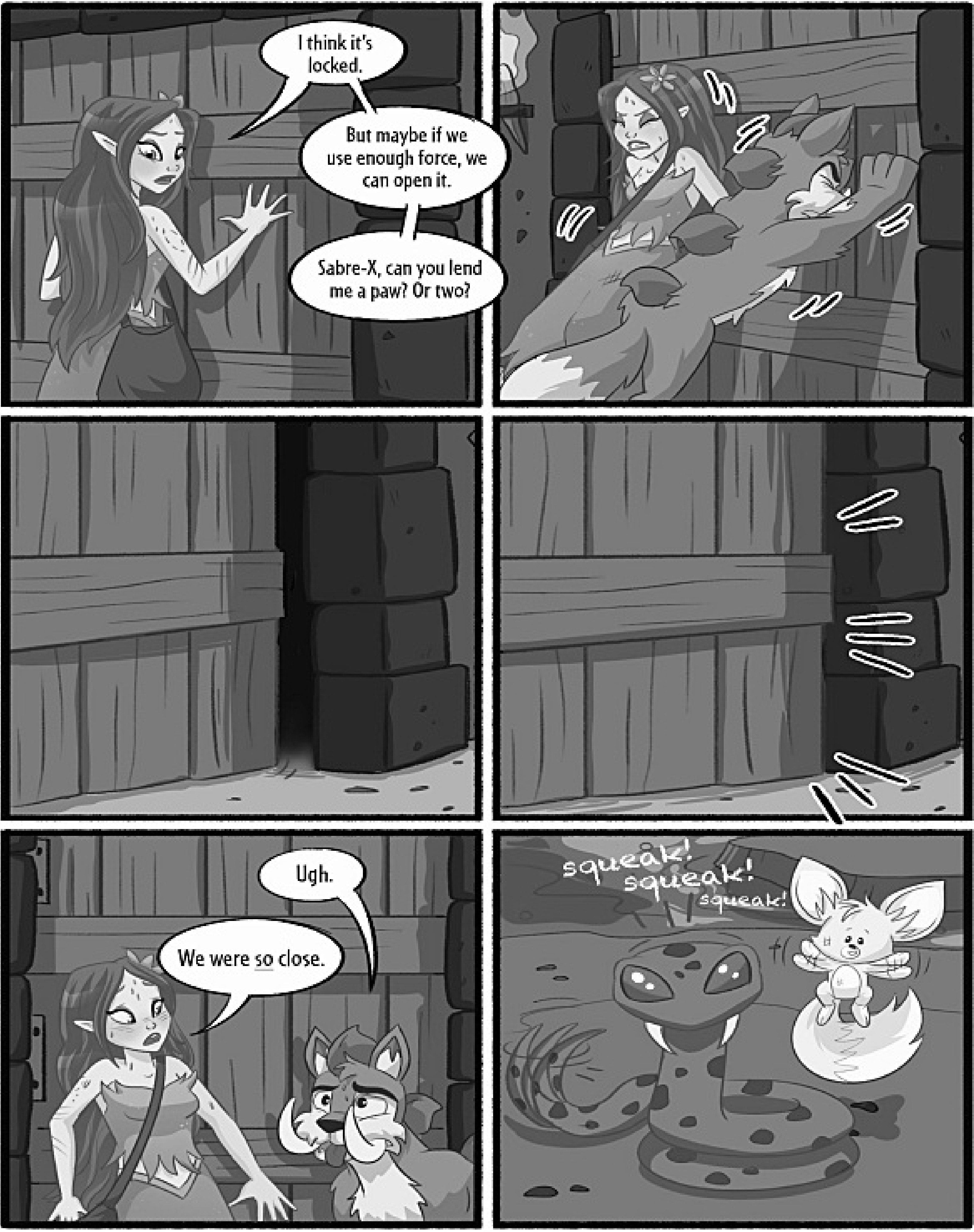

I didn't know what to do—and it was just *one* Faerie Paint Brush. How much harm could it do?
BREAKING NEWS
BREAK-IN AT THE HIDDEN TOWER. NO SUSPECTS.
It was Marina who turned me in. She caught me with the Paint Brush, and I didn't have time to explain—or give her the ring.

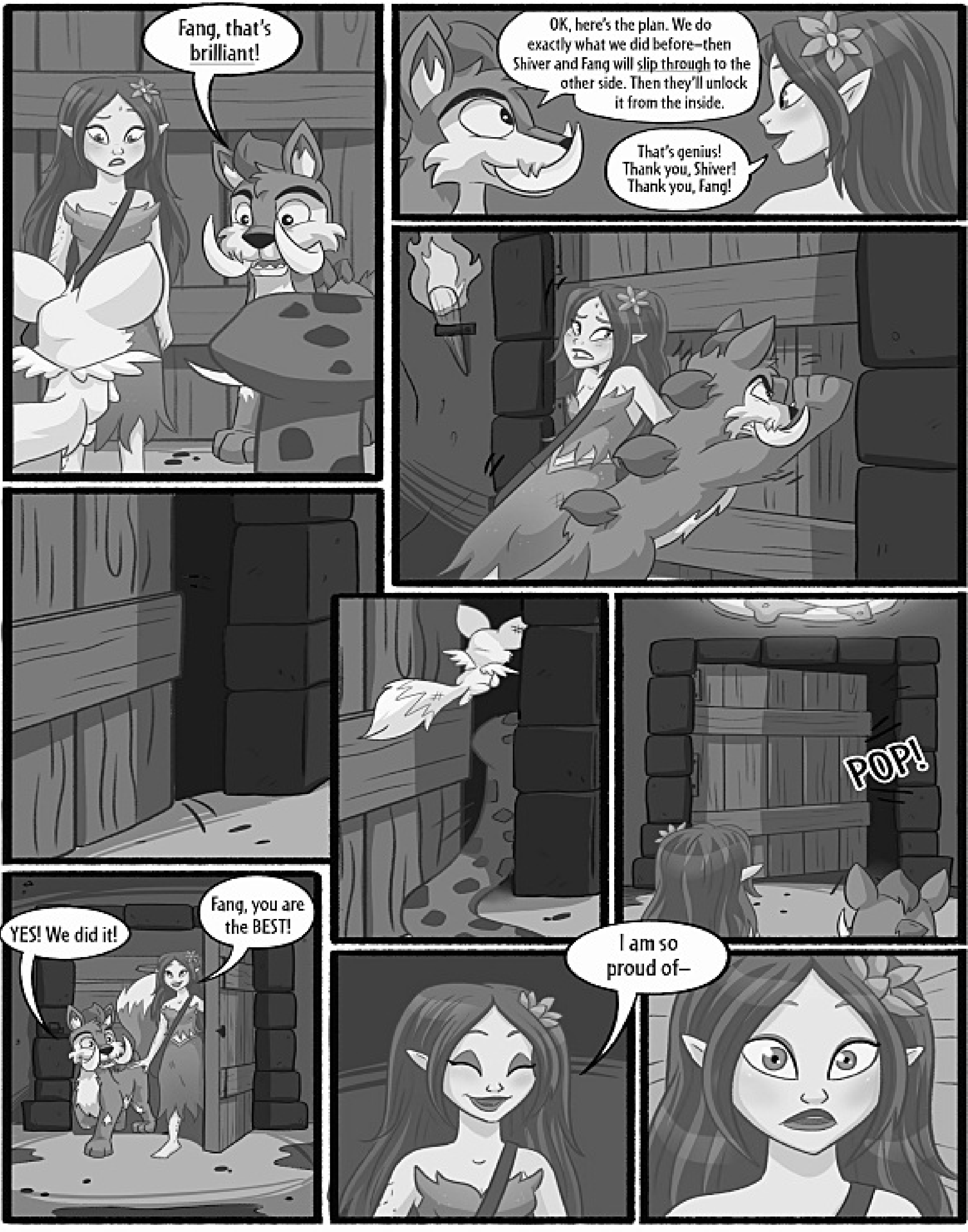

So all this . . . was just a misunderstanding?
It was my fault for trusting a Dark Faerie.
I just thought–
sigh
I was naive and in love, and it was a mistake that cost me everything.
Source of the magic
We're here.

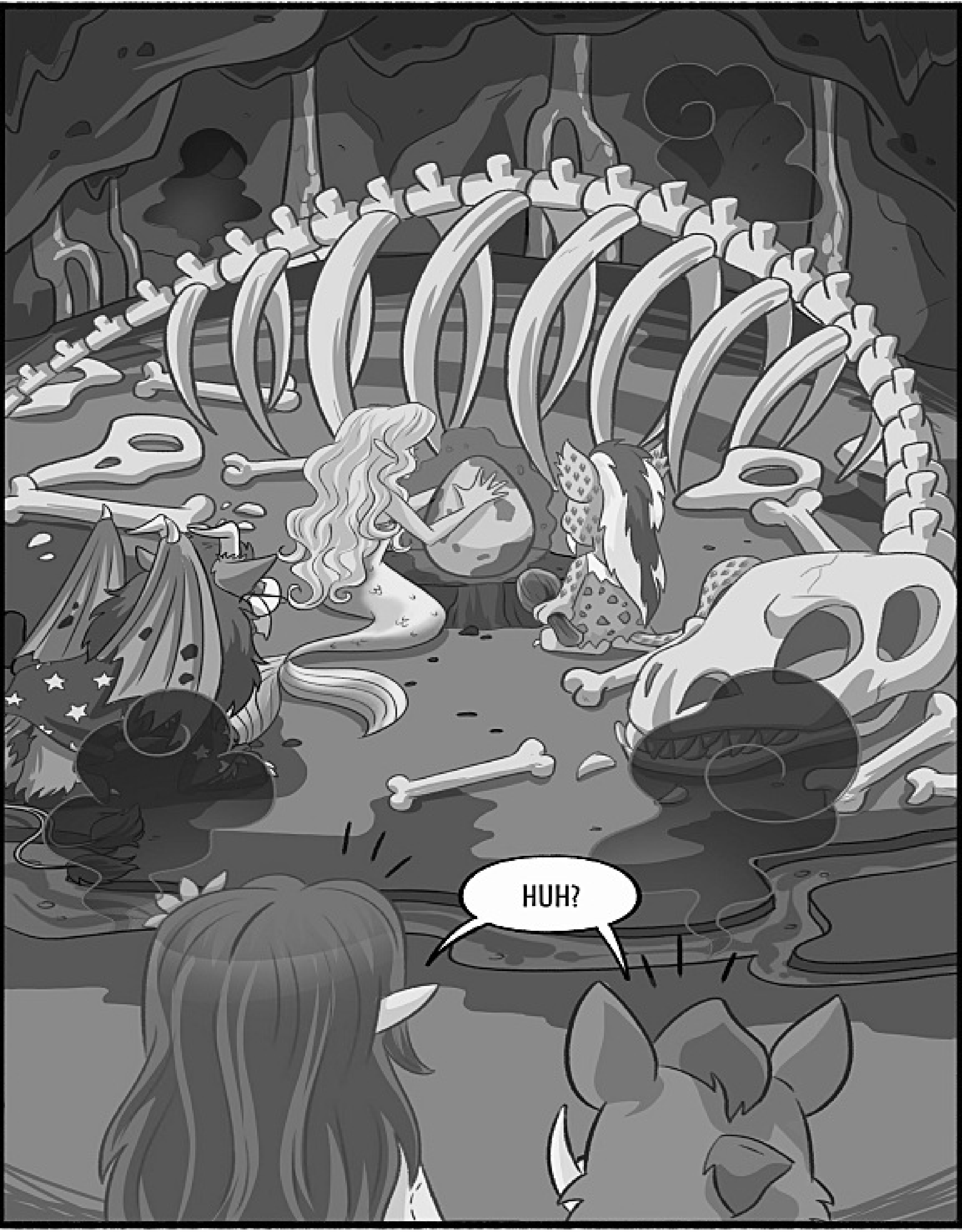

Magic or no magic. Wings or no wings. You get to decide how to move forward, Seraphina.
Watch out!
CLICK!
WHOOOOOSH!

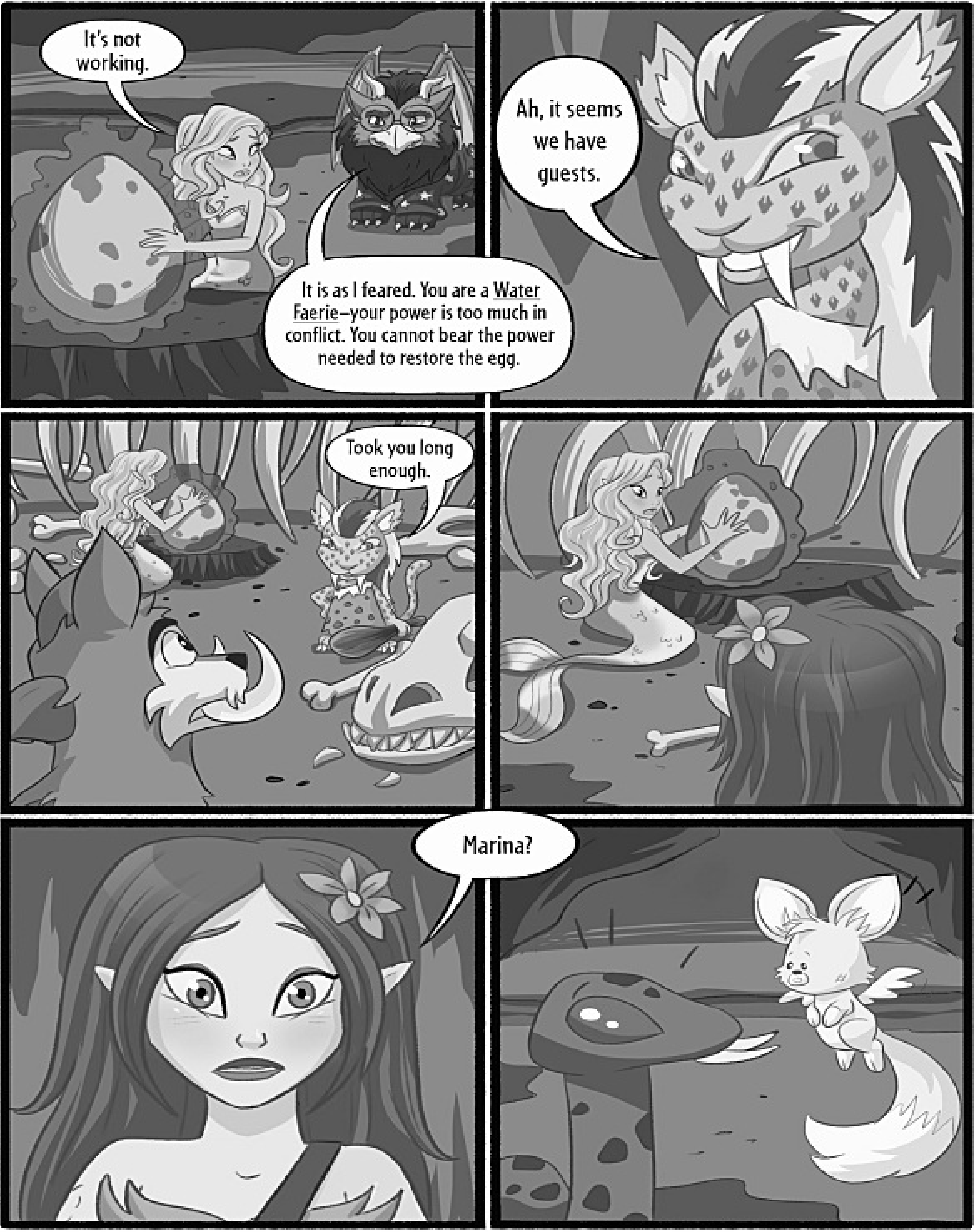

RUUUUUMBLE!
I told you the volcano is active–run!

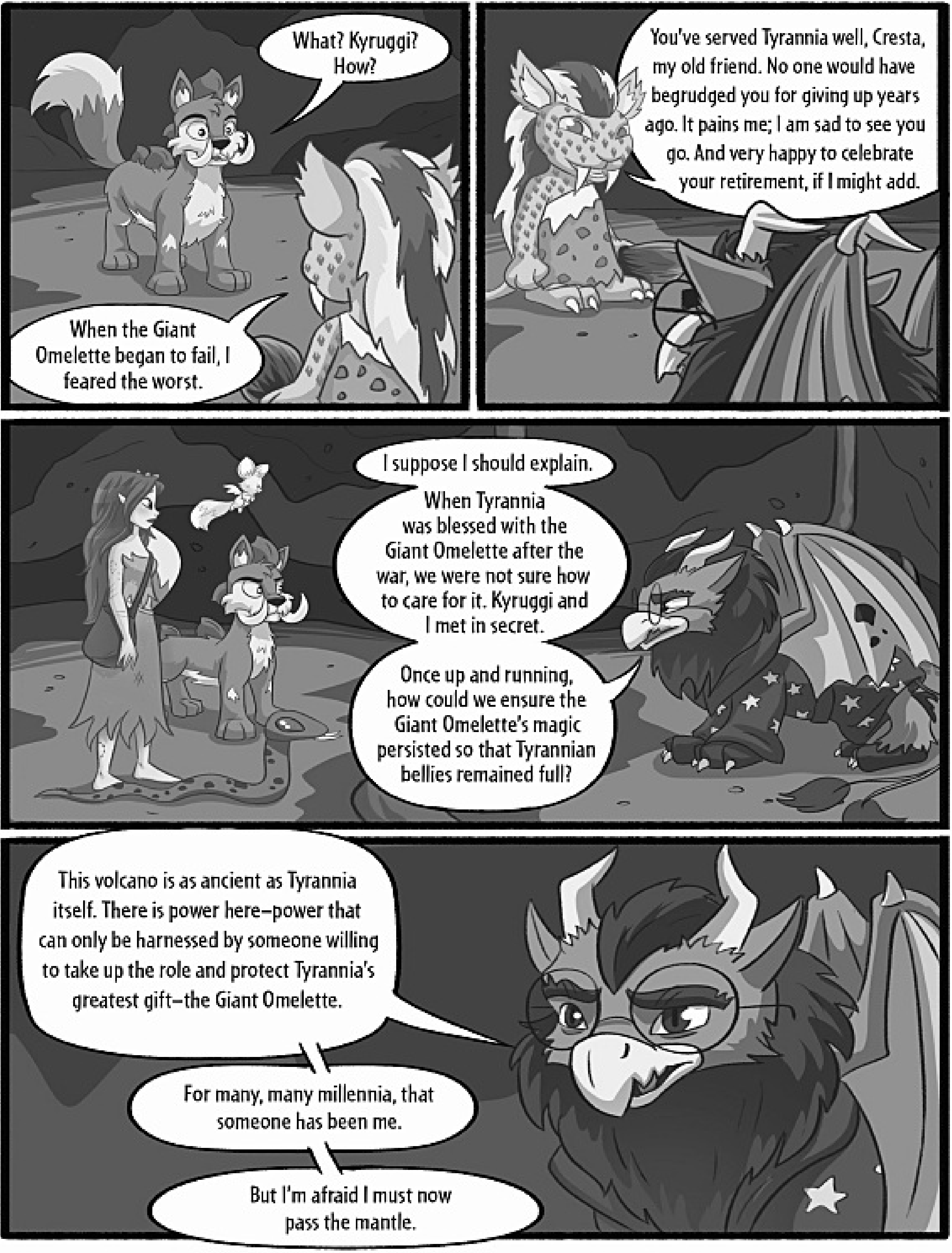

Wow!

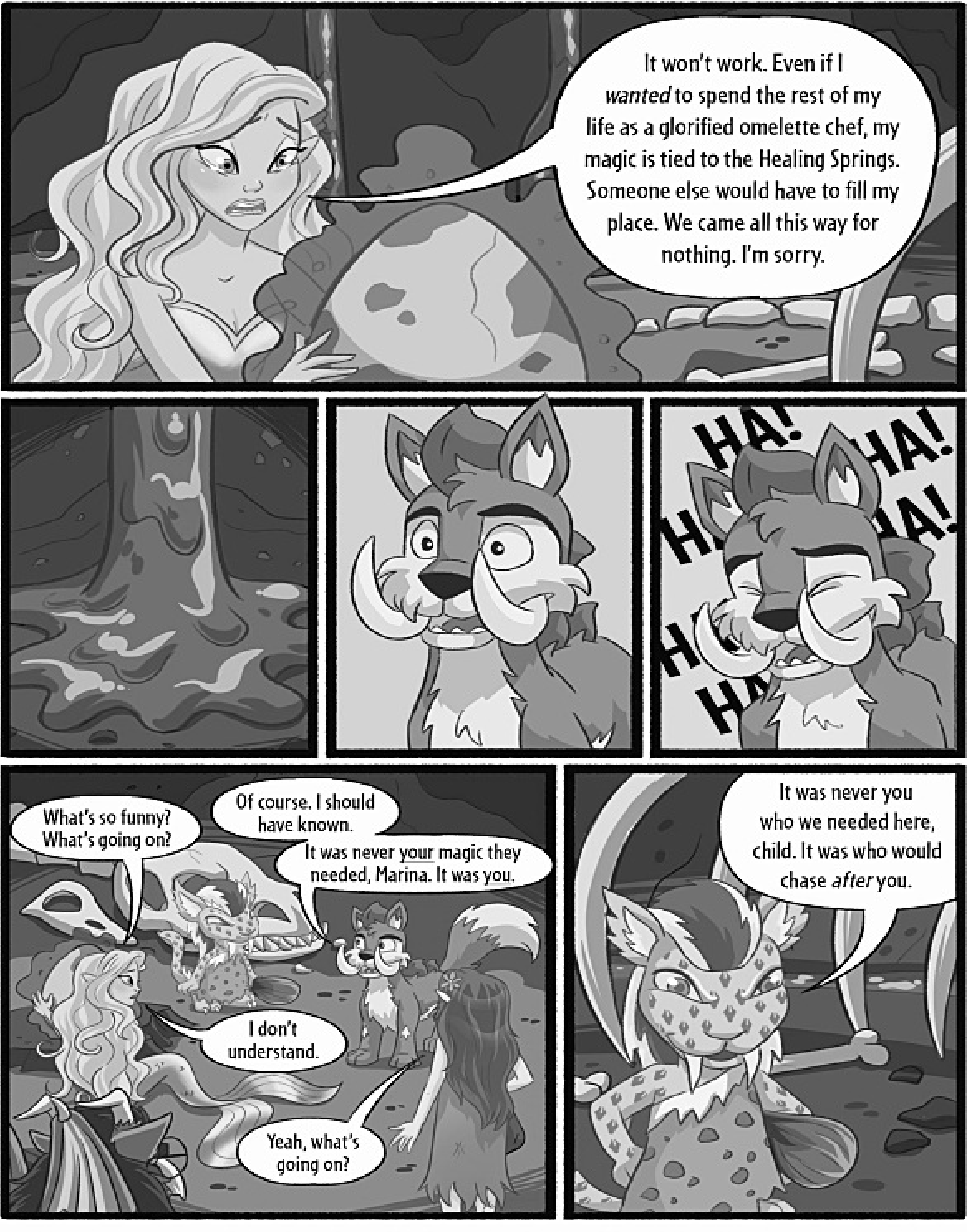

I think it's locked.
But maybe if we use enough force, we can open it.
Sabre-X, can you lend me a paw? Or two?
Ugh.
We were so close.
squeak! squeak! squeak!

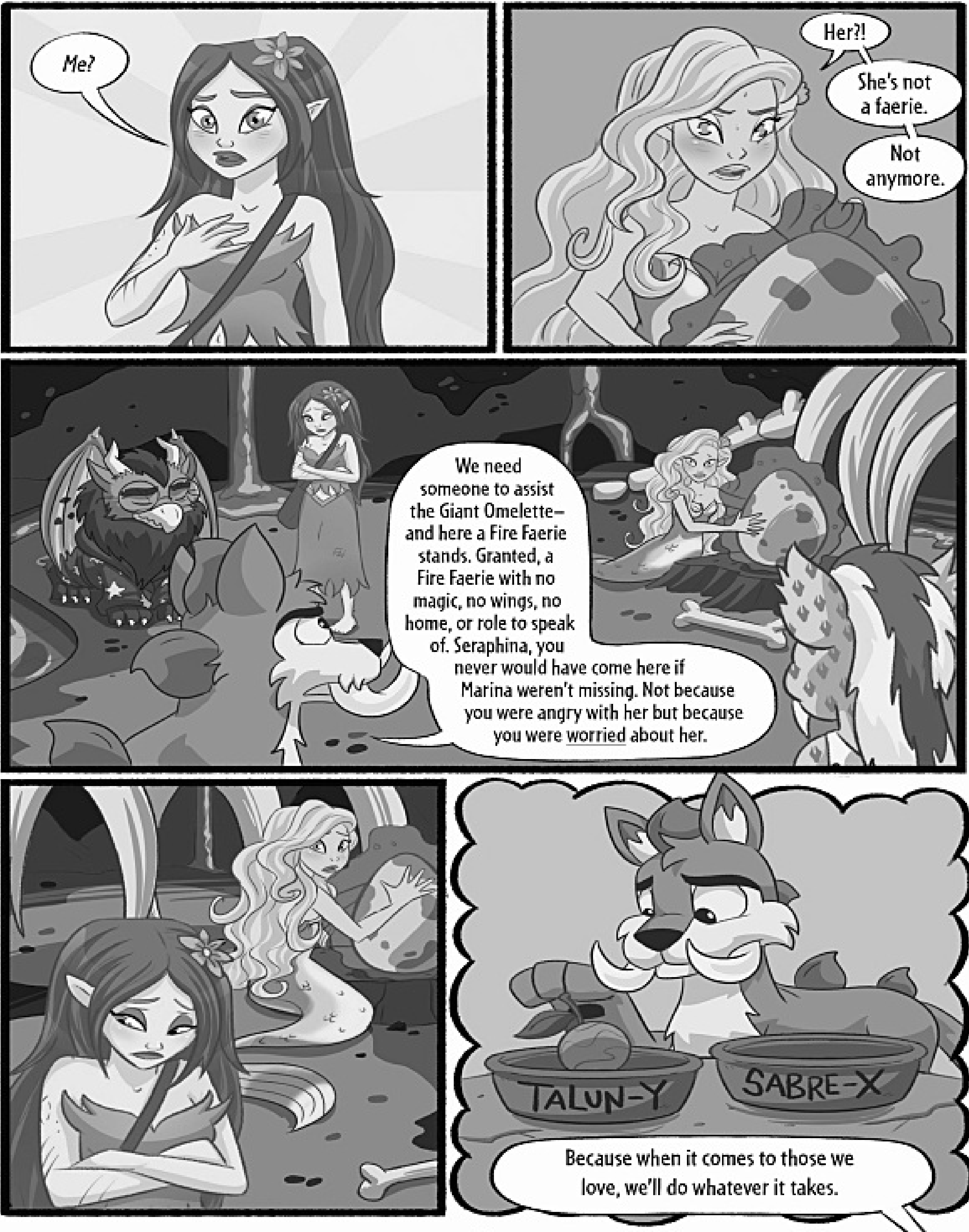

Fang, that's brilliant!
OK, here's the plan. We do exactly what we did before—then Shiver and Fang will slip through to the other side. Then they'll unlock it from the inside.
That's genius! Thank you, Shiver! Thank you, Fang!
POP!
YES! We did it!
Fang, you are the BEST!
I am so proud of—

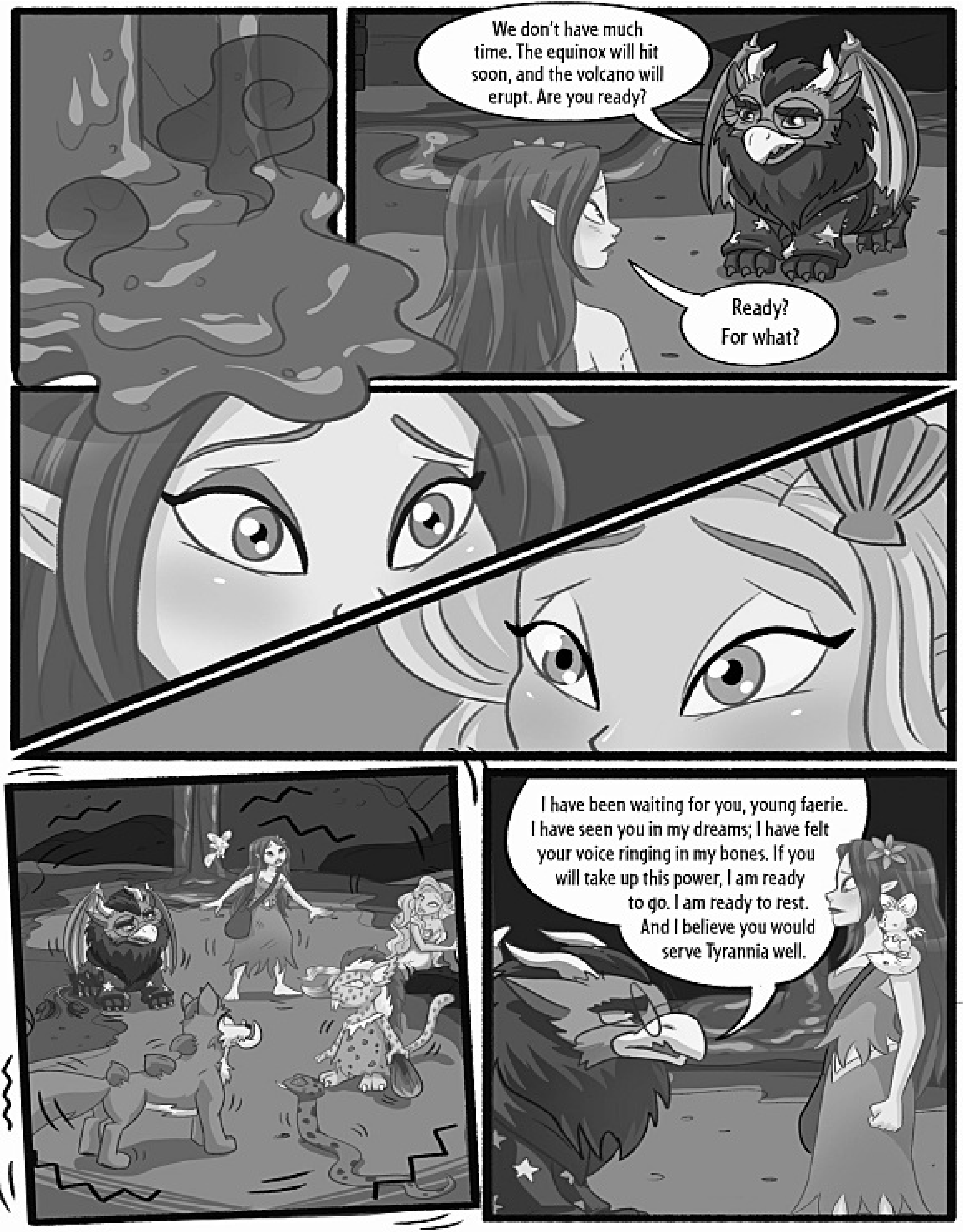

HUH?

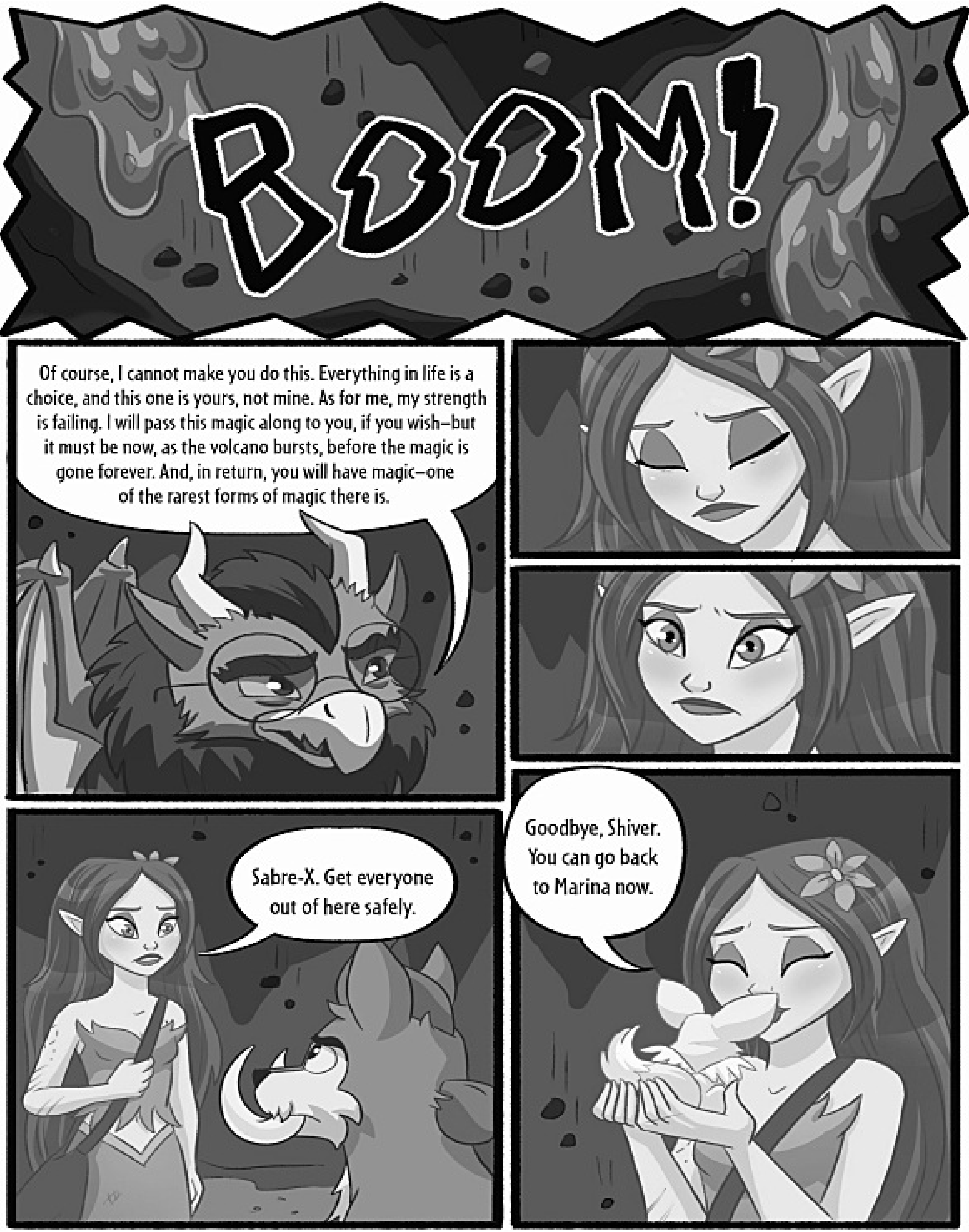

It's not working.
It is as I feared. You are a Water Faerie—your power is too much in conflict. You cannot bear the power needed to restore the egg.
Ah, it seems we have guests.
Took you long enough.
Marina?

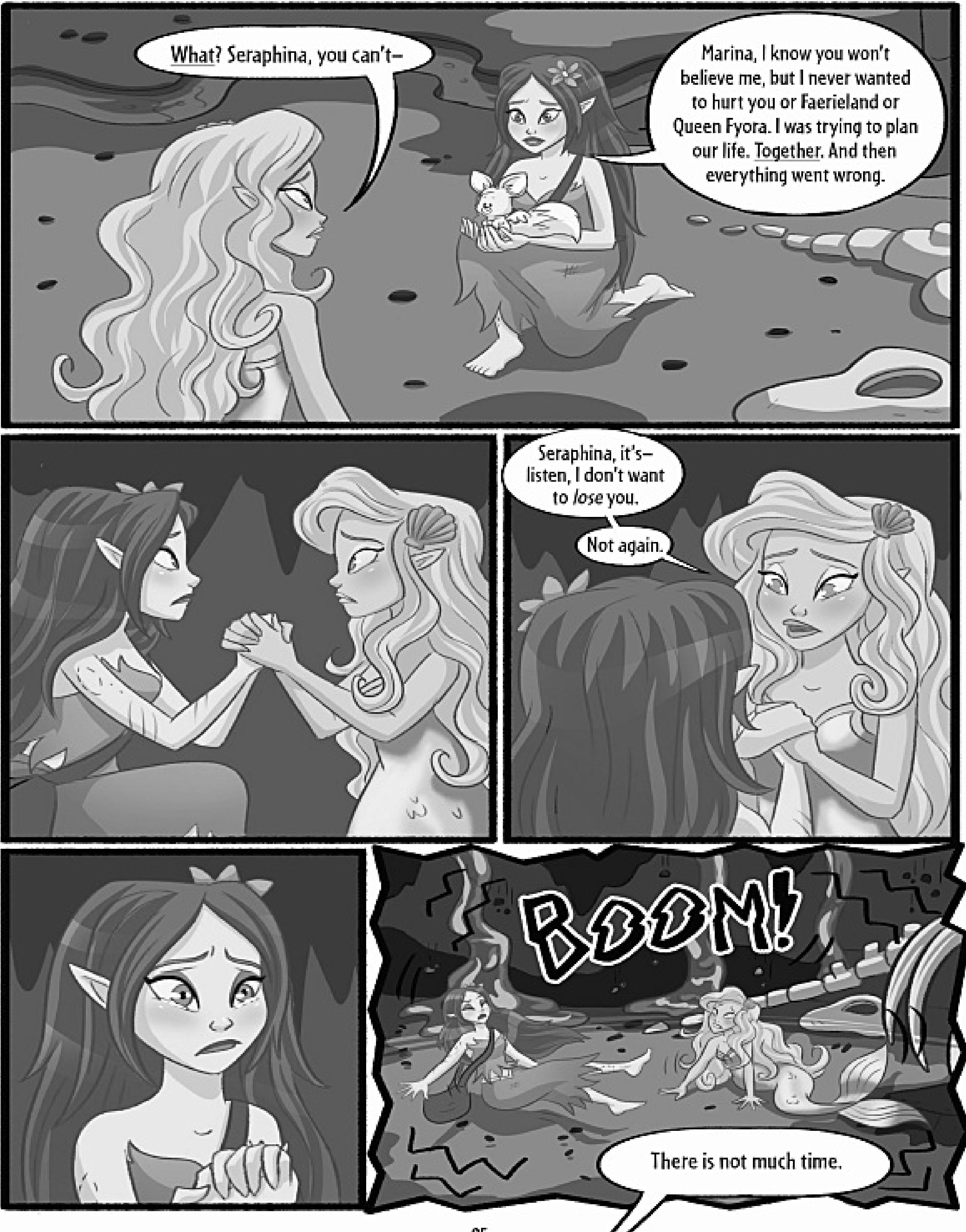

What? Kyruggi? How?
When the Giant Omelette began to fail, I feared the worst.
You've served Tyrannia well, Cresta, my old friend. No one would have begrudged you for giving up years ago. It pains me; I am sad to see you go. And very happy to celebrate your retirement, if I might add.
I suppose I should explain.
When Tyrannia was blessed with the Giant Omelette after the war, we were not sure how to care for it. Kyruggi and I met in secret.
Once up and running, how could we ensure the Giant Omelette's magic persisted so that Tyrannian bellies remained full?
This volcano is as ancient as Tyrannia itself. There is power here–power that can only be harnessed by someone willing to take up the role and protect Tyrannia's greatest gift–the Giant Omelette.
For many, many millennia, that someone has been me.
But I'm afraid I must now pass the mantle.

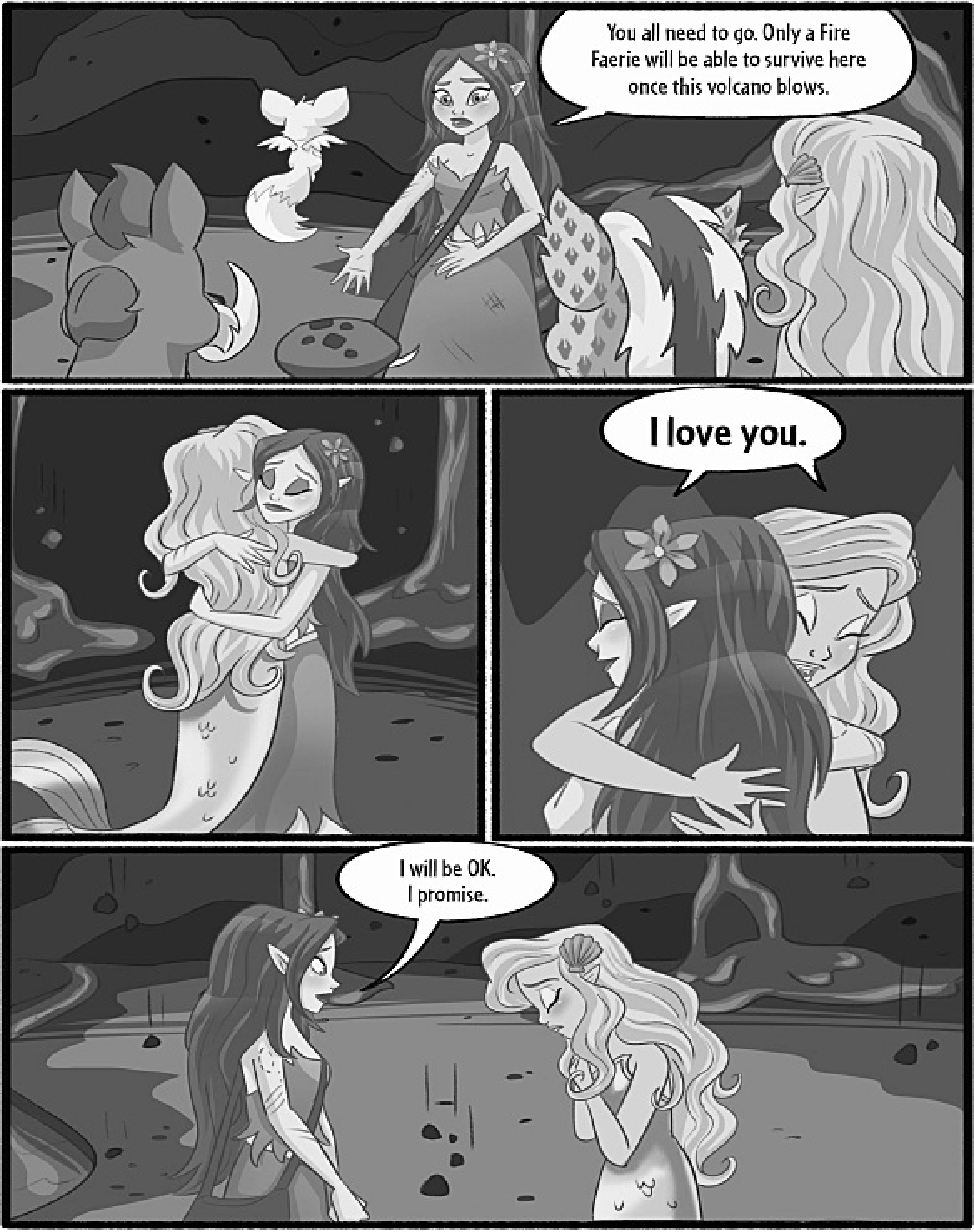

It won't work. Even if I *wanted* to spend the rest of my life as a glorified omelette chef, my magic is tied to the Healing Springs. Someone else would have to fill my place. We came all this way for nothing. I'm sorry.
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
What's so funny? What's going on?
Of course. I should have known.
It was never your magic they needed, Marina. It was you.
I don't understand.
Yeah, what's going on?
It was never you who we needed here, child. It was who would chase *after* you.

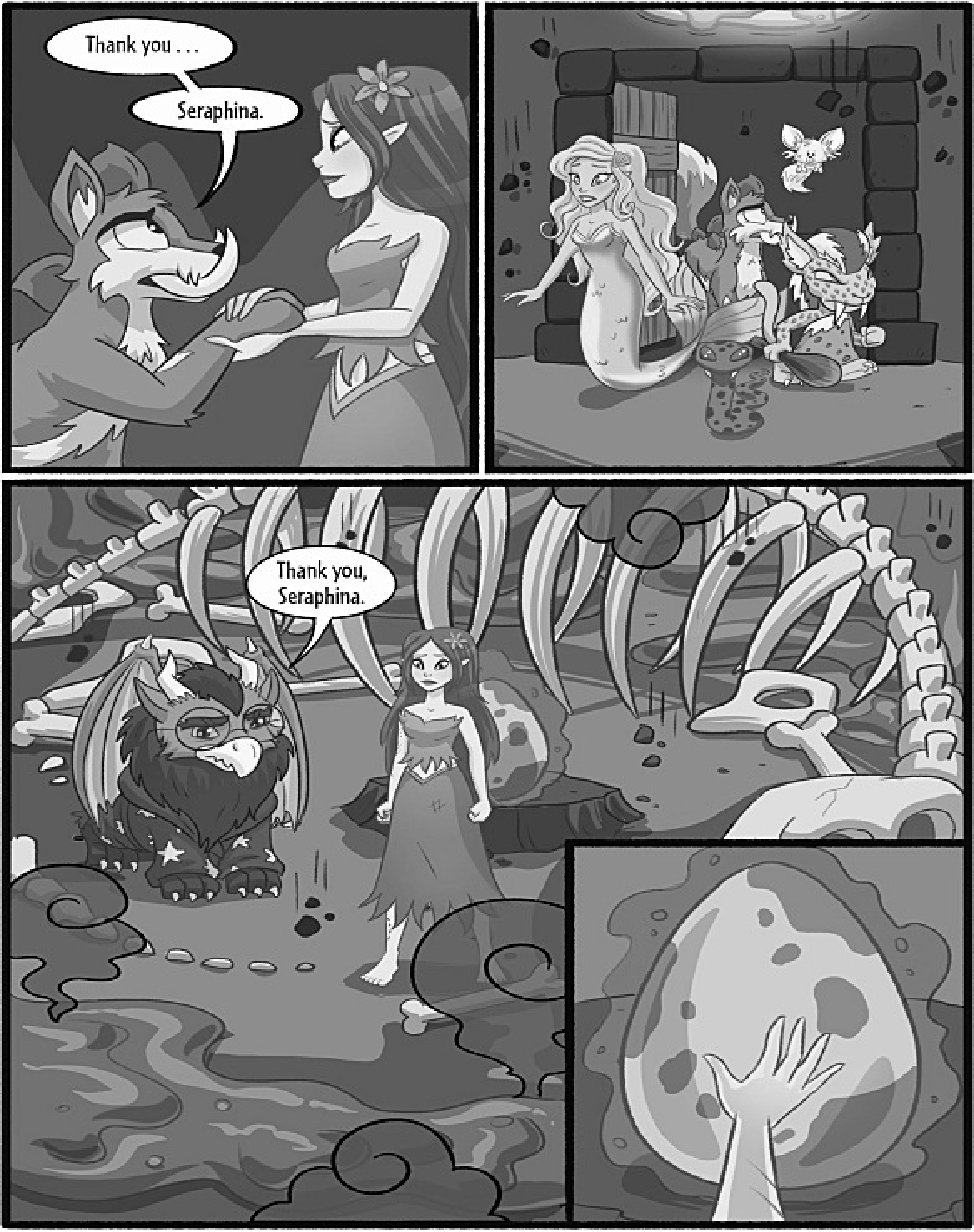

Me?
Her?!
She's not a faerie.
Not anymore.
We need someone to assist the Giant Omelette—and here a Fire Faerie stands. Granted, a Fire Faerie with no magic, no wings, no home, or role to speak of. Seraphina, you never would have come here if Marina weren't missing. Not because you were angry with her but because you were worried about her.
TALUN-Y
SABRE-X
Because when it comes to those we love, we'll do whatever it takes.

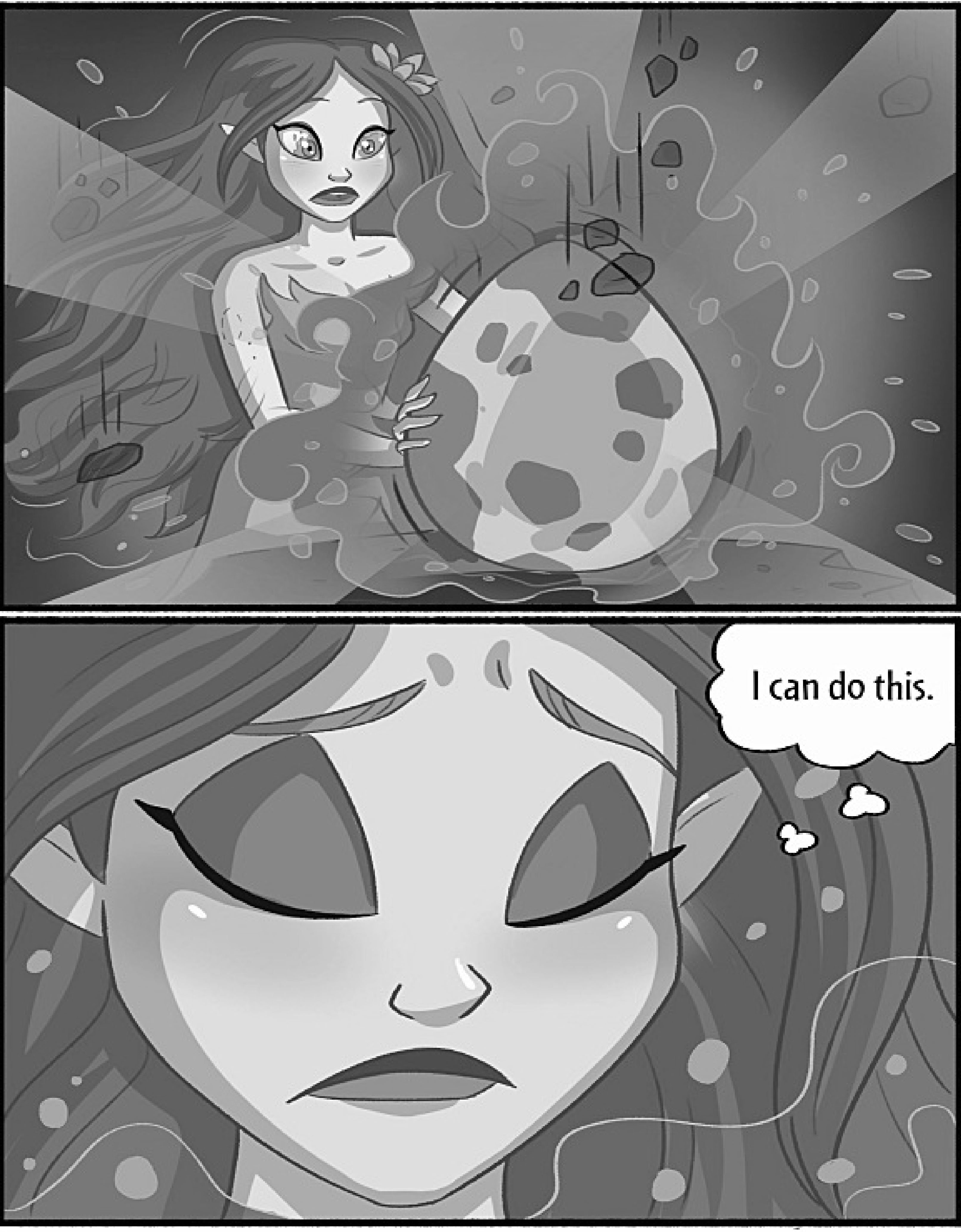

We don't have much time. The equinox will hit soon, and the volcano will erupt. Are you ready?
Ready? For what?
I have been waiting for you, young faerie. I have seen you in my dreams; I have felt your voice ringing in my bones. If you will take up this power, I am ready to go. I am ready to rest. And I believe you would serve Tyrannia well.

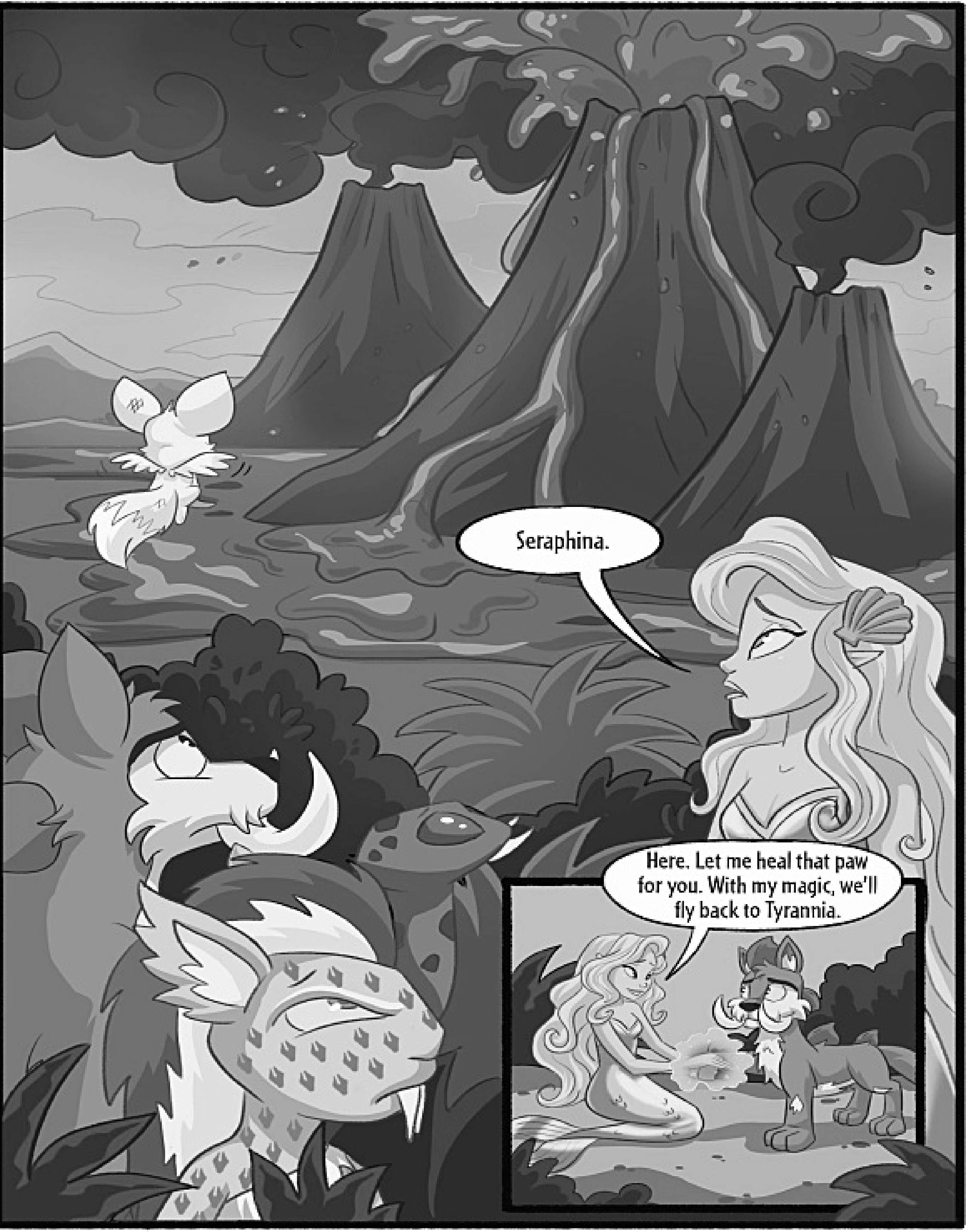

BOOM!
Of course, I cannot make you do this. Everything in life is a choice, and this one is yours, not mine. As for me, my strength is failing. I will pass this magic along to you, if you wish—but it must be now, as the volcano bursts, before the magic is gone forever. And, in return, you will have magic—one of the rarest forms of magic there is.
Sabre-X. Get everyone out of here safely.
Goodbye, Shiver. You can go back to Marina now.

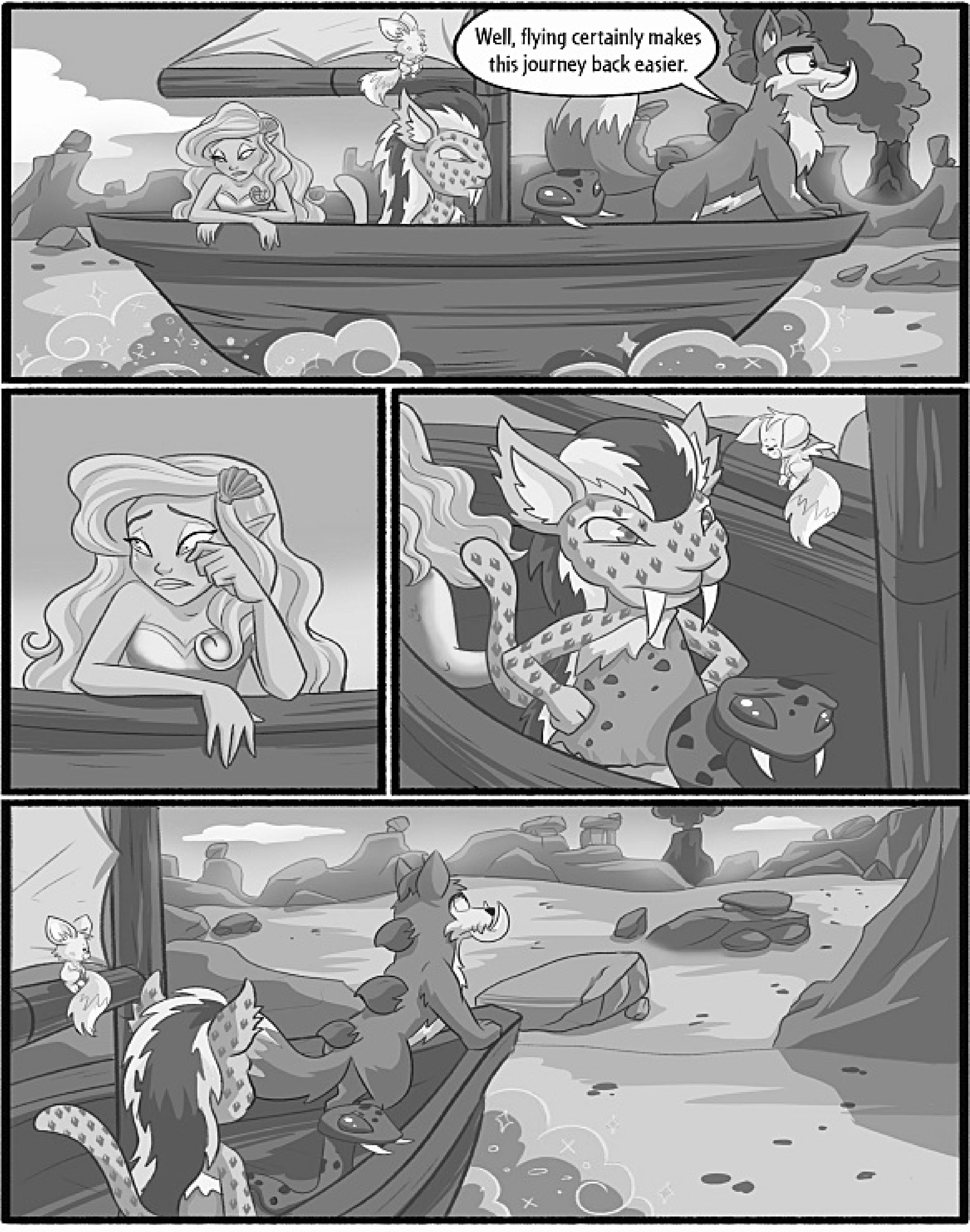

What? Seraphina, you can't—
Marina, I know you won't believe me, but I never wanted to hurt you or Faerieland or Queen Fyora. I was trying to plan our life. Together. And then everything went wrong.
Seraphina, it's— listen, I don't want to *lose* you.
Not again.
BOOM!
There is not much time.

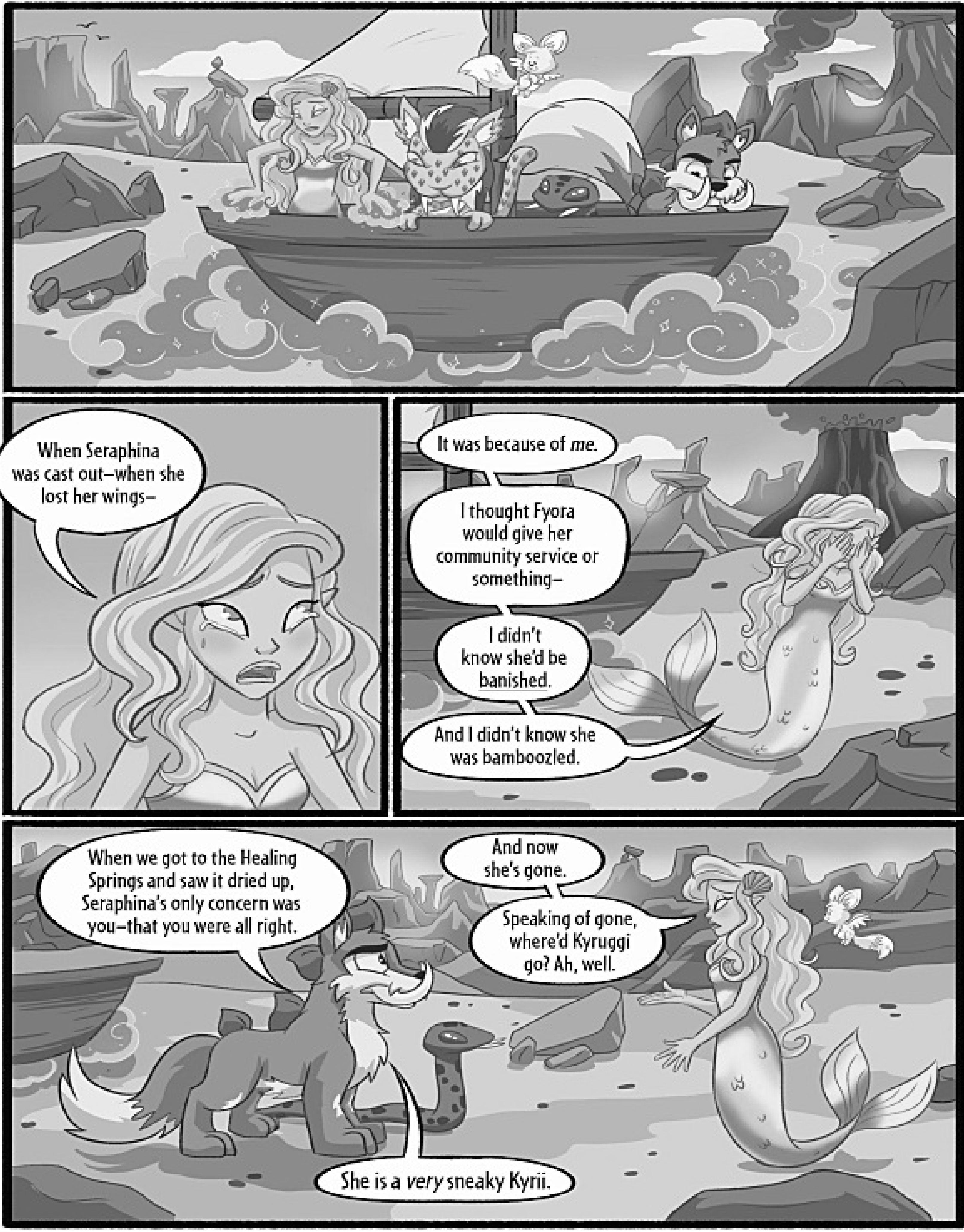

You all need to go. Only a Fire Faerie will be able to survive here once this volcano blows.
I love you.
I will be OK.
I promise.

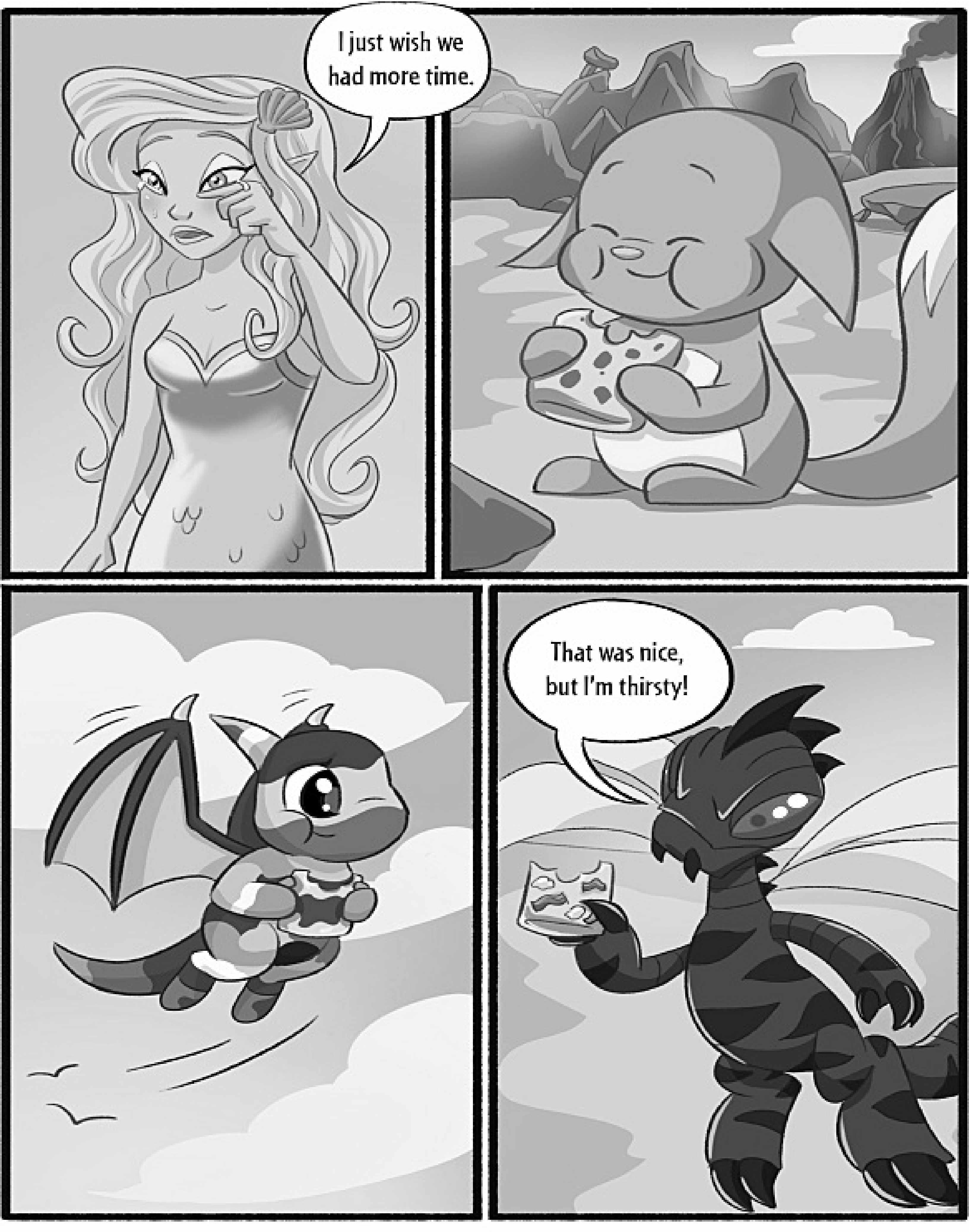

Thank you . . .
Seraphina.
Thank you, Seraphina.

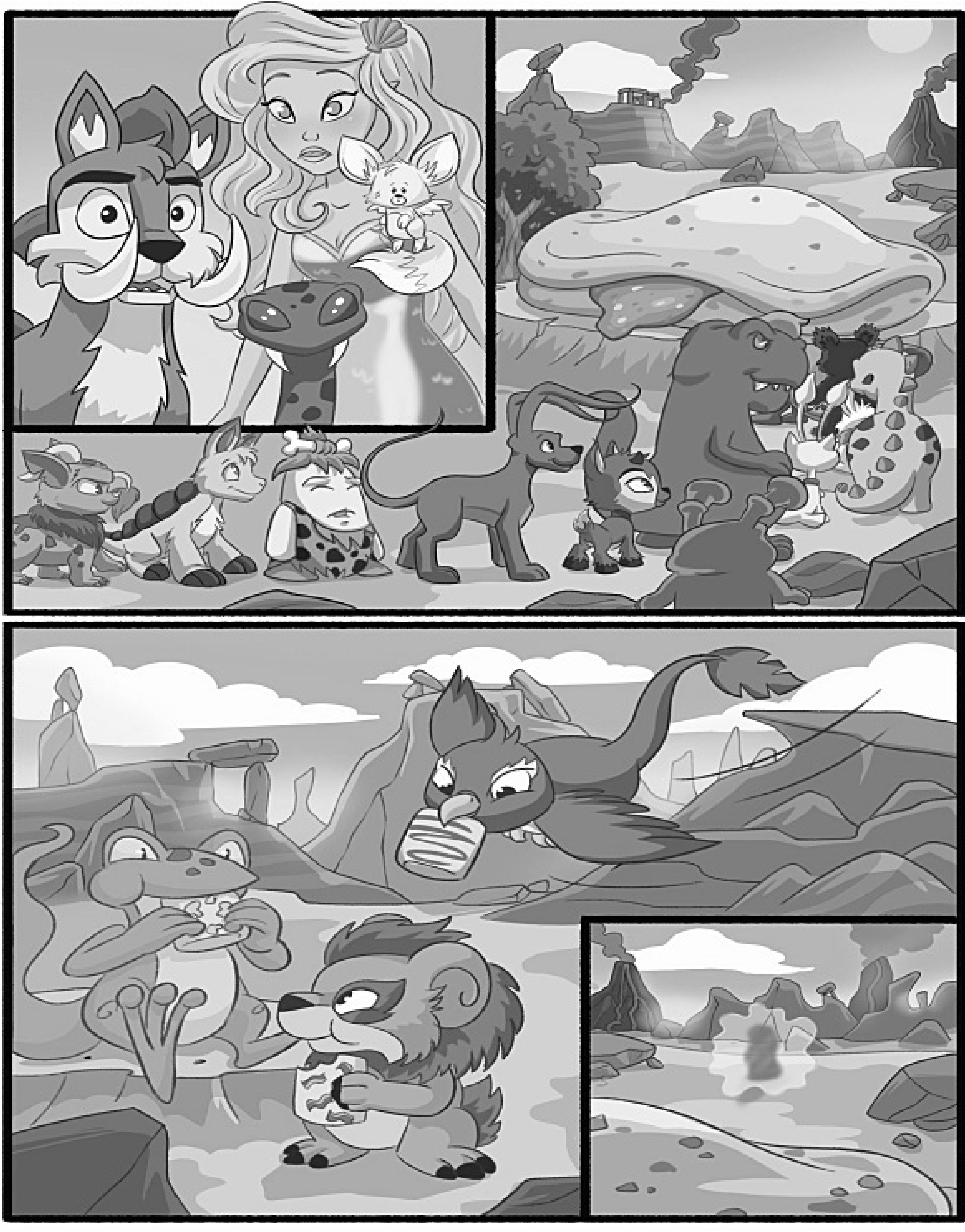

I can do this.

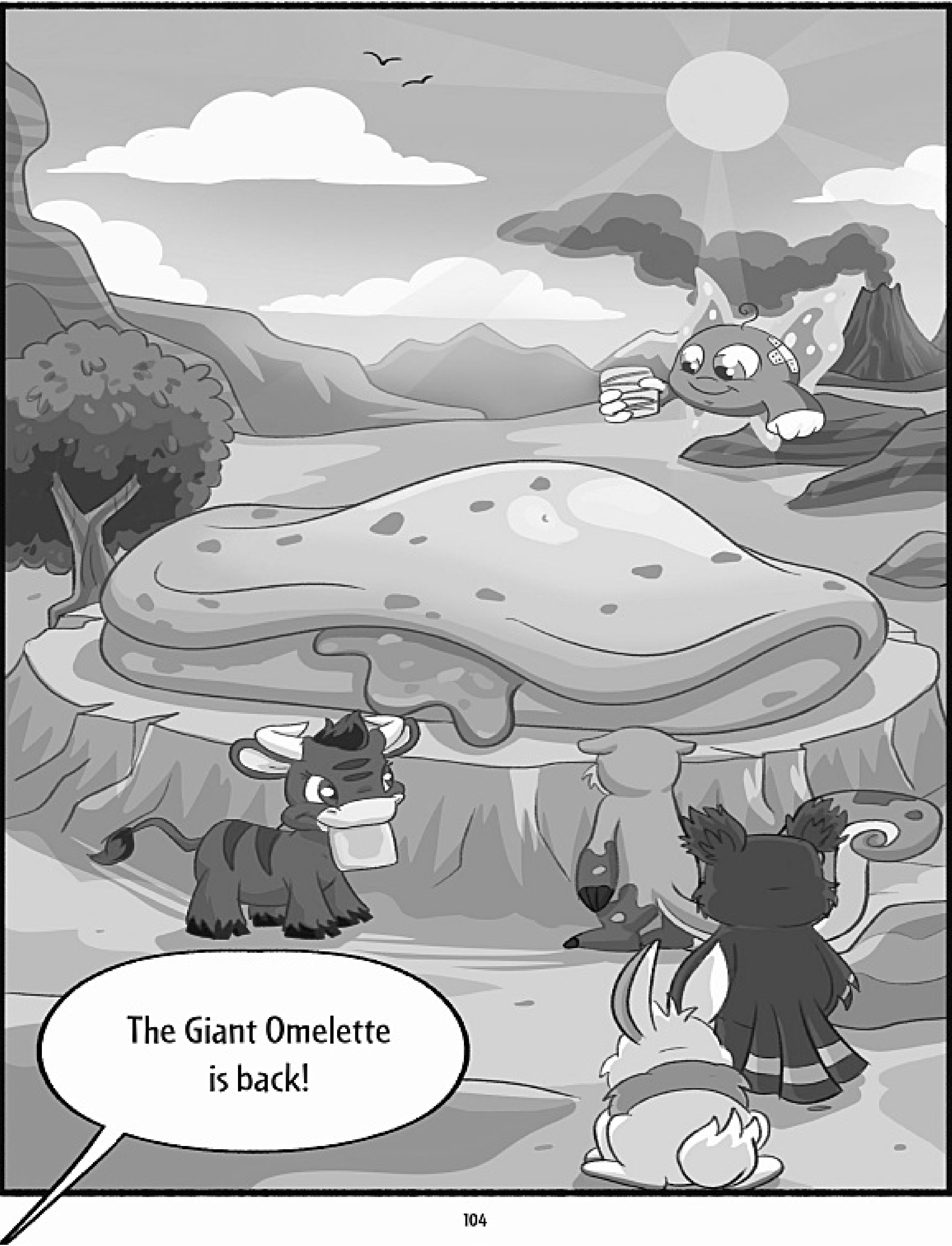

Seraphina.
Here. Let me heal that paw for you. With my magic, we'll fly back to Tyrannia.

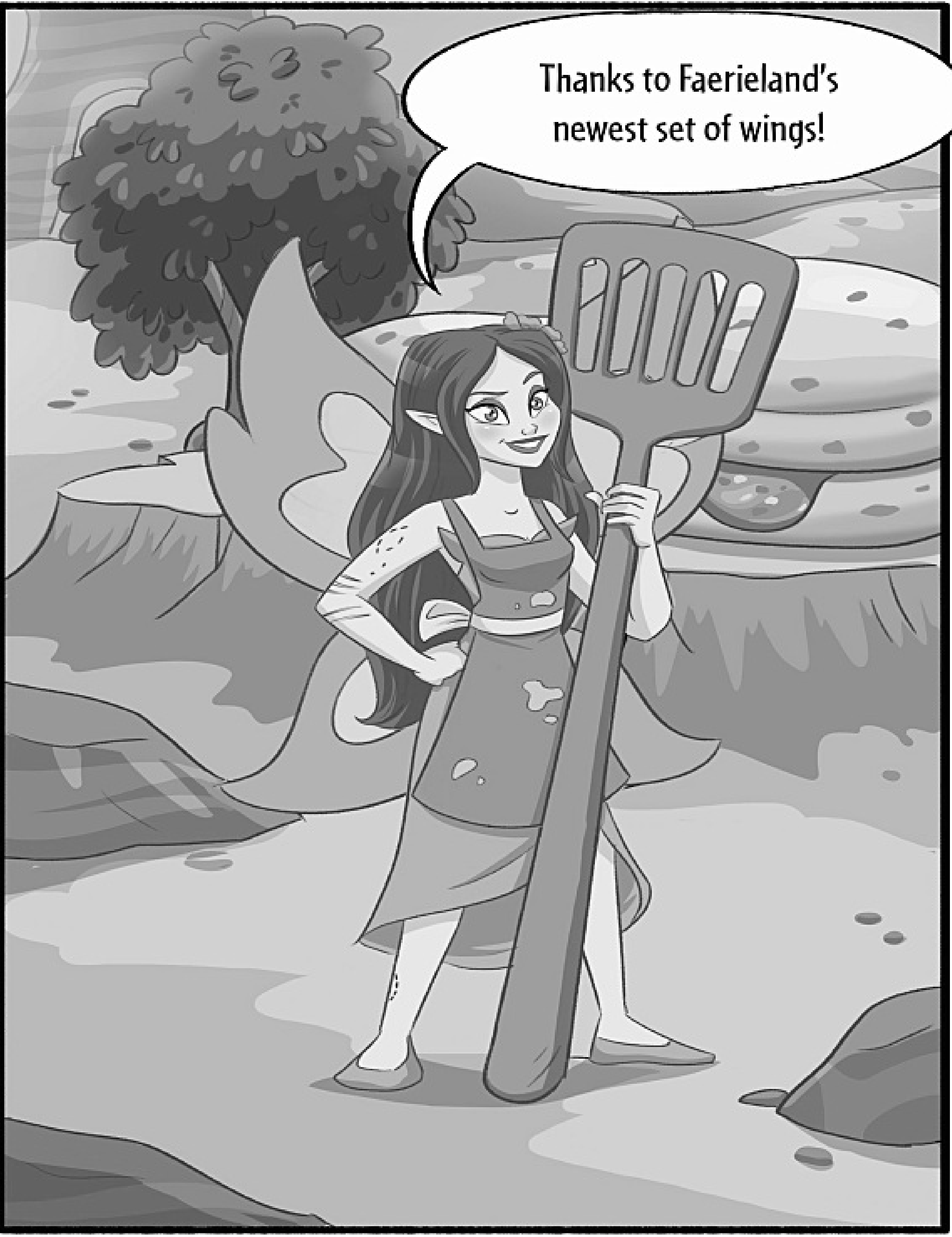

Well, flying certainly makes this journey back easier.

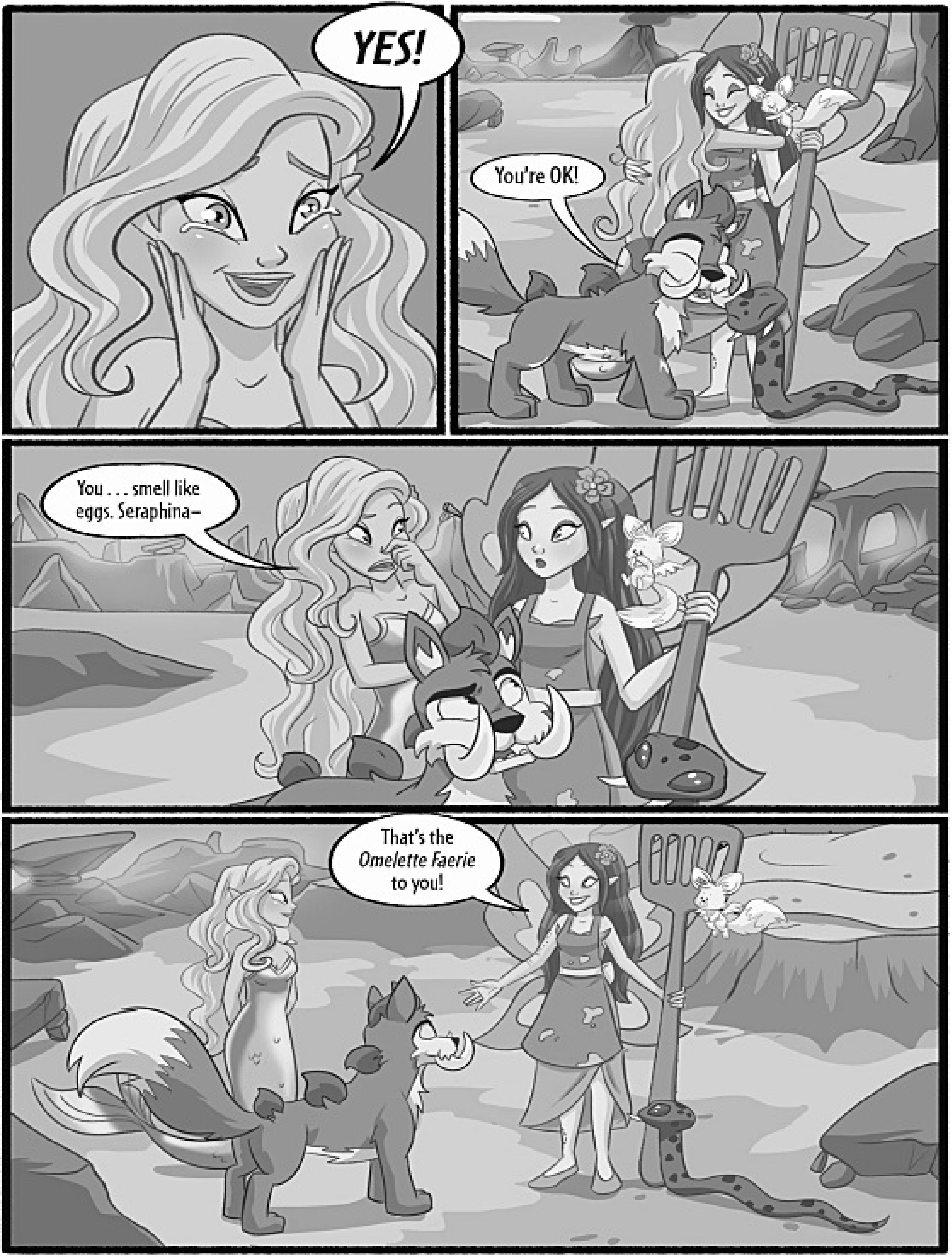

When Seraphina was cast out—when she lost her wings—
It was because of *me*.
I thought Fyora would give her community service or something—
I didn't know she'd be banished.
And I didn't know she was bamboozled.
When we got to the Healing Springs and saw it dried up, Seraphina's only concern was you—that you were all right.
And now she's gone.
Speaking of gone, where'd Kyruggi go? Ah, well.
She is a *very* sneaky Kyrii.

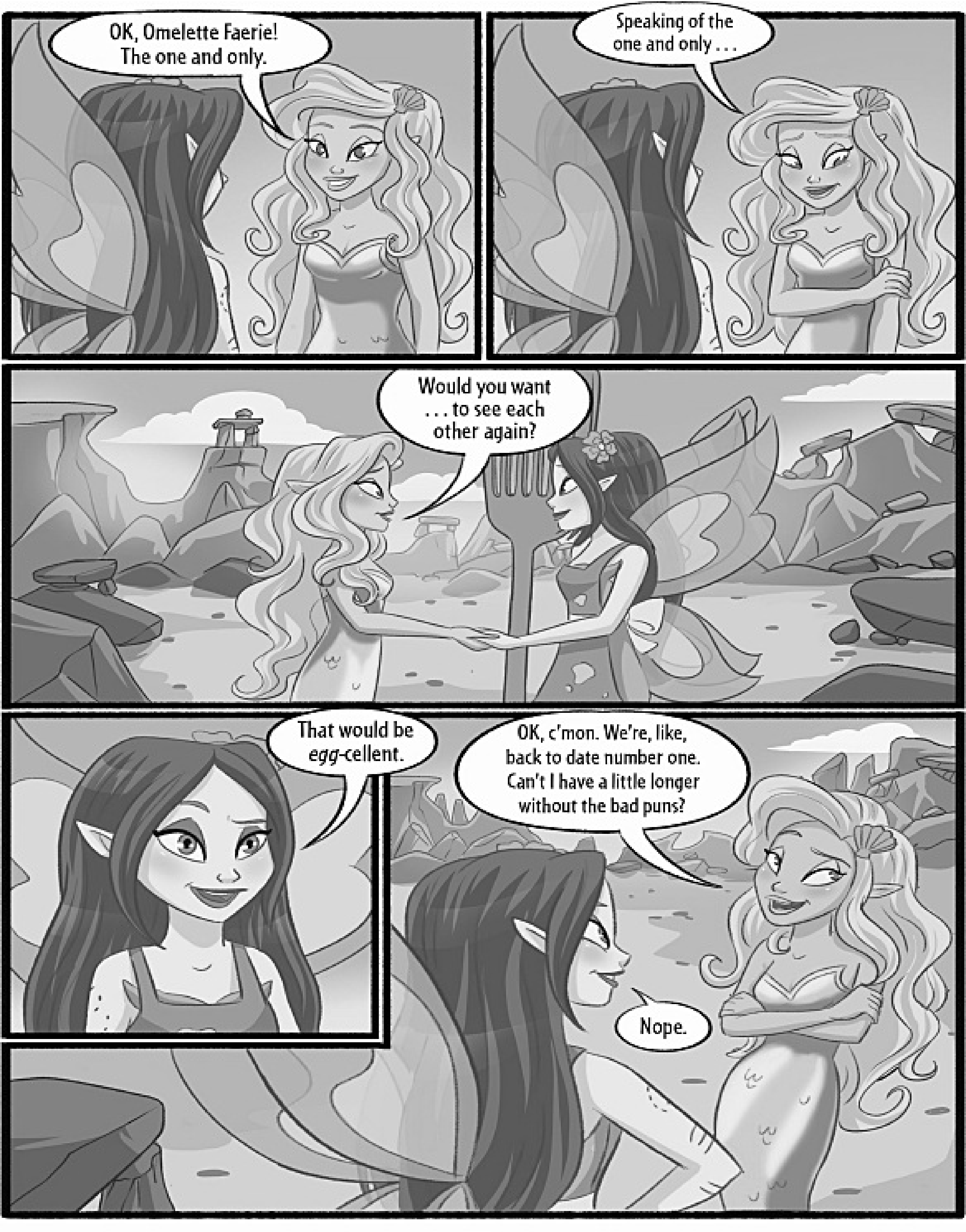

I just wish we had more time.
That was nice, but I'm thirsty!

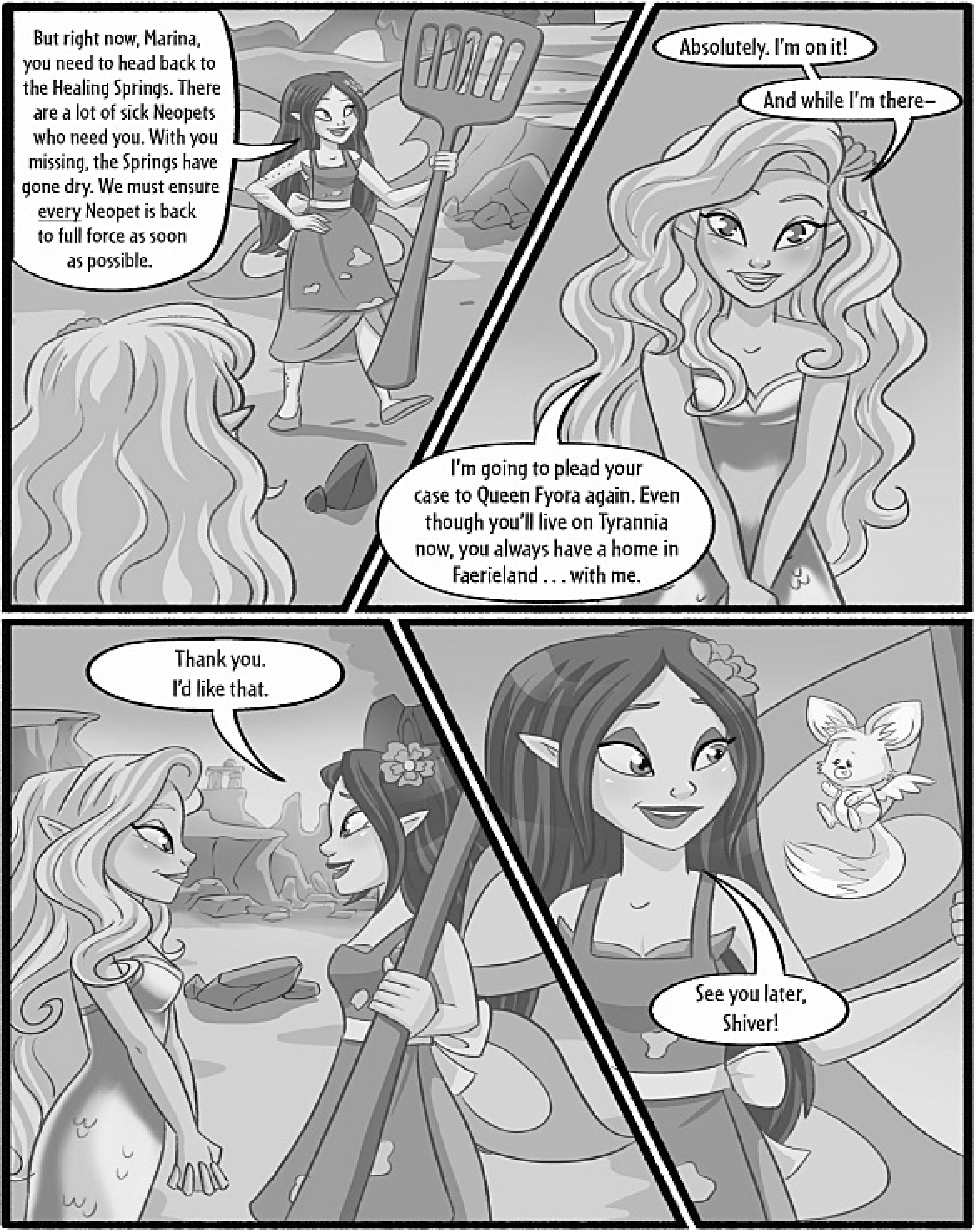


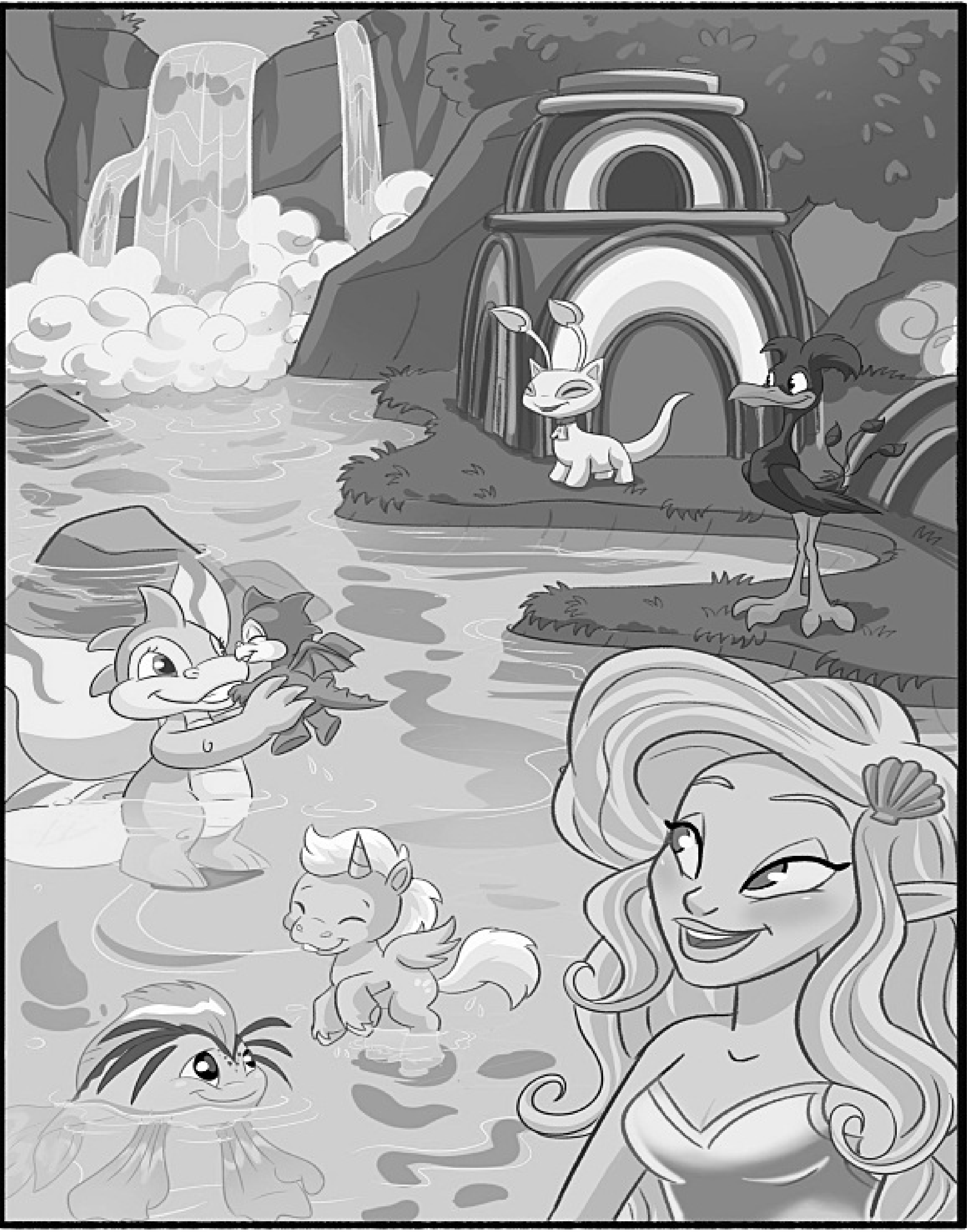

The Giant Omelette is back!

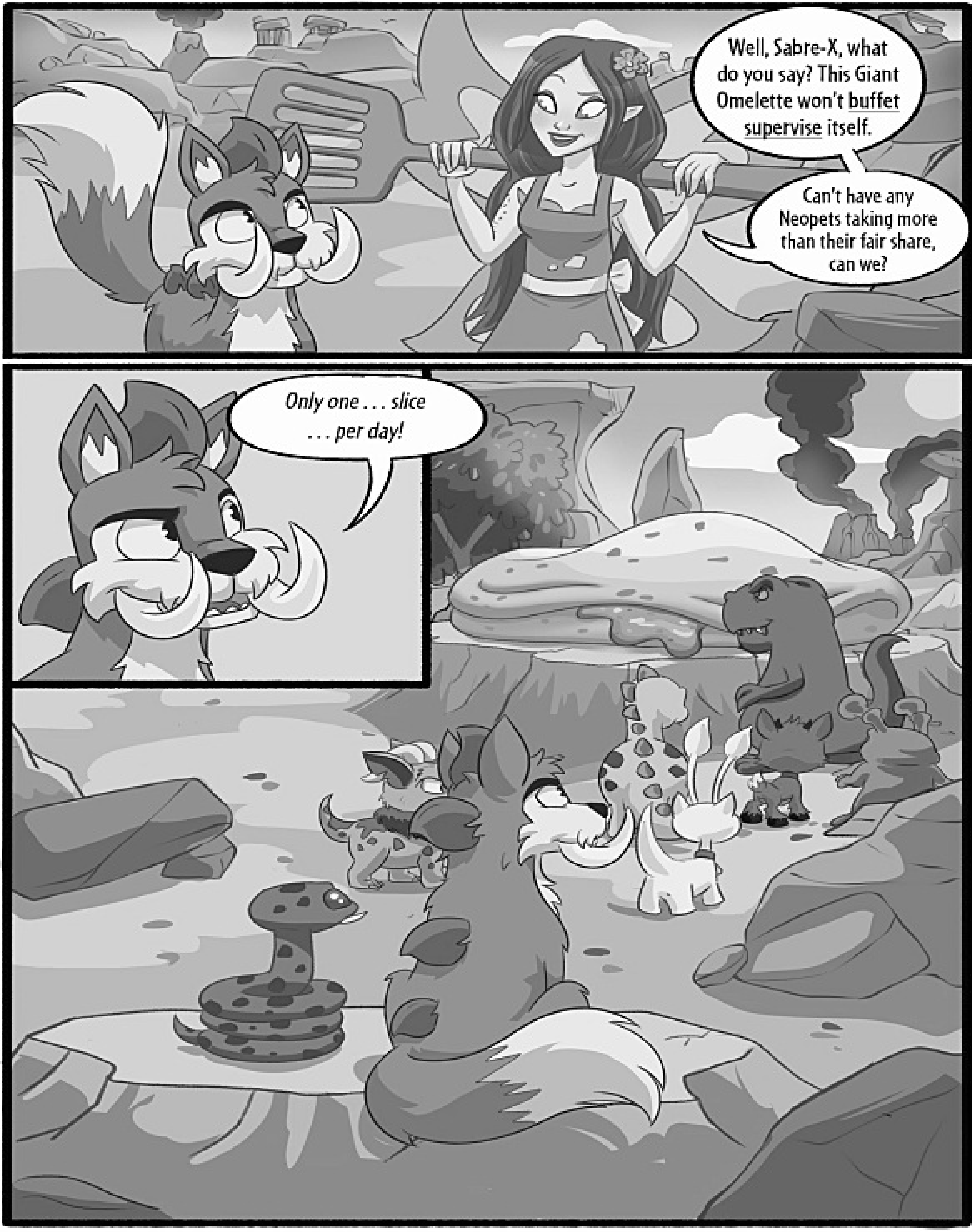

Thanks to Faerieland's newest set of wings!

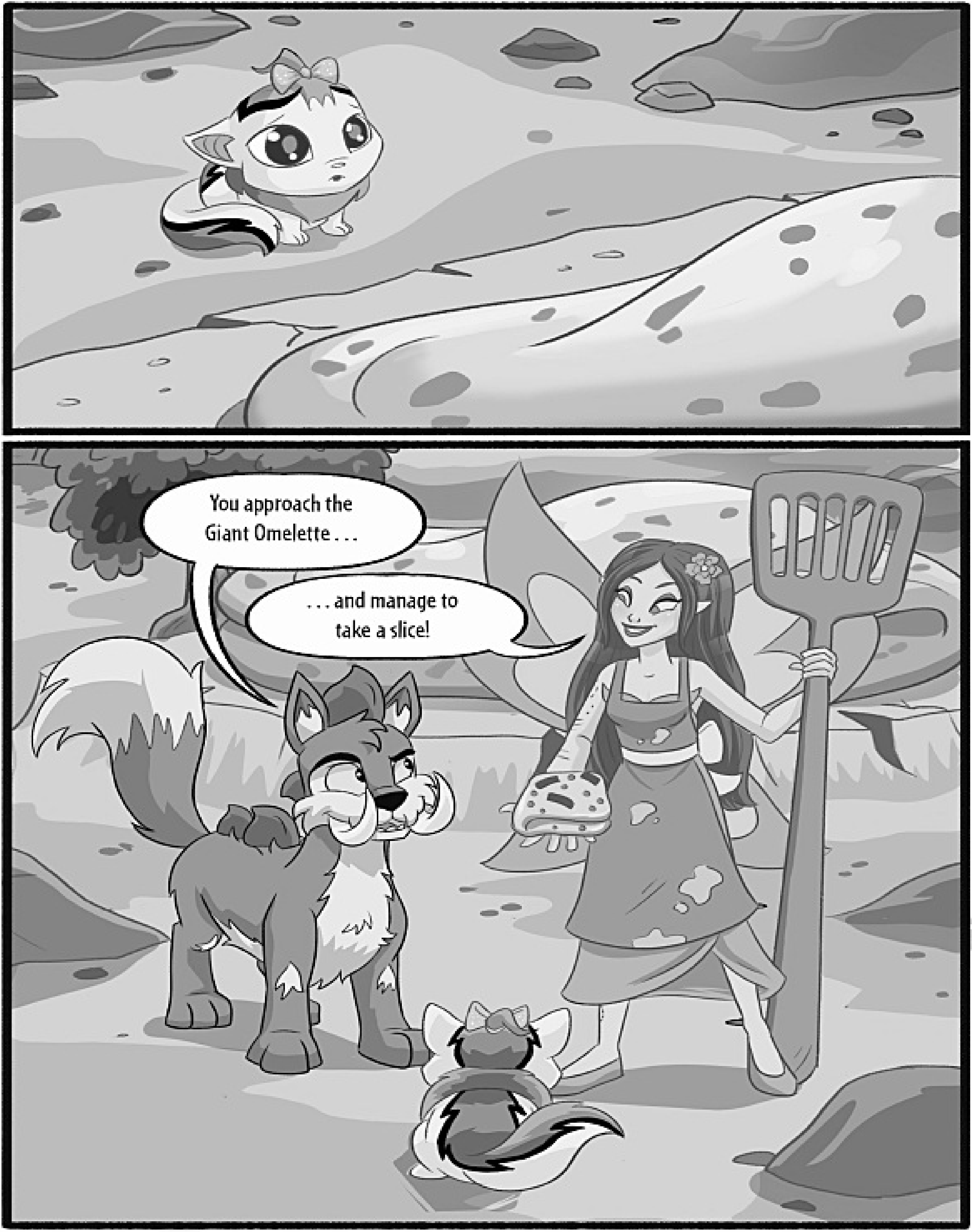

YES!
You're OK!
You . . . smell like eggs. Seraphina—
That's the *Omelette Faerie* to you!


OK, Omelette Faerie! The one and only.
Speaking of the one and only . . .
Would you want . . . to see each other again?
That would be *egg*-cellent.
OK, c'mon. We're, like, back to date number one. Can't I have a little longer without the bad puns?
Nope.


But right now, Marina, you need to head back to the Healing Springs. There are a lot of sick Neopets who need you. With you missing, the Springs have gone dry. We must ensure every Neopet is back to full force as soon as possible.
Absolutely. I'm on it!
And while I'm there–
I'm going to plead your case to Queen Fyora again. Even though you'll live on Tyrannia now, you always have a home in Faerieland . . . with me.
Thank you. I'd like that.
See you later, Shiver!




Well, Sabre-X, what do you say? This Giant Omelette won't buffet supervise itself.
Can't have any Neopets taking more than their fair share, can we?
Only one . . . slice . . . per day!


You approach the Giant Omelette . . .
. . . and manage to take a slice!

Now that you've read the story, can you answer this question?

What is the elderly Tyrannian Eyrie's name?

If you can't remember, go back and read this again.

And if you can remember, go to Grundo's Warehouse on **neopets.com**

and type it in for a prize.